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SELECTIONS

FROM

BRITISH AUTHORS

IN PROSE AND POETRY.

A Class-Book for the use of Schools

EDWARD A. MONTAGUE

LECTURER OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AT

THE CONSERVATORIAL COLLEGE OF BIRMINGHAM

LONDON

NEWLY PUBLISHED

1844

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BY

EDWARD A. MORIARTY

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LEIPZIG

BERNH. TAUCHNITZ JUN.

1844.

CHRESTOMATHIE
AUS
ENGLISCHEN AUTOREN

IN PROSA UND POESIE.

Zum Schul- und Privatgebrauche

VON

EDWARD A. MORIARTY

LECTOR DER ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE UND LITERATUR AN DER
ÖFFENTLICHEN HANDELSLEHRANSTALT ZU BERLIN.

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CHRISTOMATHE

AND

ENGLISH AUTOREN

IN PROSE UND POESIE

von J. Schell - und J. Schell



Preface.

NUMEROUS works of a similar tendency to the present volume have already appeared, and with more or less claims to public gratitude. Without desiring in any way to depreciate the merits of his predecessors, the Compiler of the present volume ventures to hope, that it will be found to possess some peculiar features. The Extracts have been selected in such a manner as to afford the utmost possible diversity of style, manner and subject. The works of almost all the distinguished classic writers of Great Britain have contributed their quota; and the productions of the most eminent Essayists, Historians, Novelists, Orators and Poets have been respectively put under contribution; so that it is hoped that at least a general idea of the spirit of their writings may be in most cases formed from the samples presented here. As it has been

Vorrede.

Von den vielen Chrestomathien, die schon erschienen sind, und einen dem vorliegenden Bande ähnlichen Zweck verfolgt haben, giebt es ohne Zweifel mehrere, die eine höchst zweckmässige Zusammenstellung englischer Lehrstücke darbieten. Ohne jedoch seinen Vorgängern auf irgend eine Weise zu nahe treten zu wollen, schmeichelt sich der Herausgeber, dass die gegenwärtige Sammlung sich einiger besonderen Vorzüge rühmen dürfte. Die Auswahl der Stücke ist so getroffen worden, um eine möglichst grosse Mannigfaltigkeit sowohl im Stoff, wie im Style zu erzielen. Die Werke von fast allen, den ausgezeichnetsten Schriftstellern Englands haben beitragen müssen, und die Erzeugnisse der berühmtesten Essayisten, Historiker, Novellisten, Redner und Dichter sind in dieser Sammlung vertreten. Es dürfte kaum einen

the compiler's most anxious care, in the selection of his matter, to combine pleasure with instruction — so he has likewise kept the future destination of the volume constantly in view, and carefully excluded everything unsuited to the eyes of the young of both sexes. In a work of this nature Correctness of the Press is a leading object, and to attain so desirable an end every exertion has been made.

Schriftsteller von einiger Bedeutung geben, mit dessen Geiste man sich durch dieses Werk nicht vertraut machen könnte. Während der Herausgeber sich eifrigst bemüht hat, den anziehendsten und lehrreichsten Stoff zu wählen, hat er sein vorzüglichstes Augenmerk auch auf die Hauptbestimmung des Buches gerichtet, und Alles daraus entfernt, was für den Gebrauch der Chrestomathie bei der Jugend beider Geschlechter irgendwie Anstoss erregen konnte.

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CHAPTER 1.

Select Sentences.

ONE to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.

Early to bed, and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Lost time is never found again ; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure ; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

Creditors have better memories than debtors ; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.

Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Christmas.

If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some ; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.

What signifies wishing and hoping for better times ? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and there will be sleeping enough in the grave.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes.

Beware of little expences; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, "that time was his estate." An estate which will, indeed, produce nothing without cultivation; but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence; to be overrun with noxious plants; or laid out for show, rather than use.

Agesilaus, king of Sparta, being asked, "What things he thought most proper for boys to learn," answered: "Those which they ought to practise when they come to be men." A wiser than Agesilaus has inculcated the same sentiment: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

When Aristotle was asked, "What a man could gain by telling a falsehood," he replied, "Not to be credited when he speaks the truth."

L'Estrange, in his Fables, tells us, that a number of frolicksome boys were one day watching frogs at the side of a pond; and that, as any of them put their heads above the water, they pelted them down again with stones. One of the frogs, appealing to the humanity of the boys, made this striking observation: "Children, you do not consider, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

When Frederic II. of Prussia wrote to D'Alembert to meet him at Wesel after the peace of 1763, the king's first question was, "do the mathematics furnish any method of calculating political proba-

bilities?" To which this great geometrician replied, — that "he was not acquainted with any such method, but that if any such existed, it could be of no use to a hero who could conquer against all probability."

Louis the Eleventh, King of France, sometimes admitted to his table a rich merchant. The latter, emboldened by the kindness of the monarch, begged of him letters of nobility. The King granted them to him, but ceased to see him. When the merchant asked him the reason of it, he answered, "When I admitted you to my table, I considered you as the first merchant; now that you are the last of the nobility, I should do an injury to the other noblemen by continuing to do so."

Among most savage tribes, a head-dress or covering is regarded as a mark of distinction, which only the highest in rank among them is entitled to wear. A Chayma Indian who had accompanied M. Humboldt in his journey to the Orinoko, was brought by him to France. He was so much struck on landing, when he saw the ground tilled by a peasant with a hat on, that he thought himself in a miserable country, where even the nobles followed the plough.

Mr. Boulton, of Birmingham, soon after he was connected with Mr. Watt, who was making such wonderful improvements in the steam engine, appeared at St. James's on a leveeday. "Well, Mr. Boulton," said the King, "I am glad to see you. What new project have you got now?" "I am," said Mr. Boulton, "manufacturing a new article, that kings are very fond of." "Aye, aye, Mr. Boulton, what's that?" "It is power, and please your majesty." "Power! Mr. Boulton, we like power, that's true, but what do you mean?" "Why, Sir, I mean the power of steam, to move machines." His majesty appeared pleased, and laughing, said, "Very good, go on, go on."

Quin, the comedian, passing a night at a country inn, the landlord complained much of the house being infested with rats. Quin promised to give him a receipt that would drive them away. On quitting the house, the landlord presented his bill, which was very exorbitant, and, at the same time, reminded the comedian of his promise as to the rats. "Why faith," says Quin, "I believe

I have forgot my prescription; but if you will only give the rats such a bill as you have made out for me, I don't think there will be much fear of their ever entering your house again while they live."

A young fellow being at a public dinner, and observing one of the guests artfully pocket a table spoon, took another, and very gravely stuck it in his button-hole. Being asked what he meant, he replied, "I saw my neighbour here put a spoon in his pocket, and apprehending it was custom for us all to take one, preferred putting mine into my button-hole."

A gentleman desired the most fashionable tailor in Paris, to make him a coat in a particular way. "Sir," said the tailor, "that shape has been out of fashion these six months; pray do have it of a proper cut." "I do not care for fashion," said the gentleman; "I will wear my coat in the way that is most agreeable to me." The tailor remonstrated, and begged in vain; but at last, unwilling to lose a good customer, he said, "Well, Sir, I have only to entreat, as a return for executing your order, that you will keep it a secret who is your tailor, or I shall lose all my business."

CHAPTER II.

The importance of a good education.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry; which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The

figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations; and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated: to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be, for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity? that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing, to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure: sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes, we find the

figure wrought up to great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings. ADDISON.

CHAPTER III.

The Hill of Science.

IN that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss; where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into a most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast, extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top: but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries: be silent and attentive."

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and

observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness: for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist: and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared more steep and rugged; the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted; their sight grew dim; and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives; and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there

was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awaked by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted; and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain! — But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. “Happier,” said she, “are they whom virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!” “What,” said I, “does virtue then reside

in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity!" — While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward; and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

AIKIN.

CHAPTER IV.

The journey of a day; a picture of human life.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increased heat preyed upon his strength: he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite

pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither! I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." — Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the direct road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we

resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made: that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose: commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

DR. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER V.

Historical view of the English Language.

THE language which is, at present, spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of the island, nor derived from it; but is altogether of foreign origin. The language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtic,

or Gallic, common to them with Gaul; from which country, it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled. This Celtic Tongue, which is said to be very expressive and copious, and is, probably, one of the most ancient languages in the world, obtained once in most of the western regions of Europe. It was the language of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and, very probably, of Spain also; till, in the course of those revolutions, which, by means of the conquests, first, of the Romans, and afterwards, of the northern nations, changed the government, speech, and, in a manner, the whole face of Europe, this tongue was gradually obliterated; and now subsists only in the mountains of Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and among the Irish. For the Irish, the Welch, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same tongue, the ancient Celtic.

This, then, was the language of the primitive Britons, the first inhabitants, that we know of, in our island; and continued so till the arrival of the Saxons in England, in the year of our Lord 450; who, having conquered the Britons, did not intermix with them, but expelled them from their habitations, and drove them, together with their language, into the mountains of Wales. The Saxons were one of those northern nations that overran Europe; and their tongue, a dialect of the Gothic or Teutonic, altogether distinct from the Celtic laid the foundation of the present English tongue. With some intermixture of Danish, a language, probably, from the same root with the Saxon, it continued to be spoken throughout the southern part of the island, till the time of William the Conqueror. He introduced his Norman or French as the language of the court, which made a considerable change in the speech of the nation; and the English, which was spoken afterwards, and continues to be spoken now, is a mixture of the ancient Saxon, and this Norman French, together with such new and foreign words as commerce and learning have, in progress of time, gradually introduced.

The history of the English language can, in this manner, be clearly traced. The language spoken in the low countries of Scotland, is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English. How, indeed, or by what steps, the an-

cient Celtic tongue came to be banished from the low countries in Scotland, and to make its retreat into the Highlands and Islands, cannot be so well pointed out, as how the like revolution was brought about in England. Whether the southernmost part of Scotland was once subject to the Saxons, and formed a part of the kingdom of Northumberland; or, whether the great number of English exiles that retreated into Scotland, upon the Norman conquest, and upon other occasions, introduced into that country their own language, which afterwards, by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, prevailed over the Celtic, are uncertain and contested points, the discussion of which would lead us too far from our subject.

From what has been said, it appears, that the Teutonic dialect is the basis of our present speech. It has been imported among us in three different forms, the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman; all which have mingled together in our language. A very great number of our words too, are plainly derived from the Latin. These, we had not directly from the Latin, but most of them, it is probable, entered into our tongue through the channel of that Norman French, which William the Conqueror introduced. For, as the Romans had long been in full possession of Gaul, the language spoken in that country, when it was invaded by the Franks and Normans, was a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was given the name of Romanishe: and as the Franks and Normans did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the inhabitants, but, after their victories, mingled with them; the language of the country became a compound of the Teutonic dialect imported by these conquerors, and of the former corrupted Latin. Hence, the French language has always continued to have a very considerable affinity with the Latin; and hence, a great number of words of Latin origin, which were in use among the Normans in France, were introduced into our tongue at the conquest; to which, indeed, many have since been added, directly from the Latin, in consequence of the great diffusion of Roman literature throughout all Europe.

From the influx of so many streams, from the junction of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows, that the English, like

every compounded language, must needs be somewhat irregular. We cannot expect from it that correspondence of parts, that complete analogy in structure, which may be found in those simpler languages, which have been formed in a manner within themselves, and built on one foundation. Hence it has but small remains of conjugation or declension; and its syntax is narrow, as there are few marks in the words themselves that can show their relation to each other, or, in the grammatical style, point out either their concordance, or their government, in the sentence. Our words having been brought to us from several different regions, straggle, if we may so speak, asunder from each other; and do not coalesce so naturally in the structure of a sentence, as the words in the Greek and Roman tongues.

But these disadvantages, if they be such, of a compound language, are balanced by other advantages that attend it; particularly, by the number and variety of words with which such a language is likely to be enriched. Few languages are, in fact, more copious than the English. In all grave subjects especially, historical, critical, political, and moral, no writer has the least reason to complain of the barrenness of our tongue. The studious reflecting genius of the people, has brought together great store of expressions, on such subjects, from every quarter. We are rich too in the language of poetry. Our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves; which shows what a stock and compass of words we have it in our power to select and employ, suited to those different occasions. Herein we are infinitely superior to the French, whose poetical language, if it were not distinguished by rhyme, would not be known to differ from their ordinary prose.

It is chiefly, indeed, on grave subjects, and with respect to the stronger emotions of the mind, that our language displays its power of expression. We are said to have thirty words, at least, for denoting all the varieties of the passion of anger.* But, in

* Anger, wrath, passion, rage, fury, outrage, fierceness, sharpness, animosity, choler, resentment, heat, heart-burning; to fume, storm, inflame, be incensed; to vex, kindle, irritate, enrage, exas-

describing the more delicate sentiments and emotions, our tongue is not so fertile. It must be confessed, that the French language surpasses ours, by far, in expressing the nicer shades of character; especially those varieties of manner, temper, and behaviour, which are displayed in our social intercourse with one another. Let any one attempt to translate, into English, only a few pages of one of Marivaux's Novels, and he will soon be sensible of our deficiency of expression on these subjects. Indeed, no language, is so copious as the French, for whatever is delicate, gay, and amusing. It is, perhaps, the happiest language for conversation in the known world; but, on the higher subjects of composition, the English may be justly esteemed to excel it considerably.

BLAIR.

CHAPTER VI.

Directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good style in general.

THE first direction which I give for this purpose is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good style, is good sense accompanied with a lively imagination. The style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that, as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and with strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper

perate, provoke, fret; to be sullen, hasty, hot, rough, sour, peevish, &c.

Preface to GREENWOOD'S Grammar.

expressions, are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or enquiry after them.

In the second place, in order to form a good style, the frequent practice of composing is indispensibly necessary. Many rules concerning style I have delivered; but no rules will answer the end without exercise and habit. At the same time, it is not every sort of composing that will improve style. This is so far from being the case, that by frequent, careless, and hasty composition, we shall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accustomed to composition at all. In the beginning therefore, we ought to write slowly, and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing, be the fruit of longer practice. "*Moram et sollicitudinem,*" says Quinctilian with the greatest reason, L. X. c. 3. "*initiis impero. Nam primum hoc constituendum ac obtinendum est, ut quam optime scribamus: celeritatem dabit consuetudo. Paulatim res facilius se ostendent, verba respondebunt, compositio prosequetur. Cuncta denique ut in familia bene instituta in officio erunt. Summa hæc est rei; cito scribendo non fit ut bene scribatur; bene scribendo, fit ut cito.**"

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme, in too great and anxious a care about words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expence of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For, if the practice of com-

* "I enjoin that such as are beginning the practice of composition, write slowly, and with anxious deliberation. Their great object at first should be, to write as well as possible; practice will enable them to write speedily. By degrees matter will offer itself still more readily; words will be at hand; composition will flow; every thing, as in the arrangement of a well-ordered family, will present itself in its proper place. The sum of the whole is this: by hasty composition, we shall never acquire the art of composing well; by writing well, we shall come to write speedily."

position be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written, should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This "*Limæ labor*," must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined.

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious, that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors, with a view to style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this, and former lectures, I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written, with the style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, show us where the defects of our style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought

may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. But,

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quintilian has delivered in the Xth book of his institutions, where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that well deserve attention.

In the fifth place, it is an obvious, but material rule, with respect to style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid style, on occasions, when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unseasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of style, as, what is much worse, in point of common sense. When we begin to write or speak, we ought previously to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this steadily in our view, and to suit our style to it. If we do not sacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and though children and fools may admire, men of sense will laugh at us and our style.

In the last place, I cannot conclude the subject without this admonition, that, in any case, and on any occasion, attention to style must not engross us so much, as to detract from a higher degree of attention to the thoughts: "*Curam verborum*," says the great Roman critic: "*rerum volo esse sollicitudinem*.*" A direction the more necessary, that the present taste of the age in writing, seems to lean more to style than to thought. It is much easier to dress up trivial and common sentiments with some beauty of expression, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious and useful thoughts. The latter, requires true genius; the former, may be attained by industry, with the help of very superficial parts. Hence, we find so many writers frivolously rich in style, but wretchedly poor in sentiment. The public ear is now so much accustomed to a correct and ornamented style, that no writer can, with safety, neglect the study of it. But he is a contemptible one who does not look to something beyond it; who does not lay the chief stress upon his matter, and employ such ornaments of style to recommend it, as are manly, not foppish: "A higher spirit," says the writer, whom I have so often quoted, "ought to animate those who study eloquence. They ought to consult the health and soundness of the whole body, rather than bend their attention to such trifling objects as paring the nails, and dressing the hair. Let ornament be manly and chaste, without effeminate gaiety, or artificial colouring; let it shine with the glow of health and strength."

BLAIR.

CHAPTER VII.

Characters of Danton, Robespierre and Marat.

DANTON deserves to be named first as unrivalled by his colleagues in talent and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of a vice as of the practice of cruelty; and it was said, there

* "To your expression be attentive; but about your matter be solicitous."

were times when he became humanized amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety, like the Maelstrom at the turn of tide. His profusion was indulged to an extent hazardous to his popularity, for the populace are jealous of a lavish expenditure, as raising their favourites too much above their own degree; and the charge of peculation finds always ready credit with them, when brought against public men. Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justify the name of the Incorruptible, with which he was honoured by his partisans. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hypocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated strain of oratory, as foreign to good taste, as the measures he recommended were to ordinary humanity. It seemed wonderful, that even the seething and boiling of the revolutionary cauldron should have sent up from the bottom, and long supported on the surface, a thing so miserably void of claims to public distinction; but Robespierre had to impose on the minds of the vulgar, and he knew how to beguile them, by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding, and by acts of cunning and hypocrisy, which weigh more with the multitude than the words of eloquence, or the arguments of wisdom. The people listened as to their Cicero, when he twanged out his apostrophes of *pauvre peuple, peuple vertueux!* and hastened to execute whatever came recommended by such honied phrases, though devised by the worst of men for the worst and most inhuman of purposes. Vanity was Robespierre's ruling passion; and though his countenance was the image of his mind, he was vain even of his personal appearance, and never adopted the external habits of a sansculotte. Amongst his fellow Jacobins, he was distinguished by the nicety with which his hair was arranged and powdered; and the neatness of his dress was carefully attended to, so as to counterbalance, if possible, the vulgarity of his person. His apartments, though small, were elegant, and vanity had filled them with representations of the occupant. Robespierre's picture at length hung in one place, his

miniature in another, his bust occupied a niche, and on the table were disposed a few medallions, exhibiting his head in profile. The vanity which all this indicated was of the coldest and most selfish character, being such as considers neglect as insult, and receives homage merely as a tribute; so that, while praise is received without gratitude, it is withheld at the risk of mortal hate. Self-love of this dangerous character is closely allied with envy, and Robespierre was one of the most envious and vindictive men that ever lived. He never was known to pardon any opposition, affront, or even rivalry; and to be marked in his tablets on such an account was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate, sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity, was supported by brutal courage. Robespierre was a coward, who signed death-warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation. Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders by the violence of his sentiments in the journal which he conducted from the commencement of the Revolution, upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its successive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravened more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand, it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and, for the honour of human nature, we are inclined to believe, there was a touch of insanity in this unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was, like Robespierre, a coward. Repeatedly denounced in the

assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among his cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill-omen, his death-screach was again heard. Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood which induces a wolf to continue his ravage of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased.

SIR W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Character of Cromwell.

CROMWELL left a fame behind him, proportioned to his extraordinary fortunes and to the great qualities which sustained them; still more perhaps the admiration of strangers than of his country, because that sentiment was less alloyed by hatred, which seeks to extenuate the glory that irritates it. The nation itself forgave much to one who had brought back the renown of her ancient story, the traditions of Elizabeth's age, after the ignominious reigns of her successors. This contrast with James and Charles in their foreign policy gave additional lustre to the era of the protectorate. There could not but be a sense of national pride to see an Englishman, but yesterday raised above the many, without one drop of blood in his veins which the princes of the earth could challenge as their own, receive the homage of those who acknowledged no right to power, and hardly any title to respect, except that of prescription. The sluggish pride of Spain, the mean-spirited cunning of Mazarin, the irregular imagination of Christina, sought with emulous ardour the friendship of our usurper. He had the advantage of reaping the harvest which he had not sown, by an honourable treaty with Holland, the fruit of victories achieved under the parliament. But he still employed the great energies of Blake in the service for which he was so eminently fitted; and it is just to say that the maritime glory of England may first be traced from the era

of the commonwealth in a track of continuous light. The oppressed protestants in catholic kingdoms, disgusted at the lukewarmness and half-apostasy of the Stuarts, looked up to him as their patron and mediator. Courted by the two rival monarchies of Europe, he seemed to threaten both with his hostility; and when he declared against Spain, and attacked her West India possessions with little pretence certainly of justice, but not by any means, as I conceive, with the impolicy sometimes charged against him, so auspicious was his star that the very failure and disappointment of that expedition obtained a more advantageous possession for England than all the triumphs of her former kings.

Notwithstanding this external splendour, which has deceived some of our own, and most foreign writers, it is evident that the submission of the people to Cromwell was far from peaceable or voluntary. His strong and skilful grasp kept down a nation of enemies that must naturally, to judge from their numbers and inveteracy, have overwhelmed him. It required a dexterous management to play with the army, and without the army he could not have existed as sovereign for a day. Yet it seems highly improbable that, had Cromwell lived, any insurrection or conspiracy, setting aside assassination, could have overthrown a possession so fenced by systematic vigilance, by experienced caution, by the respect and terror that belonged to his name. The royalist and republican intrigues had gone on for several years without intermission; but every part of their designs was open to him; and it appears that there was not courage or rather temerity sufficient to make any open demonstration of so prevalent a disaffection.

The most superficial observers cannot have overlooked the general resemblances in the fortunes and character of Cromwell, and of him who, more recently and upon an ampler theatre, has struck nations with wonder and awe. But the parallel may be traced more closely than perhaps has hitherto been remarked. Both raised to power by the only merit which a revolution leaves uncontroverted and untarnished, that of military achievements, in that reflux of public sentiment, when the fervid enthusiasm of democracy gives place to disgust at its excesses and a desire of firm government. The means of greatness the same to both, the extinction of a

representative assembly, once national, but already mutilated by violence, and sunk by its submission to that illegal force into general contempt. In military science or the renown of their exploits, we cannot certainly rank Cromwell by the side of him, for whose genius and ambition all Europe seemed the appointed quarry; but it may be said that the former's exploits were as much above the level of his contemporaries, and more the fruits of an original uneducated capacity. In civil government, there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism, and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open. But it must here be added that Cromwell, far unlike his antitype, never showed any signs of a legislative mind, or any desire to fix his renown on that noblest basis, the amelioration of social institutions. Both were eminent masters of human nature, and played with inferior capacities in all the security of powerful minds. Though both, coming at the conclusion of a struggle for liberty, trampled upon her claims, and sometimes spoke disdainfully of her name, each knew how to associate the interests of those who had contended for her with his own ascendancy, and made himself the representative of a victorious revolution. Those who had too much philosophy or zeal for freedom to give way to popular admiration for these illustrious usurpers, were yet amused with the adulation that lawful princes showered on them, more gratuitously in one instance, with servile terror in the other. Both too repaid in some measure this homage of the pretended great by turning their ambition towards those honours and titles which they knew to be so little connected with high desert. A fallen race of monarchs, which had made way for the greatness of each, cherished hopes of restoration by their power, till each, by an inextinguishable act of blood, manifested his determination to make no compromise with that line. Both possessed a certain coarse good nature and affability that covered the want of conscience, honour, and humanity; quick in passion, but not vindictive, and averse to unnecessary crimes. Their fortunes in the conclusion of life were indeed very different: one forfeited the affections of his people, which the other, in the character at least of their master, had never possessed; one furnished

a moral to Europe by the continuance of his success, the other by the prodigiousness of his fall. A fresh resemblance arose afterwards, when the restoration of those royal families, whom their ascendant had kept under, revived ancient animosities, and excited new ones; those who from love of democratical liberty had borne the most deadly hatred to the apostates who had betrayed it, recovering some affection to their memory, out of aversion to a common enemy. Our English republicans have, with some exceptions, displayed a sympathy for the name of Cromwell; and I need not observe how remarkably this holds good in the case of his mighty parallel. HALLAM.

CHAPTER IX.

Henry the Eighth.

To form a just estimate of the character of Henry, we must distinguish between the young king, guided by the counsels of Wolsey, and the monarch of more mature age, governing by his own judgment, and with the aid of ministers selected and fashioned by himself. In his youth the beauty of his person, the elegance of his manners, and his adroitness in every martial and fashionable exercise, were calculated to attract the admiration of his subjects. His court was gay and splendid: a succession of amusements seemed to absorb his attention; yet his pleasures were not permitted to encroach on his more important duties: he assisted at the council, perused the dispatches, and corresponded with his generals and ambassadors: nor did the minister, trusted and powerful as he was, dare to act, till he had asked the opinion, and taken the pleasure of his sovereign. His natural abilities had been improved by study: and his esteem for literature may be inferred from the learned education which he gave to his children, and from the number of eminent scholars to whom he granted pensions in foreign states, or on whom he conferred promotion in his own. The immense treasure which he inherited from his father, was perhaps a misfortune; because it engendered habits of expense not to be supported from the ordinary revenue of the crown: and the soundness of his politics may be doubted, which, under the pretence of

supporting the balance of power, repeatedly involved the nation in continental hostilities. Yet even these errors served to throw a lustre round the English throne, and raised its possessor in the eyes of his own subjects and of the different nations of Europe. But as the king advanced in age, his vices gradually developed themselves: after the death of Wolsey they were indulged without restraint. He became as rapacious as he was prodigal: as obstinate as he was capricious: as fickle in his friendships, as he was merciless in his resentments. Though liberal of his confidence, he soon grew suspicious of those whom he had ever trusted: and, as if he possessed no other right to the crown than that which he derived from the very questionable claim of his father, he viewed with an evil eye every remote descendant of the Plantagenets; and eagerly embraced the slightest pretexts to remove those whom his jealousy represented as future rivals to himself or his posterity. In pride and vanity he was perhaps without a parallel. Inflated with the praises of interested admirers, he despised the judgment of others: acted as if he deemed himself infallible in matters of policy and religion; and seemed to look upon dissent from his opinion as equivalent to a breach of allegiance. In his estimation, to submit and to obey, were the great, the paramount duties of subjects: and this persuasion steeled his breast against remorse for the blood which he shed, and led him to trample without scruple on the liberties of the nation.

When he ascended the throne, there still existed a spirit of freedom, which on more than one occasion defeated the arbitrary measures of the court, though directed by an able minister, and supported by the authority of the sovereign: but in the lapse of a few years that spirit had fled, and before the death of Henry, the king of England had grown into a despot, the people had shrunk into a nation of slaves. The causes of this important change in the relations between the sovereign and his subjects, may be found not so much in the abilities or passions of the former, as in the obsequiousness of his parliaments, the assumption of the ecclesiastical supremacy, and the servility of the two religious parties which divided the nation.

The house of peers no longer consisted of those powerful lords

and prelates, who in former periods had so often and so successfully resisted the encroachments of the sovereign. The reader has already witnessed the successive steps, by which most of the great families of the preceding reigns had become extinct, and their immense possessions had been frittered away among the favourites and dependants of the court. The most opulent of the peers under Henry were poor in comparison with their predecessors: and by the operation of the statute against liveries, they had lost the accustomed means of arming their retainers in support of their quarrels. In general they were new men, indebted for their present honours and estates to the bounty of Henry or of his father: and the proudest among the rest, by witnessing the attainders and executions of others, had been taught to tremble for themselves, and to crouch in submission at the foot of a master, whose policy it was to depress the great, and punish their errors without mercy, while he selected his favourites from the lowest classes, heaping on them honours and riches, and confiding to them the exercise of his authority.

By the separation of the realm from the see of Rome, the dependence of the spiritual had been rendered still more complete than that of the temporal peers. Their riches had been diminished, their immunities taken away: the support which they might have derived from the protection of the pontiff, was gone: they were nothing more than the delegates of the king, exercising a precarious authority determinable at his pleasure. The ecclesiastical constitutions, which had so long formed part of the law of the land, now depended on his breath, and were executed only by his suffrance. The convocation indeed continued to be summoned: but its legislative authority was no more. Its principal business was to grant money: yet even these grants now owed their force, not to the consent of the grantors, but to the approbation of the other two houses, and the assent of the crown.

As for the third branch of the legislature, the commons of England, they had not yet acquired sufficient importance to oppose any effectual barrier to the power of the sovereign, yet care was taken that among them the leading members should be devoted to the crown, and that the speaker should be one holding office, or

high in the confidence of the ministers. Freedom of debate was, indeed, granted: but with a qualification which in reality amounted to a refusal. It was only a *decent* freedom: and as the king reserved to himself the right of deciding what was or was not decent, he frequently put down the opponents of the court, by reprimanding the "varlets" in person, or by sending to them a threatening message.

It is plain that from parliaments thus constituted, the crown had little to fear: and though Wolsey had sought to govern without their aid, Henry found them so obsequious to his will, that he convoked them repeatedly, and was careful to have his most wanton and despotic measures sanctioned with their approbation. The parliament, as often as it was opened or closed, by the king in person, offered a scene not unworthy of an oriental divan. The form indeed differed but little from our present usage. The king sat on his throne: on the right hand stood the chancellor, on the left the lord treasurer: whilst the peers were placed on their benches, and the commons stood at the bar. But the addresses made on these occasions by the chancellor or the speaker, usually lasted more than an hour; and their constant theme was the character of the king. The orators, in their efforts to surpass each other, fed his vanity with the most hyperbolical praise. Cromwell was unable, he believed all men were unable, to describe the unutterable qualities of the royal mind, the sublime virtues of the royal heart. Rich told him that in wisdom he was equal to Solomon, in strength and courage to Sampson, in beauty and address to Absalom: and Audeley declared before his face, that God had anointed him with the oil of wisdom above his fellows, above the other kings of the earth, above all his predecessors; had given him a perfect knowledge of the scriptures, with which he had prostrated the Roman Goliath; a perfect knowledge of the art of war, by which he had gained the most brilliant victories at the same time in remote places; and a perfect knowledge of the art of government, by which he had for thirty years secured to his own realm the blessings of peace, while all the other nations of Europe suffered the calamities of war.

During these harangues, as often as the words "most sacred

majesty," were repeated, or as any emphatic expression was pronounced, the lords rose, and the whole assembly, in token of respect and assent, bowed profoundly to the demi-god on the throne. Henry himself affected to hear such fulsome adulation with indifference. His answer was invariably the same: that he laid no claim to superior excellence; but that, if he did possess it, he gave the glory to God, the author of all good gifts: it was, however, a pleasure to him to witness the affection of his subjects, and to learn that they were not insensible of the blessings which they enjoyed under his government.

It is evident that the new dignity of head of the church, by transferring to the king that authority which had been hitherto exercised by the pontiff, must have considerably augmented the influence of the crown: but in addition, the arguments by which it was supported, tended to debase the spirit of the people, and to exalt the royal prerogative above law and equity. When the adversaries of the supremacy asked in what passage of the sacred writings the government of the church was given to a layman, its advocates boldly appealed to those texts, which prescribe obedience to the established authorities. The king, they maintained, was the image of God upon earth: to disobey his commands was to disobey God himself: to limit his authority, when no limit was laid down, was an offence against the sovereign: and to make distinctions, when the scripture made none, was an impiety against God. It was indeed acknowledged that this supreme authority might be employed unreasonably and unjustly: but even then to resist was a crime: it became the duty of the sufferer to submit; and his only resource was to pray that the heart of his oppressor might be changed; his only consolation to reflect, that the king himself would hereafter be summoned to answer for his conduct before an unerring tribunal. Henry became a sincere believer in a doctrine so flattering to his pride; and easily persuaded himself that he did no more than his duty in punishing with severity the least opposition to his will. To impress it on the minds of the people, it was perpetually inculcated from the pulpit: it was enforced in books of controversy, and instruction: it was promulgated with authority in the "Institution," and afterwards in the

“Erudition of a Christian Man.” From that period the doctrine of passive obedience formed a leading trait in the orthodox creed.

The two great parties, into which religious disputes had separated the nation, contributed also to strengthen the despotic power of Henry. They were too jealous of each other, to watch, much less to resist, the encroachments of the crown. The great object of both was the same: to win the favour of the king, that they might crush the power of their adversaries: and with this view they flattered his vanity, submitted to his caprice, and became the obsequious slaves of his pleasure. Henry, on the other hand, whether it were through policy or accident, played them off against each other: sometimes appearing to lean to the old, sometimes to the new doctrines, alternately raising and depressing the hopes of each, but never suffering either party to obtain the complete ascendancy over its opponent. Thus he kept them in a state of dependence on his will, and secured their concurrence to every measure, which his passion or caprice might suggest, without regard to reason or justice, or the fundamental laws of the land. Of the extraordinary enactments which followed, a few instances may suffice. 1. The succession to the crown was repeatedly altered, and at length left to the king's private judgment or affection. The right was first taken from Mary, and given to Elizabeth; then transferred from Elizabeth to the king's issue by Jane Seymour or any future queen; next restored, on the failure of issue by prince Edward, to both Mary and Elizabeth: and lastly, failing issue by them, was secured to any person or persons to whom it should please him to assure it in remainder by his last will. 2. Treasons were multiplied by the most vexatious, and often, if ridicule could attach to so grave a matter, by the most ridiculous laws. It was once treason to dispute, it was afterwards treason to maintain, the validity of the marriage with Anne Boleyn, or the legitimacy of her daughter. It became treason to marry without the royal licence any of the king's children, whether legitimate or natural, or his paternal brothers or sisters, or their issue; or for any woman to marry the king himself, unless she were a maid, or had previously revealed to him her former incontinence. It was made treason to call the king a heretic or schismatic, openly to wish him

harm, or to slander him, his wife, or his issue. This, the most heinous of crimes in the eye of the law, was extended from deeds and assertions to the very thoughts of men. Its guilt was incurred by any person who should by words, writing, imprinting, or any other exterior act, directly or indirectly accept or take, judge or believe, that either of the royal marriages, that with Catharine, or that with Anne Boleyn, was valid, or who should protest that he was not bound, to declare his opinion, or should refuse to swear that he would answer truly such questions as should be asked him on those dangerous subjects. It would be difficult to discover, under the most despotic governments, a law more cruel and absurd. The validity or invalidity of the two marriages was certainly matter of opinion, supported and opposed on each side by so many contradictory arguments, that men of the soundest judgment might reasonably be expected to differ from each other. Yet Henry, by this statute, was authorized to dive into the breast of every individual, to extort from him his secret sentiments upon oath, and to subject him to the penalty of treason, if those sentiments did not accord with the royal pleasure. 3. The king was made in a great measure independent of parliament, by two statutes, one of which gave to his proclamations the force of laws, the other appointed a tribunal, consisting of nine privy counsellors, with power to punish all transgressors of such proclamations. 4. The dreadful punishment of heresy was not confined to those who rejected the doctrines which had already been declared orthodox, but it was extended beforehand to all persons who should teach or maintain any opinion contrary to such doctrines as the king might afterwards publish. If the criminal were a clergyman, he was to expiate his third offence at the stake; if a layman, to forfeit his personal property, and be imprisoned for life. Thus was Henry invested, by act of parliament, with the high prerogative of theological infallibility, and an obligation was laid on all men, without exception, whether of the new or of the old learning, to model their religious opinions and religious practice by the sole judgment of their sovereign. 5. By an *ex post facto* law, those who had taken the first oath against the papal authority, were reputed to have taken, and to be bound by, a second and much

more comprehensive oath, which was afterwards enacted, and which, perhaps, had it been tendered to them, they would have refused.

But that which made the severity of these statutes the more terrible, was the manner in which criminal prosecutions were then conducted. The crown could hardly fail in convicting the prisoner, whatever were his guilt or his innocence. He was first interrogated in his cell, urged with the hope of pardon to make a confession, or artfully led by ensnaring questions into dangerous admissions. When the materials of the prosecution were completed, they were laid before the grand inquest: and, if the bill was found, the conviction of the accused might be pronounced certain: for in the trial which followed, the real question submitted to the decision of the petit jury was, which of the two were more worthy of credit, the prisoner who maintained his innocence, or the grand inquest which had pronounced his guilt. With this view the indictment, with a summary of the proofs on which it had been found, was read; and the accused, now perhaps for the first time acquainted with the nature of the evidence against him, was indulged with the liberty of speaking in his own defence. Still he could not insist on the production of his accusers, that he might obtain the benefit of cross-examination: nor claim the aid of counsel to repel the taunts, and unravel the sophistry, which was too often employed at that period by the advocates for the crown. In this method of trial, every chance was in favour of the prosecution: and yet it was gladly exchanged for the expedient discovered by Cromwell, and afterwards employed against its author. Instead of a public trial, the minister introduced a bill of attainder into parliament, accompanied with such documents as he thought proper to submit. It was passed by the two houses with all convenient expedition; and the unfortunate prisoner found himself condemned to the scaffold or the gallows, without the opportunity of opening his mouth in his own vindication.

To proceed by attainder became the usual practice in the latter portion of the king's reign. It was more certain in the result, by depriving the accused of the few advantages which he possessed in the ordinary courts: it enabled the minister to gratify the royal

suspicion or resentment without the danger of refutation, or of unpleasant disclosures: and it satisfied the minds of the people, who, unacquainted with the real merits of the case, could not dispute the equity of a judgment given with the unanimous assent of the whole legislature.

Thus it was that by the obsequiousness of the parliament, the assumption of the ecclesiastical supremacy, and the servility of religious factions, Henry acquired and exercised the most despotic sway over the lives, the fortunes, and the liberties of his subjects. Happily, the forms of a free government were still suffered to exist: into these forms a spirit of resistance to arbitrary power gradually infused itself: the pretensions of the crown were opposed by the claims of the people: and the result of a long and arduous struggle was that constitution, which for more than a century has excited the envy and the admiration of Europe. **LINGARD.**

CHAPTER X.

CHARLES V. emperor of Germany, resigns his dominions, and retires from the world.

THIS great emperor, in the plenitude of his power, and in possession of all the honours which can flatter the heart of man, took the extraordinary resolution, to resign his kingdoms; and to withdraw entirely from any concern in business or the affairs of this world, in order that he might spend the remainder of his days in retirement and solitude. Though it requires neither deep reflection, nor extraordinary discernment, to discover that the state of royalty is not exempt from cares and dissappointments; though most of those who are exalted to a throne, find solicitude, and satiety, and disgust, to be their perpetual attendants, in that envied pre-eminence; yet, to descend voluntarily from the supreme to a subordinate station, and to relinquish the possession of power in order to attain the enjoyment of happiness, seems to be an effort too great for the human mind. Several instances, indeed, occur in history of monarchs who have quitted a throne, and have ended their days in retirement. But they were either weak princes, who

took this resolution rashly, and repented of it as soon as it was taken; or unfortunate princes, from whose hands some strong rival had wrested their sceptre, and compelled them to descend with reluctance into a private station. Dioclesian is, perhaps, the only prince capable of holding the reins of government, who ever resigned them from deliberate choice; and who continued, during many years, to enjoy the tranquillity of retirement, without fetching one penitent sigh, or casting back one look of desire, towards the power or dignity which he had abandoned.

No wonder, then, that Charles's resignation should fill all Europe with astonishment; and give rise, both among his contemporaries, and among the historians of that period, to various conjectures concerning the motives which determined a prince, whose ruling passion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-six, when objects of ambition operate with full force on the mind, and are pursued with the greatest ardour, to take a resolution so singular and unexpected.

The emperor, in pursuance of his determination, having assembled the states of the Low Countries at Brussels, seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other, his sister the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain and princes of the empire standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir; and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal that they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things

which he had undertaken and performed, since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; that either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing dominions so extensive, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy; that instead of a sovereign worn out with disease, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of

thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I give this day of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him, with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted and ready to faint with the fatigue of so extraordinary an effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some from admiration of his magnanimity; others softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks after the resignation of the Netherlands, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and in the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of an hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

Nothing now remained to detain him from that retreat for which he languished. Every thing having been prepared some time for his voyage, he set out for Zuitburgh in Zealand, where the fleet had orders to rendezvous. In his way thither, he passed through Ghent: and after stopping there a few days, to indulge that tender and pleasing melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in

the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth, he pursued his journey, accompanied by his son Philip, his daughter the arch-duchess, his sisters the dowager queens of France and Hungary, Maximilian his son-in-law, and a numerous retinue of the Flemish nobility. Before he went on board, he dismissed them, with marks of his attention or regard; and taking leave of Philip with all the tenderness of a father who embraced his son for the last time, he set sail under convoy of a large fleet of Spanish, Flemish, and English ships.

His voyage was prosperous and agreeable; and he arrived at Laredo in Biscay, on the eleventh day after he left Zealand. As soon as he landed, he fell prostrate on the ground; and considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind." From Laredo he proceeded to Valladolid. There he took a last and tender leave of his two sisters; whom he would not permit to accompany him to his solitude, though they entreated it with tears: not only that they might have the consolation of contributing, by their attendance and care, to mitigate or to sooth his sufferings, but that they might reap instruction and benefit, by joining with him in those pious exercises, to which he had consecrated the remainder of his days.

From Valladolid, he continued his journey to Plazencia in Estremadura. He had passed through that city a great many years before; and having been struck at that time with the delightful situation of the monastery of St. Justus, belonging to the order of St. Jerome, not many miles distant from that place, he had then observed to some of his attendants, that this was a spot to which Dioclesian might have retired with pleasure. The impression had remained so strong on his mind, that he pitched upon it as the place of his retreat. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resigna-

tion, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present station rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms, four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and had filled it with various plants, which he proposed to cultivate with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe; filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

In this retirement, Charles formed such a plan of life for himself, as would have suited the condition of a private person of a moderate fortune. His table was neat but plain; his domestics few: his intercourse with them familiar; all the cumbersome and ceremonious forms of attendance on his person were entirely abolished, as destructive of that social ease and tranquillity, which he courted, in order to sooth the remainder of his days. As the mildness of the climate, together with his deliverance from the burdens and cares of government, procured him, at first, a considerable remission from the acute pains with which he had been long tormented, he enjoyed, perhaps, more complete satisfaction in this humble solitude, than all his grandeur had ever yielded him. The ambitious thoughts and projects which had so long engrossed and disquieted him, were quite effaced from his mind. Far from taking any part in the political transactions of the princes of Europe, he restrained his curiosity even from any inquiry concerning them; and he seemed to view the busy scene which he had abandoned, with all the contempt and indifference arising

from his thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleasing reflection of having disentangled himself from its cares.

DR. ROBERTSON.

CHAPTER XI

Character of Lewis XIV., King of France.

THERE is no man of whom more has been told and written, than Lewis the Fourteenth. Every part of his life has been described and related by persons who had excellent opportunities of knowing the truth. Madame de Motteville, a lady attached to the service of his mother, and La Porte, his first *valet-de-chambre*, have left memoirs relating to his infancy and youth. The history of his reign, which he entrusted to the courtly pens of his pensioned men of letters, has been given with more exactness, by admirers who had nothing to gain by his favour, and censurers who had nothing to fear from his displeasure. The minutiae of his daily life have been recorded in the servile journal of Dangeau, and the faults of his character strongly painted by the powerful satire of St. Simon. The exterior of his court, has been admirably sketched by the delicate pen of Madame de Sévigné, and the secrets of the interior have been partly revealed to us by the familiar and private communications of Madame de Maintenon. Let us add to all this the innumerable memoirs written by persons anxious to hand down the current gossip of the court, in a nation where every thing becomes in a short time the common topic of the town; where the secrets of the state are carried in a few days by the minister to his mistress; by the mistress to her favoured lover; and by the lover to his friends, who are perhaps the bitter enemies of the minister. On such a theatre, Lewis was a perpetual actor; always in public; always watched; the object of a thousand curious eyes, and the subject of a thousand malicious tongues. A word scarcely passed from his lips, before it was whispered in every circle of the court, and a few hours elapsed before it was recorded in twenty manuscript books, with the comment of the writer, for the instruction of the latest posterity.

With such materials in our hands, what has been the fate of the memory of this famous monarch? It may perhaps be illustrated by a circumstance mentioned by Chardin, in his amusing travels in the east. A tomb near a city was said to contain the body of a celebrated saint: a mausoleum was built to his honour, and the people resorted to it with veneration. Suddenly a report was spread that the body found there, was that of a well-known heretic; the mausoleum was destroyed and ashes spread upon the spot. At length it was discovered that the tomb was neither that of the saint nor of the heretic, but of some indifferent person. The place was then neglected, and men ceased either to crowd to it with reverence or to pass it by with malediction.

Such is, in some respects, the fate of the character of Lewis the Fourteenth. Admired at first by his country; the favourite theme of the greatest wits of his age; and, what is still more wonderful, of the greatest writer of his nation during the succeeding century: he was long considered in France as a model of a great king; and if not endowed with extraordinary genius, or blessed with uniform success, yet, as having acquired altogether as much of military and civil glory, as any sovereign who had ever been the hereditary possessor of a throne. But when, in the days of philosophy, men began to discover that the benefits of his government were illusory, the conquests of his arms pernicious, and the praises of his academicians blind or venal, they turned upon Lewis himself the whole torrent of public opinion, and exposed him to the scorn of the world as an unfeeling and selfish tyrant. Neither of these opinions deserves the stamp of history. Lewis had not, in his nature, any very odious qualities; his faults were rather the effect of his station, than of his original character. He was generous, munificent, fond of letters, and of arts; a good son, an indulgent master, happy in his temper, anxious to do justice in his decisions. Impressed from his youth upwards with a sincere piety, it was his earnest wish to gain the approbation both of God and man; and if, in his blind zeal, he thought the favour of the Deity was to be acquired by persecution, and the glory of a great name to be gained by laying waste the territory of his neighbours, we must not blame the error of an ordinary mind, so much as the

perversion of public opinion, which called bigotry religion, and made unjust conquest the basis of reputation.

Yet, when these abatements are made on the one side, we shall find that it is impossible either greatly to admire, or greatly to love, the character of Lewis. If we look to his understanding, we shall see that he was remarkable chiefly for his great attention to business, and his love of affixing his own name to the designs of others. His capacity was by no means extraordinary. He had the mischievous passion of a conqueror, without any of the heroism which excites our sympathy, or the military genius that subdues our reason, in favour of the destroyers of mankind. He sent forth his thousands to perish on the Rhine or the Danube, that he might rest his head at Versailles upon the soft cushion of vanity, and receive the extravagant compliments of his servile subjects. From a habit of self-indulgence and a ready belief in flattery, he came to direct all his passions to one object, and that object the gratification and aggrandizement of himself. If he had mistresses whom he seemed to love, he behaved to them in a manner which showed that he considered their happiness, and even their lives, as of little value, in comparison with the indulgence of his comfort or caprice. If he had friends, whom he appeared to esteem, he left their services for years unrewarded, that he might enjoy their dependence; and punished their faults without mercy on a calculation of political advantages. As for his country, he considered it as centered in his own person; and, with a character the very opposite of that of Henry the Fourth, mistook the magnificence of his own court for the happiness of his people.

One who played so great a part in the world, however, deserves to be examined more in detail. The great and leading ambition of Lewis, was to govern by himself. Nothing was so much the object of his alarm, as the notion of the influence of a prime minister, who should deprive him at once of power and glory. He was moved to this fear more especially by the example of his father, and by that of his mother during the regency. Lewis the Thirteenth had been thoroughly subdued by Richelieu; and Anne of Austria, in like manner, was so entirely subjugated by Mazarin that she could not obtain from him the smallest office for any of her friends.

The son spared no precaution to escape falling under the same yoke. As the ministers of Lewis the Thirteenth, and Anne, had been cardinals, he made a rule to admit no cardinal into his council. He took care to avoid the common rock of princes, the habit of reposing upon others the burthen of affairs, and in this conduct, he seems to have been guided by the dying advice of Mazarin. With these and other precautions, he thought himself to the last so independent of any governing minister, that he wrote in 1704, to M. de Chateauneuf, "Explain to her (the queen of Spain) that I decide every thing myself, and that no one would dare to impose upon me statements contrary to the truth."

But for a king to govern by himself, something more is requisite than an attention to business, and a determination not to confer the title of prime minister. He who really governs a great nation, must have a large capacity or a quick invention; he must have, in short, some power of originating measures, fitted to the emergency on which he is called to decide. Had Lewis this talent? It is quite clear that he had not. His early measures of finance, were evidently the measures of Colbert; his subsequent wars, were planned and conducted by Louvois; the succession of war, and the negociations of his latter years, were the work of Torcy. No one can hesitate in attributing these measures to their right authors.

It remains then to be seen, how he proceeded in the choice of his ministers; a part of his government of which he was even more proud than of the rest. With respect to the ministers appointed by Lewis at the beginning of his reign, we have authentic information of the grounds upon which they were selected. Tellier, Lionne, and Colbert, were the creatures of Cardinal Mazarin; had been brought forward by him out of obscurity, placed in ostensible situations, and recommended with his dying breath to the preference of his sovereign. Mazarin himself had been a creature of Richelieu, who was first employed in political affairs by Queen Mary of Medicis. Lewis maintained in their offices two of the ministers I have mentioned as long as they lived, and afterwards gave the reversion of the places to their relations; Louvois, the son, and Barbesieux, the grandson of Tellier: Seignelai,

and Torcy, the son and nephew of Colbert. In making these promotions, he seems to have exercised little judgment, for the dissipated and profligate Barbesieux, was admitted to the post of Secretary of State in his administration, as well as the skilful and industrious Torcy. Thus Lewis may be said to have (owed) the greater part of his ministers to the judgments of Mazarin and Richelieu, or, in other words, to the discrimination of his grandmother. When, after the death of Barbesieux, it became necessary to appoint a new minister of war, the king fixed upon Chamillard, who had been brought forward, and made intendant at St. Cyr, by Madame de Maintenon. After a short time, it became evident that Chamillard was totally unfit for his office, and he was at length driven from his post by the incessant raillery of the court.

Much has been said by the historians of these times, of the great men who surrounded the throne of Lewis; but the more we examine the subject, the less we shall be disposed to attribute the appearance of those ornaments of his reign, to the personal protection of the king. The greater part of them had already discovered their talents before Lewis took the reins of government. Their appearance is with much more reason attributed by Montesquieu, to the agitations of the minority, and the troubled times which preceded it.

Of the personal talents of Lewis for government, it is impossible to speak highly. Even the quality upon which he most prided himself, the power of attending to the details of business, being unattended by great general views, was more specious than solid. At first, indeed, his determination to see every despatch, and examine every article of expenditure, may have been politic, as a means of correcting abuses, and quickening the zeal of subordinate agents; but when this object was effected, a minute attention to every little account of cloathing for a troop of horse, showed rather the pedant than the statesman; and this perseverance in writing his own despatches to his generals, during the last twenty years of his life, is a proof rather of a puerile vanity, than of a comprehensive mind. In fact, it was by this very fondness

for details, that his ministers were enabled to occupy him in minutiae, and to assume the direction of great affairs.

In his private character, if private character he can be said to have had, Lewis was often generous and kind; often cold and unfeeling; he had much of the selfishness, but little of the impatience and caprice that unrestrained power is apt to engender. His behaviour to the persons immediately about him, is the best part of his conduct; and if he can be at all considered a hero, it is with respect to his *valet-de-chambre*, that that character must be allowed him. When one of his household was about to scold a servant for having made him wait, the king said, "leave him alone, he already suffers sufficiently." Another having hurt him as he was dressing, he said to him without any anger, "bring me something to heal it." One of his valets-de-chambre asking him to recommend to the judges a cause which he was carrying on against his father-in-law, said to him, "Sir, you have only to say one word:" "That is not the difficulty," answered the king; "but tell me, if you were in the place of your father-in-law, would you wish me to say that word?" This saying really does honour to Lewis, and indeed might serve as a maxim to all kings, who are importuned to do a private favour at the public expense. Many other sayings have been recorded, by which he endeavoured to increase the favours that he bestowed, or to relieve the pain of those who had been unfortunate in his service. When the duke of la Rochefoucauld complained of being pressed by his creditors, he said to him, "why do you not speak to your friends?" and sent him a large sum to pay his debts. The Marquis d'Uxelles having been obliged to surrender Mayence, after a siege which, although extremely honourable, was yet criticised by the courtiers, Lewis said to him: "Your defence proves your courage, and your capitulation your talents."

Every one knows that he said to James the Second, upon his embarking for England, "I must wish never to see you again;" and that, on taking leave of Philip the Fifth, he pronounced the famous words, "There are now no longer Pyrenees." This skill in always choosing the right phrase, the grace and affability of his manner, the kindness with which he tempered dignity, have been

attested by his enemies as well as his admirers. It was this external polish, contrasted with the harshness of his ministers, that made the Doge of Genoa say, during his humiliating mission: "The king takes away our hearts, but his ministers give them back to us."

Lewis was throughout his life an ignorant man. His education in this respect had been purposely neglected by Cardinal Mazarin. La Porte, his first valet-de-chambre, informs us that he used to read to the king, when in bed, the History of France, by Mezerai; and that the king took much interest in these readings; but that the cardinal, upon discovering one evening what was passing, was much displeased, and said La Porte was acting as tutor to the king. We might have some doubts as to the truth of the narrative of so decided an enemy to Mazarin as La Porte, were not his testimony confirmed by Lewis himself. In relating the events of the year 1666, when he was nearer thirty than twenty, he takes occasion to inform his son, that, at that time, he began to read history, because he thought it a disgrace not to know what the greater part of the world knew. It does not appear, however, nor is it likely, that, after that age, and in the course of a busy life, he made any great progress in knowledge. Of ecclesiastical history and theology, he seems to have been totally ignorant. His limited information in this respect is the more to be regretted, as his religious zeal, unenlightened by knowledge, produced some of the greatest calamities of his reign. Indeed, it is singularly unfortunate that his piety was not less fatal to his people than his worldly passions, and that he did at least as much mischief to mankind, by his devotion to what he supposed to be the will of heaven, as by the indulgence of his illicit love, his ambition, and vain glory.

I cannot omit, in summing up the character of Lewis, what were perhaps, the most striking of all his qualities, his extreme pride and vanity. These passions were so conspicuous in him, that even his descendant, Lewis the Sixteenth, pronounced them to be the great defect of his character. To his pride must be attributed much of his political conduct, his quarrels with Spain and Rome about precedence, and in part the war against Holland, in 1672. His vanity, on the other hand, made him delight in the

extravagant praises that were bestowed upon him, and believe in the most insincere panegyrics of his courtiers. He listened with rapture to the operas in which his own feats were celebrated, and could be seen to repeat, between his teeth, the words of the stanzas which were most full of adulation. He even sung in private, (though he had neither ear nor voice for music) the parts of lyric poems which abounded in exaggerated description of his actions, and when he did so, his eyes were filled with tears. This well known quality of Lewis exposed him to the ridicule of his enemies. Prince Eugene, upon taking a town in Flanders, caused to be repeated before him the most fulsome prologues of Quinault, in the presence of some French officers; and William the Third, upon hearing some singers on the stage begin an ode in his praise, rose, and cried out, "turn out those people, do they take me for the King of France?"

It must at the same time be confessed, that Lewis was pursued by flattery in a manner, that was difficult for any man to resist, and which affords much excuse for his faults of every description. One or two of the most extraordinary effects of the common and general spirit may be worth relating. In 1666, La Feuillade, a private gentleman, hearing that St. Aunay, a person who had left the kingdom from discontent, had written a letter, and afterwards adopted a device, disparaging to the king of France, went to Madrid and sent him a challenge: upon which St. Aunay made an apology for his conduct. This gallantry of adulation being found extremely acceptable, the same person erected a statue to Lewis on the Place des Victoires. The statue was inaugurated, or rather consecrated, with music and genuflections: La Feuillade went three times round it, at the head of the regiments of guards, making the same prostrations that were made by the Romans before their deified emperors: the event was celebrated by illuminations; the inscription placed on the base was, "Viro immortali;" and the author of this pompous flattery intended to have kept a lamp burning there by day as well as by night. The lamp, however, was ordered not to be lighted in the day time, and an image of the virgin, veiled in some degree the gross idolatry of the original intention. After the defeat of Marshal Créquy in 1675 the same

La Feuillade came post to Versailles, where he went directly to the king, and said, "Sire, some make their wives come to them to the army; others come to see them; for my part, I come to see your Majesty for an hour, and thank you a thousand and a thousand times; I shall see no one but your Majesty, for to your Majesty I owe every thing." He talked for some time, and then said, "Sire, I am now going; I beg you to make my compliment to the Queen, to the Dauphin, and to my wife and children." He then set off on his return to the army, and left the king much pleased with his adroit flattery. The academy itself was not behind hand in adulation. Upon the death of Corneille, there was some question of electing the Duke of Maine. The academy sent him a message by their secretary, that even if their number were full, there was not one of their body who would not willingly die to make room for him.

Of all kinds of praise, however, the most grateful to the royal ear, must have been that which flowed from the pulpit. What "sweet oblivious antidote," could so tend to lay asleep the conscience of Lewis, as to hear his eulogy issue from those lips that were consecrated to the service of God; what flattery so insidious, as that which flows from a tongue which is sworn to pay no respect to persons? Of this species of adulation, Lewis received an ample homage in the eloquent language of Bossuet. In extolling the conquests and bloody wars of his master, he exclaims, "If the French can do every thing, it is because the king is everywhere their captain. After the king was deprived of these two great commanders (Turenne and Condé), we see him conceive greater designs, execute greater things, rise above himself, surpass both the hopes of his subjects, and the expectations of the universe; so high is his courage, so vast his intelligence, so glorious his destiny!" Such was the tone of the sermons, of the funeral sermons of Bossuet. It is impossible to carry adulation further than this. To tell Lewis that he was a great general, was the manner of all others to captivate, and the bishop of Meaux must be allowed to be the most skilful of all his flatterers. Yet our admiration of the address of the supple courtier, must give way to our indignation at the servility of the Christian bishop. Bold must be the

impiety, or grovelling the soul, or strong the delusion of that man, who can venture to adulterate the spiritual food he is ordained to distribute, and pervert, to the purposes of human ambition, the oracles of eternal justice. Scarcely, indeed, was it possible that any man should resist falsehoods from such a mouth, and so administered. The perpetual repetition of such language as I have quoted, must in time have corrupted the strongest mind, and rooted out every trace of humility from the heart to which it was addressed. Thus it is that kings come in time to lose all sympathy with human nature; they imagine themselves a kind of superior being, and are fully persuaded that the sacrifice of interest, happiness, and even life in their behalf, is no more than what is justly due to the rank in which God has placed them. No wonder then that Lewis always obliged the persons around him to obey his slightest inclination, at the risk of their health, or with the loss of their whole fortune: he was taught that he was the special favourite of heaven, and he expected to be treated as a delegate of God.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XII.

L o r d B a c o n.

HE has, in general, inspired a fervour of admiration which vents itself in indiscriminate praise, and is very adverse to a calm examination of the character of his understanding, which was very peculiar, and on that account described with more than ordinary imperfection, by that unfortunately vague and weak part of language which attempts to distinguish the varieties of mental superiority. To this cause it may be ascribed, that perhaps no great man has been either more ignorantly answered, or more unconstructively commended. It is easy to describe his transcendent merit in general terms of commendation; for some of his great qualities lie on the surface of his writings. But that in which he most excelled all other men was in the range and compass of his intellectual view — the power of contemplating many and distant objects together, without indistinctness or confusion — which he himself has called

the discursive or comprehensive understanding. This wide-ranging intellect was illuminated by the brightest fancy that ever contented itself with the office of only ministering to Reason; and from this singular relation of the two grand faculties of man, it has resulted, that his philosophy, though illustrated still more than adorned by the utmost splendour of imagery, continues still subject to the undivided supremacy of intellect. In the midst of all the prodigality of an imagination which, had it been independent, would have been poetical, his opinions remained severely rational.

It is not so easy to conceive, or at least to describe, other equally essential elements of his greatness, and conditions of his success. He is probably a single instance of a mind which, in philosophizing, always reaches the point of elevation whence the whole prospect is commanded, without ever rising to such a distance as to lose a distinct perception of every part of it. It is, perhaps, not less singular that his philosophy should be founded at once on disregard for the authority of men, and on reverence for the boundaries prescribed by nature to human enquiry, that he who had thought so little of what man had done, hoped so highly of what he could do; that so daring an innovator in science should be so wholly exempt from the love of singularity or paradox; that the same man who renounced imaginary provinces in the empire of science, and withdrew its landmarks within the limits of experience, should also exhort posterity to push their conquests to its utmost verge, with a boldness which will be fully justified only by the discoveries of ages from which we are yet far distant.

No man ever united a more poetical style to a less poetical philosophy. One great end of his discipline is to prevent mysticism and fanaticism from obstructing the pursuit of truth. With a less brilliant fancy, he would have had a mind less qualified for philosophical enquiry. His fancy gave him that power of illustrative metaphor, by which he seemed to have invented again the part of language which respects philosophy; and it rendered new truths more distinctly visible even to his own eye, in their bright clothing of imagery. Without it, he must, like others, have been driven to the fabrication of uncouth technical terms, which repel the mind,

either by vulgarity or pedantry, instead of gently leading it to novelties in science, through agreeable analogies with objects already familiar. A considerable portion, doubtless, of the courage with which he undertook the reformation of philosophy was caught from the general spirit of his extraordinary age, when the mind of Europe was yet agitated by the joy and pride of emancipation from long bondage. The beautiful mythology, and poetical history of the ancient world, not yet become trivial or pedantic, appeared before his eyes in all their freshness and lustre. To the general reader they were then a discovery as recent as the world disclosed by Columbus. The ancient literature, on which his imagination looked back for illustration, had then as much the charm of novelty, as that rising philosophy through which his reason dared to look onward to some of the last periods in its unceasing and resistless course.

In order to form a just estimate of this wonderful person, it is essential to fix steadily in our minds what he was not, what he did not do, and what he professed neither to be nor to do. He was not what is called a metaphysician. His plans for the improvement of science were not inferred by abstract reasoning from any of those primary principles to which the philosophers of Greece struggled to fasten their systems. Hence he has been treated as empirical and superficial by those who take to themselves the exclusive name of profound speculators. He was not, on the other hand, a mathematician, an astronomer, a physiologist, a chemist. He was not eminently conversant with the particular truths of any of those sciences which existed in his time. For this reason, he was under-rated by men of the highest merit, who had acquired the most just reputation by adding new facts to the stock of certain knowledge. It is not, therefore, very surprising to find that Harvey, though the friend as well as physician of Bacon, "though he esteemed him much for his wit and style, would not allow him to be a great philosopher;" but said to Aubrey, "He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor," — "in derision," as the honest biographer thinks fit expressly to add. On the same ground, though in a manner not so agreeable to the nature of his own claims on reputation, Mr. Hume has decided, that Bacon was not so great

a man as Galileo, because he was not so great an astronomer. The same sort of injustice to his memory has been more often committed than avowed, by professors of the exact and the experimental sciences, who are accustomed to regard, as the sole test of service to knowledge, a palpable addition to its store. It is very true that he made no discoveries; but his life was employed in teaching the method by which discoveries are made. This distinction was early observed by that ingenious poet and amiable man, on whom we, by our unmerited neglect, have taken too severe a revenge for the exaggerated praises bestowed on him by our ancestors: —

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he pass'd,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land;
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and show'd us it.

COWLEY'S *Ode to the Royal Society*.

CHAPTER XIII.

Characters of Fox and Canning.

MR. Fox united in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even something inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity, which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlaboured an appearance; it seemed rather to escape from his mind, than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life.

In the course of thirty years, he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which, by the custom of England, is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasant, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de société*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed by his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages, of the West, — those of the Greeks and of the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it.

To speak of him justly as an orator would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of reason, simplicity and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since the days of Demosthenes. "I knew him," says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, "when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and down-rightness, and the thorough good-nature, which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no unfit representative of the old English character, which, if it ever

changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. "I admired," says Mr. Gibbon, after describing a day passed with him at Lausanne, "the powers of a superior man, as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child: no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."

The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men; by his liberal principles, favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the well-being and greatness were, indeed, inseparable from his own glory; and by his profound reverence for that free constitution, which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

The family of Mr. Canning, which for more than a century had filled honourable stations in Ireland, was a younger branch of an ancient family among the English gentry. His father, a man of letters, was disinherited for an imprudent marriage, and the inheritance went to a younger brother, whose son was afterwards created Lord Garvagh. Mr. Canning was educated at Eton and Oxford, according to that exclusively classical system, which, whatever may have been its defects, must be owned, when taken with its constant appendages, to be eminently favourable to the cultivation of sense and taste, as well as to the developement of wit and spirit. From his boyhood he was the foremost among very distinguished contemporaries, and continued to be regarded as the best specimen, and the most brilliant representative, of that eminently national education. His youthful eye sparkled with quickness and arch pleasantry, and his countenance early betrayed that

jealousy of his own dignity, and sensibility to suspected disregard, which were afterwards softened, but never quite subdued. Neither the habits of a great school, nor those of a popular assembly, were calculated to weaken his love of praise and passion for distinction. But, as he advanced in years, his fine countenance was ennobled by the expression of thought and feeling: he more pursued that lasting praise, which is not to be earned without praiseworthiness; and, if he continued to be a lover of fame, he also passionately loved the glory of his country. Even he who almost alone was entitled to look down on fame as "that last infirmity of noble mind," had not forgotten that it was —

"The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

The natural bent of character is, perhaps, better ascertained from the undisturbed and unconscious play of the mind in the common intercourse of society, than from its movements under the power of strong interest or warm passions in public life. In social intercourse Mr. Canning was delightful. Happily for the true charm of his conversation he was too busy otherwise not to treat society as more fitted for relaxation than display. It is but little to say, that he was neither disputatious, declamatory, nor sententious; neither a dictator nor a jester. His manner was simple and unobtrusive; his language always quite familiar. If a higher thought stole from his mind, it came in its conversational undress. From this plain ground his pleasantry sprung with the happiest effect; and it was nearly exempt from that alloy of taunt and banter, which he sometimes mixed with more precious materials in public contest. He may be added to the list of those eminent persons who pleased most in their friendly circle. He had the agreeable quality of being more easily pleased in society than might have been expected from the keenness of his discernment, and the sensibility of his temper. He was liable to be discomposed, or even silenced, by the presence of any one whom he did not like. His manner in society betrayed the political vexations or anxieties which preyed on his mind; nor could he conceal that sensitiveness to public attacks which their frequent recurrence wears out in most English politicians. These last foibles may be thought interesting

as the remains of natural character, not destroyed by refined society and political affairs. He was assailed by some adversaries so ignoble as to wound him through his filial affection, which preserved its respectful character through the whole course of his advancement. The ardent zeal for his memory, which appeared immediately after his death, attests the warmth of those domestic affections which seldom prevail where they are not mutual. To his touching epitaph on his son, parental love has given a charm which is wanting in his other verses. It was said of him, at one time that no man had so little popularity and such affectionate friends; and the truth was certainly more sacrificed to point in the former than in the latter member of the contrast. Some of his friendships continued in spite of political differences, which, by rendering intercourse less unconstrained, often undermine friendship: and others were remarkable for a warmth, constancy and disinterestedness, which, though chiefly honourable to those who were capable of so pure a kindness, yet redound to the credit of him who was the object of it. No man is so beloved who is not himself formed for friendship.

Notwithstanding his disregard for money, he was not tempted in youth by the example or the kindness of affluent friends much to overstep his little patrimony. He never afterwards sacrificed to parade or personal indulgence; though his occupations scarcely allowed him to think enough of his private affairs. Even from his moderate fortune, his bounty was often liberal to suitors to whom official relief could not be granted. By a sort of generosity still harder for him to practise, he endeavoured, in cases where the suffering was great, though the suit could not be granted, to satisfy the feelings of the suitor by full explanation in writing of the causes which rendered compliance impracticable. Wherever he took an interest, he showed it as much by delicacy to the feelings of those whom he served or relieved, as by substantial consideration for their claims — a rare and most praiseworthy merit among men in power.

In proportion as the opinion of a people acquires influence over public affairs, the faculty of persuading men to support or oppose political measures acquires importance. The peculiar nature of

parliamentary debate contributes to render eminence in that province not so imperfect a test of political ability as it might appear to be. Recited speeches can seldom show more than powers of reasoning and imagination, which have little connexion with a capacity for affairs. But the unforeseen events of debate, and the necessity of immediate answer in unpremeditated language, afford scope for quickness, firmness, boldness, wariness, presence of mind, and address in the management of men, which are among the qualities most essential to a statesman. The most flourishing period of our parliamentary eloquence extends for about half a century—from the maturity of Lord Chatham's genius to the death of Mr. Fox. During the twenty years which succeeded, Mr. Canning was sometimes the leader, and always the greatest orator, of the party who supported the administration: among whom he was supported, but not rivalled, by able men, against opponents who were not thought by him inconsiderable, of whom one, at least, was felt by every hearer and acknowledged in private by himself, to have always forced his faculties into their very uttermost stretch.

Had he been a dry and meager speaker, he would have been one of those universally allowed to be the greatest masters of argument; but his hearers were so dazzled by the splendour of his diction, that they did not perceive the acuteness and the sometimes excessive refinement of his reasoning; a consequence which, as it shows the injurious influence of a seductive fault, can with the less justice be overlooked in the estimate of his understanding. Ornament, it must be owned, when it only pleases or amuses, without disposing the audience to adopt the sentiments of the speaker, is an offence against the first law of public speaking, of which it obstructs instead of promoting the only reasonable purpose. But eloquence is a widely extended art, comprehending many sorts of excellence; in some of which ornamented diction is more liberally employed than in others; and in none of which the highest rank can be attained, without an extraordinary combination of mental powers. Among our own orators, Mr. Canning seems to be the best model of the adorned style. The splendid and sublime descriptions of Mr. Burke, his comprehensive and profound views

of general principle, though they must ever delight and instruct the readers, must be owned to have been digressions which diverted the minds of the hearers from the object on which the speaker ought to have kept them steadily fixed. Sheridan, a man of admirable sense, and matchless wit, laboured to follow Burke into the foreign regions of feeling and grandeur, where the specimens preserved of his most celebrated speeches show too much of the exaggeration and excess to which those are peculiarly liable who seek by art and effort what nature has denied. By the constant part which Mr. Canning took in debate, he was called upon to show a knowledge which Sheridan did not possess, and a readiness which that accomplished man had no such means of strengthening and displaying. In some qualities of style, Mr. Canning surpassed Mr. Pitt. His diction was more various, sometimes more simple, more idiomatical, even in its more elevated parts. It sparkled with imagery, and was brightened by illustration; in both of which Mr. Pitt, for so great an orator, was defective.

Mr. Canning possessed, in a high degree, the advantages of an orator. His expressive countenance varied with the changes of his eloquence; his voice, flexible and articulate, had as much compass as his mode of speaking requires. In the calm part of his speeches, his attitude and gesture might have been selected by a painter to represent grace rising towards dignity.

No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs, and incurred more enmity, by it than any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derision; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest against themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently. In sudden flashes of wit, and in the playful description of men or things, he was often distinguished by that natural felicity which is the charm of pleasantry; to which the air of art and labour is more fatal than to any other talent. Sheridan was sometimes betrayed by an imitation of the dialogue of his master, Congreve, into a sort of laboured and finished jesting, so balanced and

expanded, as sometimes to vie in tautology and monotony with the once applauded triads of Johnson; and which, even in its most happy passages, is more sure of commanding serious admiration than hearty laughter. It cannot be denied that Mr. Canning's taste was, in this respect, somewhat influenced by the example of his early friend.

The exuberance of fancy and wit lessened the gravity of his general manner, and perhaps also indisposed the audience to feel his earnestness where it clearly showed itself. In that important quality he was inferior to Mr. Pitt, —

“Deep on whose front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care;”

and not less inferior to Mr. Fox, whose fervid eloquence flowed from the love of his country, the scorn of baseness, and the hatred of cruelty, which were the ruling passions of his nature. On the whole, it may be observed, that the range of Mr. Canning's powers as an orator was wider than that in which he usually exerted them. When mere statement only was allowable, no man of his age was more simple. When infirm health compelled him to be brief, no speaker could compress his matter with so little sacrifice of clearness, ease and elegance. In his speech on colonial reformation, in 1823, he seemed to have brought down the philosophical principles and the moral sentiments of Mr. Burke to that precise level where they could be happily blended with a grave and dignified speech, intended as an introduction to a new system of legislation. As his oratorical faults were those of youthful genius, the progress of age seemed to purify his eloquence, and every year appeared to remove some speck which hid, or, at least, dimmed, a beauty. He daily rose to larger views, and made, perhaps, as near approaches to philosophical principles as the great difference between the objects of the philosopher and those of the orator will commonly allow.

When the memorials of his own time, the composition of which he is said never to have interrupted in his busiest moments, are made known to the public, his abilities as a writer may be better estimated. His only known writings in prose are State Papers, which, when considered as the composition of a minister for for-

eign affairs, in one of the most extraordinary periods of European history, are undoubtedly of no small importance. Such of these papers as were intended to be a direct appeal to the judgment of mankind combine so much precision, with such uniform circumspection and dignity, that they must ever be studied as models of that very difficult species of composition. His Instructions to Ministers Abroad, on occasions both perplexing and momentous, will be found to exhibit a rare union of comprehensive and elevated views, with singular ingenuity in devising means of execution; on which last faculty he sometimes relied perhaps more confidently than the short and dim foresight of man will warrant. "Great affairs," says Lord Bacon, "are commonly too coarse and stubborn to be worked upon by the fine edges and points of wit." His papers in negociation were occasionally somewhat too controversial in their tone. They are not near enough to the manner of an amicable conversation about a disputed point of business, in which a negociator does not so much draw out his argument, as hint his own object, and sound the intention of his opponent. He sometimes seems to pursue triumph more than advantage, and not enough to remember that to leave the opposite party satisfied with what he has got, and in good humour with himself, is not one of the best proofs of a negociator's skill. Where the papers were intended ultimately to reach the public through Parliament, it might be prudent to regard chiefly the final object; and when this excuse was wanting, much must be pardoned to the controversial habits of a parliamentary life. It is hard for a debater to be a negociator. The faculty of guiding public assemblies is very remote from the art of dealing with individuals.

Mr. Canning's power of writing verse may rather be classed with his accomplishments, than numbered among his high and noble faculties. It would have been a distinction for an inferior man. His verses were far above those of Cicero, of Burke, and of Bacon. The taste prevalent in his youth led him to more relish for sententious declaimers in verse than is shared by lovers of the more true poetry of imagination and sensibility. In some respects his poetical compositions were also influenced by his early intercourse with Mr. Sheridan, though he was restrained

by his more familiar contemplation of classical models from the glittering conceits of that extraordinary man. Something of an artificial and composite diction is discernible in the English poems of those who have acquired reputation by Latin verse, more especially since the pursuit of rigid purity has required so timid an imitation as not only to confine itself to the words, but to adopt none but the phrases of ancient poets; an effect of which Gray must be allowed to furnish an example.

Absolute silence about Mr. Canning's writings as a political satirist, which were for their hour so popular, might be imputed to undue timidity. In that character he yielded to General Fitzpatrick in arch stateliness and poignant raillery; to Mr. Moore in the gay prodigality with which he squanders his countless stores of wit; and to his own friend Mr. Frere in the richness of a native vein of original and fantastic drollery. In that ungenial province, where the brightest of the hasty laurels are apt very soon to fade, and where Dryden only boasts immortal lays, it is perhaps his best praise, that there is no writing of his, which a man of honour might not avow as soon as the first heat of contest was past.

In some of the amusements or tasks of his boyhood there are passages which, without much help from fancy, might appear to contain allusions to his greatest measures of policy, as well as to the tenor of his life, and to the melancholy splendour which surrounded his death. In the concluding line of the first English verses written by him at Eton, he expressed a wish, which has been singularly realized, that he might —

Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire.

It is at least a striking coincidence, that the statesman, whose dying measure was to mature an alliance for the deliverance of Greece, should, when a boy, have written English verses on the slavery of that country; and that in his prize poem at Oxford, on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, a composition as much applauded as a modern Latin poem can aspire to be, he should have as bitterly deplored the lot of other renowned countries, now groaning under the same barbarous yoke.

Nunc Satrapae imperio et saevo subdita Turcae.

To conclude: — he was a man of fine and brilliant genius, of high and generous spirit; a statesman, who, at home, converted most of his opponents into warm supporters; who, abroad, was the sole hope and trust of all who sought an orderly and legal liberty; and who was cut off in the midst of vigorous and splendid measures, which, if executed by himself, or with his own spirit, promised to place his name in the first class of rulers, among the founders of lasting peace, and the guardians of human improvement.

MACKINTOSH.

CHAPTER XIV.

Spirit of maritime discovery.

THE progress of trade might have been more slow if it had depended alone on those exact calculations of advantage from accessible and well-understood sources which are its natural province. But the voyages of the Spaniards and Portuguese had disclosed to the dazzled imagination of mankind new worlds, and races of men before unknown; — the owners of treasures, apparently unbounded, which they had neither power to defend, nor skill to extract from the earth. The spirit of commerce mingled with the passion for discovery, which was exalted by the grandeur of vast and unknown objects. A maritime chivalry arose, which equipped crusades for the settlement and conquest of the new world; professing to save the tribes of that immense region from eternal perdition, and somewhat disguising these expeditions of rapine and destruction under the illusions of military glory and religious fanaticism. Great noblemen, who would have recoiled with disgust from the small gains of honest industry, eagerly plunged into associations which held out wealth and empire in the train of splendid victory. The lord treasurer, the lord steward, the lord privy seal, and the lord high admiral were at the head of the first company formed for the trade of Russia on the discovery of that country. For nearly a century it became a prevalent passion among men of all ranks, including the highest, to become members of associations framed for the purposes of discovery,

colonization, and aggrandizement, which formed a species of subordinate republics, the vassals of the crown of England. By links like these the feudal world was gradually allied with the commercial, in a manner which civilized the landholder, and elevated the merchant. Among the various objects of maritime expedition, Robert Thorne, a merchant of London, who had long resided at Seville, suggested to Henry VIII. the facility of opening a trade to the Spice Islands and the eastern continent (in spite of the papal distribution of the world) by voyages through the polar seas, farther from Newfoundland to the westward, or round the continent of Scandinavia towards the east. These bold projects were not clogged by too minutely accurate information. "The sea," said Thorne, can only be dangerous from ice within two or three leagues of the pole." The distance from England to the Spice Islands by these untried courses would by Thorne's calculations, be 2000 miles less than the voyage from the Spanish peninsula either westward or eastward. In the last year of the reign of Edward VI. Sir Hugh Willoughby was sent, with three ships to discover a north-eastern passage to the Indian Seas, by exploring the northern coasts of Europe and Asia; which though ascertained as far as the north-eastern point of Norway by Alfred, had been so totally covered with darkness that the maps of the sixteenth century were altogether disfigured. This small squadron conveyed nearly 100 mariners, eleven merchants, two surgeons, and one chaplain, besides officers. The issue of the expedition was disastrous. Nothing is known of the fate of Willoughby's own ship, but that the vessel and the frozen bodies of the company were found, in the following year, at the mouth of a river in Lapland; with a melancholy fragment of a manuscript journal, carrying the account of the progress of the voyage to the period of the determination to winter in that inclement region. Richard Chancellor, who commanded one of the ships, reached a solitary port on the White Sea, called St. Nicholas, since grown into the considerable town of Archangel; which he found to belong to a prince who at that time first assumed the title of czar of Muscovy. Ivan Vassilowich IV., who then ruled the Muscovite dominions, was a barbarian of vigorous faculties, who, in the midst of brutal vices and scarcely credible crimes,

showed many symptoms of regarding with generous eyes the civilization which he dimly saw rising beyond his western frontier. Foreign physicians were seen at his court: he procured workmen and artists from England; and a colony of 300 men of useful and even refined occupation were prevented, by the jealousy of mean monopolists in the Hanse Towns, from embarking for Muscovy in quest of fortune.

After a toilsome journey of 1500 miles, Chancellor reached the czarian residence of Moscow, which he and his companions estimated to be of the size of the city of London with its suburbs. The capture of Narva had then procured for the Russians some means of communication with Europe, through the Baltic which brought to the court of Ivan other foreign envoys besides the English mariner. Among them was Possevino, an Italian Jesuit sent by pope Gregory XIII., and Sigismund baron Herberstein, ambassadors to Ivan from Charles V. and his successor Ferdinand.

The attempts of the navigators to push their voyages far to the eastward appeared to have closed in disappointment. But by the conquest of the Mahometan principalities of Casan and Astracan, on the Volga, Ivan became master of the Caspian; which opened a new course for English adventure towards regions renowned for their ancient wealth. Anthony Jenkinson employed thirty-six years of his life in journeys and voyages so extensive and various, that it is difficult to understand how any man in an age when languages and geography were so little known, could have accomplished them. His travels stretched from Algiers to the northern extremity of Russia, and from London, by Moscow, to Persia; and through that country to Bokhara on the Sogd; to say nothing of all the countries of Europe. With the difficulties which remained to be overcome, if he had completed his design by advancing to China or to India, it is unlikely that he should have been fully acquainted. The existence of a traveller so enterprising, so persevering, and necessarily so intelligent, — the extent and judicious selection of his objects and means, — would of themselves be sufficient to show the nature and force of the impulse which was at that period communicated to the English mind.

The same national movement produced the attempts to find a north-west passage to the treasures of the East. A settlement off Newfoundland facilitated these efforts. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the elder brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, was the most zealous supporter of schemes for pursuing discovery through the seas which he thought open to the north of America. In 1567 Martin Frobisher, in two barks of twenty-five tons each, discovered the inward sea, called Hudson's Bay. About ten years afterwards he made two successive voyages into the same seas, with a more considerable force, but with less accession to geography, and with expectations of a treasure which proved to be imaginary. Sir Humphrey Gilbert himself, in 1583, undertook the command of a voyage of discovery, but it proved fruitless and disastrous. The largest ship was deserted, under pretence of a contagious disease. The ship called the Admiral was lost in a storm at sea which induced him to turn his course to England. In defiance of advice he chose to hoist his flag in a small vessel of ten tons, in which he continued to the last. In the last communication with him, during a tempest in which the sea rolled mountains high, he called out to the commander of a larger vessel in company, — "We are as near heaven at sea as on land." A little afterwards, in the same evening, it was observed from the Golden Hind, that the lights of Sir Humphrey's little bark suddenly went out. "The watch of the Golden Hind," cried the General, "is cast away;" which proved too true: — no further tidings of him or of his bark were ever heard. In 1585, and in the following year, the course of discovery was resumed by John Davis, in two very small vessels, with forty-one men, who entered the great northern sea, somewhat improperly called from his name Davis's Straits. To pursue these voyages further would be foreign to the present purpose. No reader of this age needs to be informed, that a series of voyages, honourable to British seamen, have nearly demonstrated the northern communication between the western and eastern seas of America; and have also checked human presumption, by showing with almost equal certainty that, in the present state of knowledge, that communication cannot be turned into a road for commercial navigation. But the patience under suffering, and the per-

severance after disappointment, the hardihood, and skill, and calmness displayed by these early mariners, throw the strongest light on the value of that school in which the commanders and seamen of the English navy were then formed. We must now turn to those more impure channels into which on small portion of the nautical enterprizes of that age flowed. The number of pirates who then swarmed in the British seas may be in some degree estimated from the facility with which Bothwell collected them at Shetland; a station to which they flocked on account of its remoteness from legal authority. The records of the privy council show the same multiplication of sea-robbers more distinctly from 1570 to 1575; when twenty-two piratical cases were the subject of proceedings in that body. In the next five years the numbers were more than doubled. Their decrease in subsequent years must be ascribed to enlistment in naval expeditions against the American Spaniards, where they continued to exercise their former profession but with some accession of dignity from the grandeur of the object. The expeditions of John Hawkins, a gentleman of Devonshire, afford a melancholy instance of the fortitude of a seaman dishonoured by application to the purposes of a criminal. His own account of his slaving expeditions on the west coast of Africa will, better than any other words, characterize the deeds of blood which were long, by a prostitution of terms, called by the respectable name of trade. He begins by bewailing (as sportsmen sometimes complain of the scarcity or shyness of game) that he was not able to catch above 150 negroes; whose countrymen had, it seems, the insolence, to kill and wound some of his crew. In this difficulty, "a negro came to us, sent by a negroe king oppressed by other kings his neighbours, desiring our aid, with a promise, that as many negroes as might by these wars be obtained should be at our pleasure. I went myself, and with the assistance of the king of our side assaulted the town by land and sea, and very hardly with fire (the huts being covered with dry palm leaves), and out of 8000 souls, seized 250 persons, men, women, and children." The sale of these slaves to the inhabitants of Spanish America, who were forbidden to trade with foreigners, was accomplished by fraud or by arms.

The immense extent of coast of the thinly peopled territories of Spain in America, which the whole naval force of the world would have been insufficient to guard, opened facilities for contraband trade, which produced the natural effect on the adventurous and hardy mariners of England. A hatred against Spain was deeply rooted in the nation who had so cruelly suffered under Philip and Mary. The two governments began gradually to manifest more hostile feelings towards each other. Men of lawless character scarcely thought seriously of the principle of international law, which enjoins the members of a community to offer no violence to the members of another, as long as the two states are at peace: and this sort of refined jurisprudence was deemed more inapplicable to the barbarous regions where Europeans often met. Two centuries after this period, the French and English East India companies continued to carry on war, after their sovereigns had concluded peace. In the time of Elizabeth the example of private war was not forgotten; and the frequency of piracy seems to indicate that hostilities by sea were not regarded as subject to the same strict rules with those on land. The encroachments on the Spanish colonies were made on plausible grounds, and by slow degrees. The Dutch and English ships were first content with trade, and the colonists, whom they supplied cheaply and plentifully with European commodities, received them. They entered a harbour under allegations, generally false, of needing water, provisions, or repairs. They set forth the amity of the two sovereigns as a sufficient reason for expecting hospitality. When by this fair language they had won their way into a haven, if they were stronger than the inhabitants of the town, they generally ended with the most atrocious acts of rapine and murder. The complaints of a Spanish viceroy reached Madrid slowly. The negotiations for redress in London were perhaps protracted so long by contradictory averments, that the decision might be too late for any purpose, either of compensation to the sufferers, or the execution of justice on the wrong-doers.

Francis Drake was perhaps the most distinguished among these freebooters, whom the spirit of maritime adventure sent forth, and who afterwards signally served their country by a more honour-

able exercise of their knowledge and valour. His first expedition in 1572, in which he attacked Nombre de Dios, displays a most lively picture of an union of watchfulness, activity, caution, and resolution, which, though they were then applied by him to the purposes of robbery, are in themselves qualities by which friends are protected, enemies are quelled, and men in general are ruled. In a hazardous journey across the isthmus of Panama, his Indian guides showed him from the top of a high mountain the South Sea, which no English vessel had ever entered. He secretly resolved on sailing in an English vessel on that sea, and with that mixture of piety, which forms so strong a contrast with his ordinary occupations, falling on his knees and lifting up his hands to heaven, implored the blessing of God upon the enterprise on which he had just determined.

The expedition of Drake in 1577 has become memorable as the first in which the commander accomplished in his own person the circumnavigation of this planet. For Magelhanes, though he perfected the practical demonstration of the earth's spherical form, having by a western route reached the Moluccas; — the navigation to which by the Cape of Good Hope had become familiar, — yet having been killed in those islands on his return to Europe in 1521, had completed his fame indeed, but without perfectly attaining his object. After an interval of sixty years, in which discovery slumbered, this achievement was performed by Drake, who, in this respect more fortunate than the discoverer, reached in 1580 by the southern promontory of Africa the port of Plymouth, from which he had sailed three years before by the road round Cape Horn. Drake was directly encouraged in this enterprise by his sovereign, who said to him before he sailed, "We do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us." After his return Elizabeth dined with him on board his own vessel, on which occasion she conferred on him the honour of knighthood. The pertinency of many of the particulars which have been now related to the subsequent history of this reign independently of their immeasurable importance as a part of the history of human civilization, will appear evident to the reader from the fact that ten years afterwards, when England was exposed to one of the most tremendous

dangers which she ever encountered, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Martin Frobisher were the efficient commanders of a fleet to which the salvation of their country was intrusted.

MACKINTOSH.

CHAPTER XV.

Battle of the Nile.

ON the 25th of July Nelson sailed from Syracuse for the Morea. Anxious beyond measure, and irritated that the enemy should so long have eluded him, the tediousness of the nights made him impatient; and the officer of the watch was repeatedly called on to let him know the hour, and convince him, who measured time by his own eagerness, that it was not yet day-break. The squadron made the gulf of Coron on the 28th. Trowbridge entered the port, and returned with intelligence that the French had been seen about four weeks before steering to the S. E. from Candia. Nelson then determined immediately to return to Alexandria: and the British fleet accordingly, with every sail set, stood once more for the coast of Egypt. On the first of August they came in sight of Alexandria; and at four in the afternoon, Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, made the signal for the French fleet. For many preceding days Nelson had hardly taken either sleep or food: he now ordered his dinner to be served, while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table, and went to their separate stations, he said to them: "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

The French steering direct for Candia, had made an angular passage for Alexandria; whereas Nelson, in pursuit of them, made straight for that place, and thus materially shortened the distance. The comparative smallness of his force made it necessary to sail in close order, and it covered a less space than it would have done if the frigates had been with him: the weather also was constantly hazy. These circumstances prevented the English from falling in with the enemy on the way to Egypt, and during the return to Syracuse there was still less probability of discovering them.

Why Buonaparte, having effected his landing, should not have suffered the fleet to return, has never yet been explained. Thus much is certain, that it was detained by his command; though, with his accustomed falsehood, he accused Admiral Brueys, after that officer's death, of having lingered on the coast, contrary to his orders. The French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the first of July; and Brueys not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored his ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle; the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the N. W., and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the S. W. By Buonaparte's desire he had offered a reward of 10,000 livres to any pilot of the country who would carry the squadron in; but none could be found who would venture to take charge of a single vessel drawing more than twenty feet. He had therefore made the best of his situation, and chosen the strongest position which he could possibly take in an open road. The commissary of the fleet said, they were moored in such a manner as to bid defiance to a force more than double their own. This presumption could not then be thought unreasonable. Admiral Barrington, when moored in a similar manner off St. Lucia, in the year 1778, beat off the Comte d'Estaing in three several attacks, though his force was inferior by almost one third to that which assailed it. Here, the advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had 13 ships of the line and 4 frigates, carrying 1196 guns, and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one 50 gun ship, carrying 1012 guns, and 8068 men. The English ships were all 74's: the French had three 80 gun ships, and one three decker of 120.

During the whole pursuit, it had been Nelson's practice whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the Vanguard, and explain to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute, on falling in with the enemy, whatever their situation might be. There is no possible position, it is said, which he did not take into calculation. His officers were thus fully acquainted with his prin-

ciples of tactics: and such was his confidence in their abilities, that the only thing determined upon, in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain the victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed, displayed itself; and it instantly struck him, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of the enemy's. This plan of doubling on the enemy's ships was projected by Lord Hood, when he designed to attack the French fleet at their anchorage in Gourjean road. Lord Hood found it impossible to make the attempt; but the thought was not lost upon Nelson, who acknowledged himself, on this occasion, indebted for it to his old and excellent commander. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say!" — "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral: "that we shall succeed, is certain: who may live to tell the story, is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence: the men on board of every ship were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring. A miserable sight for the French; who with all their skill, and all their courage, and all their advantages of numbers and situation, were upon that element, on which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion, that the English had missed him, because, not being superior in force, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him. — The moment was now come in which he was to be undeceived.

A French brig was instructed to decoy the English, by manœuvring so as to tempt them toward a shoal lying off the island of Bequieres; but Nelson either knew the danger, or suspected some deceit; and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, out-sailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived, that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in line with the land, the best plan of attack would be, to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquerant*, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and he totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then passing inside the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round toward the French line, and anchoring inside, between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The *Audacious*, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and the *Conquerant*, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter; and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Millar, followed, brought down the *Guerrier's* remaining main and mizen masts, then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half-pistol-shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away; — that they should be struck, no British

admiral considers as a possibility. He veered half a cable, and instantly opened a tremendous fire; under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the admiral. In a few minutes, every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard's* deck, was killed or wounded: — these guns were three times cleared. Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, passed ahead, and dropt her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Brueys' own ship, of 120 guns, whose difference of force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball, from the lower deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line; by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestic*, Captain Westcott, got entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient*, and suffered dreadfully from that three decker's fire: but she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux*, the ninth ship on the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began. It commenced at half after six; about seven, night closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, the foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding, as the others had done: as he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation; and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms' water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground; nor could all his own exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and the *Mutiny* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which would else, from the course which they were holding, have

gone considerably farther on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost. These ships entered the bay, and took their stations, in the darkness, in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remember it. Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, as he was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail: Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen-peak, as soon as it became dark; and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire: if she was an enemy, he said, she was in too disabled a state to escape; but, from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship. It was the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *Orient*: her lights had gone overboard, nearly 200 of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away; and she was drifting out of the line, toward the lee side of the bay. Her station, at this important time, was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin* and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant, Captain Ball, with the *Alexander*, passed under his stern, and anchored with his side on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musquetry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy, was the *Leander*. Captain Thompson, finding that nothing could be done that night to get off the *Culloden*, advanced with the intention of anchoring athwart hawse of the *Orient*: The *Franklin* was so near her ahead, that there was not room for him to pass clear of the two; he therefore took his station athwart hawse of the latter, in such a position as to rake both.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others had in that time suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth, were taken possession of at half past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of long range shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal: Nelson himself thought so: a large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the

bone, had fallen over one eye; and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, — in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors, — with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. “No!” said Nelson, “I will take my turn with my “brave fellows.” Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson: he then sent for Captain Louis on board from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance which he had rendered to the *Vanguard*; and ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine his wound, (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner,) the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure, than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet: but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded; and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but, before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck, that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion, he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck,

where he immediately gave order that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead: he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post: a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted; and the oil-jars, and paint-buckets, were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful: the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence, was the dash of her shattered masts and yards, falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record, that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake: — such an event would be felt like a miracle; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this coinstantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished, were the Commodore, Casa-Bianca, and his son; a brave boy only ten years old. They were seen floating on the wreck of a mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board to the amount of 600,000 £. sterling. A port fire from her fell into the main-royal of the *Alexander*: the fire which it occasioned was speedily extinguished. Captain Ball had provided, as far as human foresight could provide, against any such danger. All the shrouds and sails of his ship, which were not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At day-break, the *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Genereux*, the two rear ships of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying: they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged,

and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The Zealous pursued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers, that if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped: the four certainly could not, if the Culloden had got into action: and if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene;" he called it a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken, and two burnt: of the four frigates, one burnt, another sunk. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895. Westcott was the only captain who fell. 3105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel: and 5225 perished.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson sent orders through the fleet, to return thanksgiving in every ship for the victory with which Almighty God had blessed his majesty's arms. The French at Rosetta, who with miserable fear beheld the engagement, were at a loss to understand the stillness of the fleet during the performance of this solemn duty; but it seemed to affect many of the prisoners, officers as well as men: and graceless and godless as the officers were, some of them remarked, that it was no wonder such order was preserved in the British navy, when the minds of our men could be impressed with such sentiments after so great a victory, and at a moment of such confusion. — The French at Rosetta seeing their four ships sail out of the bay unmolested, endeavoured to persuade themselves that they were in possession of the place of battle. But it was in vain thus to attempt, against their own secret and certain conviction, to deceive themselves: and even if they could have succeeded in this, the bonfires which the Arabs kindled along the whole coast, and over the country, for three following nights, would soon have undeceived them. Thousands of Arabs and Egyptians lined the shore, and covered the house tops during the action, rejoicing in the destruction which had overtaken their invaders. Long after the battle,

innumerable bodies were seen floating about the bay, in spite of all the exertions which were made to sink them, as well from fear of pestilence, as from the loathing and horror which the sight occasioned. The shore, for an extent of four leagues, was covered with wreck; and the Arabs found employment for many days in burning on the beach the fragments which were cast up, for the sake of the iron. Part of the *Orient's* main-mast was picked up by the *Swiftsure*. Captain Hallowell ordered his carpenter to make a coffin of it; the iron as well as wood was taken from the wreck of the same ship: it was finished as well and handsomely as the workman's skill and materials would permit; and Hallowell then sent it to the admiral with the following letter. — "Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the main-mast of *l'Orient*, that when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, Benjamin Hallowell." — An offering so strange, and yet so suited to the occasion, was received by Nelson in the spirit with which it was sent. As if he felt it good for him, now that he was at the summit of his wishes, to have death before his eyes, he ordered the coffin to be placed upright in his cabin. Such a piece of furniture, however, was more suitable to his own feelings than to those of his guests and attendants; and an old favourite servant entreated him so earnestly to let it be removed, that at length he consented to have the coffin carried below: but he gave strict orders that it should be safely stowed, and reserved for the purpose for which its brave and worthy donor had designed it.

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Battle of Waterloo.

By the march from Quatre-Bras to Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington had restored his communication with Blücher, which had been dislocated by the retreat of the Prussians to Wavre. When established there, Blücher was once more upon the same line with

the British, the distance between the Prussian right flank, and the British left, being about five leagues, or five leagues and a half. The ground which lay between the two extreme points, called the heights of St. Lambert, was exceedingly rugged and wooded; and the cross-roads which traversed it, forming the sole means of communication between the English and Prussians, were dreadfully broken up by the late tempestuous weather.

The Duke dispatched intelligence of his position in front of Waterloo to Prince Blücher, acquainting him at the same time with his resolution to give Napoleon the battle which he seemed to desire, providing the Prince would afford him the support of two divisions of the Prussian army. The answer was worthy of the indefatigable and indomitable old man, who was never so much disconcerted by defeat as to prevent his being willing and ready for combat on the succeeding day. He sent for reply, that he would move to the Duke of Wellington's support, not with two divisions only, but with his whole army; and that he asked no time to prepare for the movement, longer than was necessary to supply food and serve out cartridges to his soldiers.

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th, when the British came on the field, and took up their bivouac for the night in the order of battle in which they were to fight the next day. It was much later before Napoleon reached the heights of Belle Alliance in person, and his army did not come up in full force till the morning of the 18th. Great part of the French had passed the night in the little village of Genappe, and Napoleon's own quarters had been at the farm-house called Caillou, about a mile in the rear of La Belle Alliance.

In the morning, when Napoleon had formed his line of battle, his brother Jerome, to whom he ascribed the possession of very considerable military talents, commanded on the left — Counts Reille and D'Erlon the centre — and Count Lobau on the right. Mareschals Soult and Ney acted as lieutenant-generals to the Emperor. The French force on the field consisted probably of about 75,000 men. The English army did not exceed that number, at the highest computation. Each army was commanded by the Chief, under whom they had offered to defy the world. So far the

forces were equal. But the French had the very great advantage of being trained and experienced soldiers of the same nation, whereas the English, in the Duke of Wellington's army, did not exceed 35,000; and although the German Legion were veteran troops, the other soldiers under his command were those of the German contingents, lately levied, unaccustomed to act together, and in some instances suspected to be lukewarm to the cause in which they were engaged; so that it would have been imprudent to trust more to their assistance and co-operation than could not possibly be avoided. In Buonaparte's mode of calculating, allowing one Frenchman to stand as equal to one Englishman, and one Englishman or Frenchman against two of any other nation, the inequality of force on the Duke of Wellington's side was very considerable.

The British army thus composed, was divided into two lines. The right of the first line consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first corps of Belgians, under Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, with the Brunswickers and troops of Nassau, having the Guards, under General Cooke, on the right, and the division of General Alten on the left. The left wing consisted of the divisions of Picton, Lambert, and Kempt. The second line was in most instances formed of the troops deemed least worthy of confidence, or which had suffered too severely in the action of the 16th to be again exposed until extremity. It was placed behind the declivity of the heights to the rear, in order to be sheltered from the cannonade, but sustained much loss from shells during the action. The cavalry were stationed in the rear, distributed all along the line, but chiefly posted on the left of the centre, to the east of the Charleroi causeway. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in the front of the centre, was garrisoned, but there was not time to prepare it effectually for defence. The villa, gardens, and farm-yard of Hougomont, formed a strong advanced post towards the centre of the right. The whole British position formed a sort of curve, the centre of which was nearest to the enemy, and the extremities, particularly on their right, drawn considerably backward.

The plans of these two great generals were extremely simple. The object of the Duke of Wellington was to maintain his line of defence, until the Prussians coming up, should give him a decided superiority of force. They were expected about eleven or twelve o'clock; but the extreme badness of the roads, owing to the violence of the storm, detained them several hours later.

Napoleon's scheme was equally plain and decided. He trusted, by his usual rapidity of attack, to break and destroy the British army before the Prussians should arrive on the field; after which, he calculated to have an opportunity of destroying the Prussians, by attacking them on their march through the broken ground interposed betwixt them and the British. In these expectations he was the more confident, as he believed Grouchy's force, detached on the 17th in pursuit of Blücher, was sufficient to retard, if not altogether to check, the march of the Prussians. His grounds for entertaining this latter opinion, were, as we shall afterwards show, too hastily adopted.

Commencing the action according to his usual system, Napoleon kept his Guard in reserve, in order to take opportunity of charging with them, when repeated attacks of column after column, and squadron after squadron, should induce his wearied enemy to show some symptoms of irresolution. But Napoleon's movements were not very rapid. His army had suffered by the storm even more than the English, who were in bivouac at three in the afternoon of the 17th June; while the French were still under march, and could not get into line on the heights of La Belle Alliance until ten or eleven o'clock of the 18th. The English army had thus some leisure to take food, and to prepare their arms before the action; and Napoleon lost several hours ere he could commence the attack. Time was, indeed, inestimably precious for both parties, and hours, nay, minutes, were of importance. But of this Napoleon was less aware than was the Duke of Wellington.

The tempest, which had raged with tropical violence all night, abated in the morning; but the weather continued gusty and stormy during the whole day. Betwixt eleven and twelve, before noon, on the memorable 18th June, this dreadful and decisive action

commenced, with a cannonade on the part of the French, instantly followed by an attack, commanded by Jerome, on the advanced post of Hougomont. The troops of Nassau, which occupied the wood around the chateau, were driven out by the French, but the utmost efforts of the assailants were unable to force the house, garden, and farm-offices, which a party of the Guards sustained with the most dauntless resolution. The French redoubled their efforts, and precipitated themselves in numbers on the exterior hedge, which screens the garden wall, not perhaps aware of the internal defence afforded by the latter. They fell in great numbers on this point by the fire of the defenders, to which they were exposed in every direction. The number of their troops, however, enabled them, by possession of the wood, to mask Hougomont for a time, and to push on with their cavalry and artillery against the British right, which formed in squares to receive them. The fire was incessant, but without apparent advantage on either side. The attack was at length repelled so far, that the British again opened their communication with Hougomont, and that important garrison was reinforced by Colonel Hepburn and a body of the Guards.

Meantime, the fire of artillery having become general along the line, the force of the French attack was transferred to the British centre. It was made with the most desperate fury, and received with the most stubborn resolution. The assault was here made upon the farm-house of Saint Jean by four columns of infantry, and a large mass of cuirassiers, who took the advance. The cuirassiers came with the utmost intrepidity along the Genappe causeway, where they were encountered and charged by the English heavy cavalry; and a combat was maintained at the sword's point, till the French were driven back on their own position, where they were protected by their artillery. The four columns of French infantry, engaged in the same attack, forced their way forward beyond the farm of La Haye Sainte, and, dispersing a Belgian regiment, were in the act of establishing themselves in the centre of the British position, when they were attacked by the brigade of General Pack, brought up from the second line by General Picton, while, at the same time, a brigade of British heavy cavalry wheeled

round their own infantry, and attacked the French charging columns in flank, at the moment when they were checked by the fire of the musketry. The results were decisive. The French columns were broken with great slaughter, and two eagles, with more than 2000 men, were made prisoners. The latter were sent instantly off for Brussels.

The British cavalry, however, followed their success too far. They got involved amongst the French infantry, and some hostile cavalry which were detached to support them, and were obliged to retire with considerable loss. In this part of the action, the gallant General Picton, so distinguished for enterprise and bravery, met his death, as did General Ponsonby, who commanded the cavalry.

About this period the French made themselves masters of the farm of La Haye Sainte, cutting to pieces about two hundred Hanoverian sharpshooters, by whom it was most gallantly defended. The French retained this post for some time, till they were at last driven out of it by shells.

Shortly after this event, the scene of conflict again shifted to the right, where a general attack of French cavalry was made on the squares, chiefly towards the centre of the British right, or between that and the causeway. They came up with the most dauntless resolution, in despite of the continued fire of thirty pieces of artillery, placed in front of the line, and compelled the artillerymen, by whom they were served, to retreat within the squares. The enemy had no means, however, to secure the guns, or even to spike them, and at every favourable moment the British artillerymen sallied from their place of refuge, again manned their pieces, and fired on the assailants, — a manœuvre which seems peculiar to the British service. The cuirassiers, however, continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping them before the impetuosity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British squares stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards, when men rolled one way, horses galloped another, and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back.

The French authors have pretended, that squares were broken,

and colours taken ; but this assertion , upon the united testimony of every British officer present , is a positive untruth. This was not, however, the fault of the cuirassiers, who displayed an almost frantic valour. They rallied again and again , and returned to the onset , till the British could recognise even the faces of individuals among their enemies. Some rode close up to the bayonets , fired their pistols , and cut with their swords with reckless and useless valour. Some stood at gaze , and were destroyed by the musketry and artillery. Some squadrons , passing through the intervals of the first line , charged the squares of Belgians posted there , with as little success. At length the cuirassiers suffered so severely on every hand , that they were compelled to abandon the attempt , which they had made with such intrepid and desperate courage. In this unheard-of struggle , the greater part of the French heavy cavalry were absolutely destroyed. Buonaparte hints at it in his bulletin as an attempt made without orders , and continued only by the desperate courage of the soldiers and their officers. It is certain , that in the destruction of this noble body of cuirassiers , he lost the corps which might have been most effectual in covering his retreat. After the broken remains of this fine cavalry were drawn off , the French confined themselves for a time to a heavy cannonade , from which the British sheltered themselves in part by lying down on the ground , while the enemy prepared for an attack on another quarter , and to be conducted in a different manner.

It was now about six o'clock , and during this long succession of the most furious attacks , the French had gained no success , save occupying for a time the wood around Hougomont , from which they had been expelled , and the farm house of La Haye Sainte , which had been also recovered. The British , on the other hand , had suffered very severely , but had not lost one inch of ground , save the two posts now regained. Ten thousand men were , however , killed and wounded ; some of the foreign regiments had given way , though others had shown the most desperate valour. And the ranks were thinned , both by the actual fugitives , and by the absence of individuals , who left the bloody field for the purpose of carrying off the wounded , and some of whom might naturally be in no hurry to return to so fatal a scene.

But the French, besides losing about 15,000 men, together with a column of prisoners more than 2000 in number, began now to be disturbed by the operations of the Prussians on their right flank; and the secret of the Duke of Wellington was disclosing itself by its consequences. Blücher, faithful to his engagement, had, early in the morning, put in motion Bülow's division, which had not been engaged at Ligny, to communicate with the English army, and operate as a diversion on the right flank and rear of the French. But although there were only about twelve or fourteen miles between Wavre and the field of Waterloo, yet the march was, by unavoidable circumstances, much delayed. The rugged face of the country, together with the state of the roads, so often referred to, offered the most serious obstacles to the progress of the Prussians, especially as they moved with an unusually large train of artillery. A fire, also, which broke out in Wavre, on the morning of the 18th, prevented Bülow's corps from marching through that town, and obliged them to pursue a circuitous and inconvenient route. After traversing, with great difficulty, the cross-roads by Chapelle Lambert, Bülow, with the 4th Prussian corps, who had been expected by the Duke of Wellington about 11 o'clock, announced his arrival by a distant fire, about half-past four. The first Prussian corps, following the same route with Bülow, was yet later in coming up. The second division made a lateral movement in the same direction as the fourth and first, but by the hamlet of Ohain, nearer to the English flank. The Emperor instantly opposed to Bülow, who appeared long before the others, the 6th French corps, which he had kept in reserve for that service; and as only the advanced guard was come up, they succeeded in keeping the Prussians in check for the moment. The first and second Prussian corps appeared on the field still later than the fourth. The third corps had put themselves in motion to follow in the same direction, when they were furiously attacked by the French under Mareschal Grouchy, who, as already stated, was detached to engage the attention of Blücher, whose whole force he believed he had before him.

Instead of being surprised, as an ordinary general might have been, with this attack upon his rear, Blücher contented himself

with sending back orders to Thieleman who commanded the corps, to defend himself as well as he could upon the line of the Dyle. In the meantime, without weakening the army under his own command, by detaching any part of it to support Thieleman, the veteran rather hastened than suspended his march towards the field of battle, where he was aware that the war was likely to be decided in a manner so complete, as would leave victory or defeat on every other point a matter of subordinate consideration.

At half-past six, or thereabouts, the second grand division of the Prussian army began to enter into communication with the British left, by the village of Ohain, while Bülow pressed forward from Chapelle Lambert on the French right and rear, by a hollow or valley called Frischemont. It became now evident that the Prussians were to enter seriously into the battle, and with great force. Napoleon had still the means of opposing them, and of achieving a retreat, at the certainty, however, of being attacked upon the ensuing day by the combined armies of Britain and Prussia. His celebrated Guard had not yet taken any part in the conflict, and would now have been capable of affording him protection after a battle, which hitherto he had fought at disadvantage, but without being defeated. But the circumstances by which he was surrounded must have pressed on his mind at once. He had no succours to look for; a reunion with Grouchy was the only resource which could strengthen his forces; the Russians were advancing upon the Rhine with forced marches; the Republicans at Paris were agitating schemes against his authority. It seemed as if all must be decided on that day, and on that field. Surrounded by these ill-omened circumstances, a desperate effort for victory, ere the Prussians could act effectually, might perhaps yet drive the English from their position; and he determined to venture on this daring experiment.

About seven o'clock, Napoleon's Guard were formed in two columns, under his own eye, near the bottom of the declivity of La Belle Alliance. They were put under command of the dauntless Ney. Buonaparte told the soldiers, and indeed imposed the same fiction on their commander, that the Prussians whom they saw on the right were retreating before Grouchy. Perhaps he

might himself believe that this was true. The Guard answered for the last time, with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, and moved resolutely forward, having for their support four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve, who stood prepared to protect the advance of their comrades. A gradual change had taken place in the English line of battle, in consequence of the repeated repulse of the French. Advancing by slow degrees, the right, which, at the beginning of the conflict, presented a segment of a convex circle, now resembled one that was concave, the extreme right, which had been thrown back, being now rather brought forward, so that their fire both of artillery and infantry fell upon the flank of the French, who had also to sustain that which was poured on their front from the heights. The British were arranged in a line of four men deep, to meet the advancing columns of the French Guard, and poured upon them a storm of musketry which never ceased an instant. The soldiers fired independently, as it is called; each man loading and discharging his piece as fast as he could. At length the British moved forward, as if to close round the heads of the columns, and at the same time continued to pour their shot upon the enemy's flanks. The French gallantly attempted to deploy, for the purpose of returning the discharge. But in their effort to do so, under so dreadful a fire, they stopped, staggered, became disordered, were blended into one mass, and at length gave way, retiring, or rather flying, in the utmost confusion. This was the last effort of the enemy, and Napoleon gave orders for the retreat; to protect which, he had now no troops left, save the last four battalions of the Old Guard, which had been stationed in the rear of the attacking columns. These threw themselves into squares, and stood firm. But at this moment the Duke of Wellington commanded the whole British line to advance, so that whatever the bravery and skill of these gallant veterans, they also were thrown into disorder, and swept away in the general rout, in spite of the efforts of Ney, who, having had his horse killed, fought sword in hand, and on foot, in the front of the battle, till the very last. That Mareschal, whose military virtues at least cannot be challenged, bore personal evidence against two circumstances, industriously circulated by the friends of Napoleon. One of these fictions occurs in his own

bulletin, which charges the loss of the battle to a panic fear, brought about by the treachery of some unknown persons, who raised the cry of, "*Sauve qui peut.*" Another figment, greedily credited at Paris, bore, that the four battalions of Old Guard, the last who maintained the semblance of order, answered a summons to surrender, by the magnanimous reply, "The Guard can die, but cannot yield." And one edition of the story adds, that there-upon the battalions made a half wheel inwards, and discharged their muskets into each others bosoms, to save themselves from dying by the hands of the English. Neither the original reply, nor the pretended self-sacrifice of the Guard, have the slightest foundation. Cambrone, in whose mouth the speech was placed, gave up his own sword, and remained prisoner; and the military conduct of the French Guard is better eulogized by the undisputed truth, that they fought to extremity, with the most unyielding constancy, than by imputing to them an act of regimental suicide upon the lost field of battle. Every attribute of brave men they have a just right to claim. It is no compliment to ascribe to them that of madmen. Whether the words were used by Cambrone or not, the Guard well deserved to have them inscribed on their monument.

Whilst this decisive movement took place, Bülow, who had concentrated his troops, and was at length qualified to act in force, carried the village of Planchenoit in the French rear, and was now firing so close on their right wing, that the cannonade annoyed the British who were in pursuit, and was suspended in consequence. Moving in oblique lines, the British and Prussian armies came into contact with each other on the heights so lately occupied by the French, and celebrated the victory with loud shouts of mutual congratulation.

The French army was now in total and inextricable confusion and rout; and when the victorious generals met at the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, it was agreed that the Prussians, who were fresh in comparison, should follow up the chase, a duty for which the British, exhausted by the fatigues of a battle of eight hours, were totally inadequate.

During the whole action, Napoleon maintained the utmost serenity. He remained on the heights of La Belle Alliance, keeping

pretty near the centre, from which he had a full view of the field, which does not exceed a mile and a half in length. He expressed no solicitude on the fate of the battle for a long time, noticed the behaviour of particular regiments, and praised the English several times, always, however, talking of them as an assured prey. When forming his Guard for the last fatal effort, he descended near them, half down the causeway from La Belle Alliance, to bestow upon them what proved his parting exhortation. He watched intently their progress with a spyglass, and refused to listen to one or two aides-de-camp, who at that moment came from the right to inform him of the appearance of the Prussians. At length, on seeing the attacking columns stagger and become confused, his countenance, said our informer, became pale as that of a corpse, and muttering to himself, "They are mingled together," he said to his attendants, "All is lost for the present," and rode off the field; not stopping or taking refreshment till he reached Charleroi, where he paused for a moment in a meadow, and occupied a tent which had been pitched for his accommodation.

SIR W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER XVII.

Siege of Zaragoza.

By the end of July the city was completely invested, the supply of food was scanty, and the inhabitants had no reason to expect succour. Their exertions had now been unremitted for forty-six days, and nothing but the sense of duty could have supported their bodily strength and their spirit under such trials. They were in hourly expectation of another general attack, or another bombardment. They had not a single place of security for the sick and the children, and the number of wounded was daily increased by repeated skirmishes, in which they engaged for the purpose of opening a communication with the country. At this juncture they made one desperate effort to recover the Torrero. It was in vain; and convinced by repeated losses, and especially by this last repulse, that it was hopeless to make any effectual sally, they

resolved to abide the issue of the contest within the walls, and conquer or perish there.

On the night of the second of August, and on the following day, the French bombarded the city from their batteries opposite the gate of the Carmen. A foundling hospital, which was now filled with the sick and wounded, took fire, and was rapidly consumed. During this scene of horror, the most intrepid exertions were made to rescue these helpless sufferers from the flames. No person thought of his own property or individual concerns, but every one hastened thither. The women were eminently conspicuous in their exertions, regardless of the shot and shells which fell about them, and braving the flames of the building. It has often been remarked, that the wickedness of women exceeds that of the other sex; but for the same reason, when circumstances, forcing them out of the sphere of their ordinary nature, compel them to exercise manly virtues, they display them in the highest degree, and, when they are once awakened to a sense of patriotism, they carry the principle to its most heroic pitch. The loss of women and boys, during this siege, was very great, fully proportionate to that of men; they were always the most forward, and the difficulty was to teach them a prudent and proper sense of their danger.

On the following day, the French completed their batteries upon the right bank of the Guerva, within pistol-shot of the gate of St. Engracia, so called from a splendid church and convent of Jeronimites, situated on one side of it. This convent was, on many accounts, a remarkable place. Men of letters beheld it with reverence, because the excellent historian Zurita spent the last years of his life there, observing the rules of the community, though he had not entered into the order; and because he was buried there, and his countryman and fellow-labourer, Geronimo de Blancas, after him. Devotees revered it, even in the neighbourhood of our Lady of the Pillar, for its relics and the saint to whom it was dedicated. According to the legend, she was the daughter of Ont Comerus, a barbarian chief, in the pay of the Romans, by whom the city of Norba Caesarea (situated near the Tagus, between the present towns of Portalegre and Alcantara)

was given him, together with its district, for his service in recovering it from Cathelius, a chief of the Alemanni. His daughter Encratis, or Encratide (for from one of these names Engracia has been formed) was brought up a Christian, and espoused to a governor on the Gallic side of the Pyrenees, to whom she was sent with a suitable escort. Their way lay through Caesarea-Augusta, where the Praeses, or Governor of Spain, Publius Dacianus, the bloodiest minister of the tenth persecution, was at that time endeavouring to extirpate Christianity. Engracia, either preferring martyrdom to her unknown spouse, or imagining that her rank would be her safeguard, visited the governor for the purpose of interceding in behalf of the Christians, and remonstrating against his cruelty. Thus much of the legend is probably fabulous; but certain it is, that a virgin of that name was tortured under that persecution; and, though she survived, was venerated as a martyr in that city, before the close of the century in which she suffered. Just, however, as her claim is to pious remembrance, her church, and the divine honours, which have been paid to her, were procured by fraud. Angels are said to have descended at her death, and to have officiated at her funeral, bearing tapers and thuribules, and singing hymns of triumph. During the Moorish captivity, her relics disappeared; they were discovered towards the close of the fourteenth century, which was the great age for inventions of this kind. There stood at that time, upon the site of this memorable convent, an old church, dedicated to the Zaragozan martyrs, of the tenth persecution, and called the *Iglesia de la Masas*, in memory of an early specimen of Catholic ingenuity. Dacianus, holding relic-worship in as much contempt as the Christians did his idolatry, in order to prevent them from indulging in it, burnt the bodies of the martyrs, together with those of some malefactors, thinking that their ashes would be undistinguishable; nevertheless, the Christians found their own, which had collected together in white balls or masses, separate from the rest. In 1389, the regular canons, to whom the church belonged, resolved to rebuild a part of it: in digging the foundation, two marble chests were discovered. The lid of the smaller was fastened down very firmly with a sort of pitch; when this was

taken off, two sets of human bones were found in different compartments; over the one were the words *Lupercii Martyris*, sculptured in the marble; over the other, *Engratiae Virginis*: these latter were of rose colour, which was admitted as proof of their authenticity. The larger chest contained a great assortment of anonymous bones, ashes, and the white masses, which had disappeared for so many centuries. The mine was very rich; the workmen went on till they had invented thirteen chests, and at last, a whole pit full of relics, not the less efficacious because it could not be ascertained to whom they had belonged. Seventy years afterwards, Juan II. of Aragon, one of the wickedest and most perfidious of men, fancied or feigned, that, by St. Engracia's intercession, he was cured of a complaint in his eyes; in consequence of which, he resolved to enlarge this church, and build a monastery adjoining it for the Jeronimites, — an order which, during that and the succeeding age, was in great favour at the three courts of the Peninsula. He began his work, but died without completing it, leaving that charge by will to his son, Ferdinand, the Catholic king. He continued the building, but it was not finished till the reign of Charles the Fifth.

Both the church and convent were splendidly adorned, but the most remarkable part of the whole edifice was a subterranean church, formed in the place where the relics were discovered, and having the pit, or well, as it was called, in the middle. It was divided by a beautiful iron grating, which excluded laymen from the interior of the sanctuary. There were three descents; the widest flight of steps was that which was for public use, the two others were for the religioners, and met in one behind the three chief altars, within the grating. Over the midst of these altars were two tombs, placed one upon the other in a niche; the under one containing the relics of Engracia's companions and fellows in martyrdom; the upper, those of the saint herself, her head excepted, which was kept in a silver shrine, having a collar of precious stones, and enclosed in crystal. The altars on either side had their respective relics; and several others, equally rich in such treasures, were ranged along the walls, without the grating. The roof was of an azure colour, studded with stars to

represent the sky. The breadth of the vault considerably exceeded its length; it was sixty feet wide, and only forty long. Thirty little columns, of different marbles, supported the roof. On the stone brink of the well, the history of the Zaragozan martyrs was represented in bas-relief; and an iron grating, reaching to the roof, secured it from being profaned by idle curiosity, and from the pious larcenies which it might otherwise have tempted. Within this cage-work, a silver lamp was suspended. Thirty such lamps were burning there day and night; and, though the roof was little more than twelve feet high, it was never in the slightest degree sullied with smoke. The fact is certain; but the useful and important secret, by which oil was made to burn without producing smoke, was carefully concealed; and the Jeronimites continued till this time to exhibit a miracle, which puzzled all who did not believe it to be miraculous.

On the 4th of August, the French opened batteries within pistol-shot of this church and convent. The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge; and the besiegers rushing through the opening, took the batteries before the adjacent gates in reverse. Here General Mori, who had distinguished himself on many former occasions, was made prisoner. The street of St. Engracia, which they had thus entered, leads into the Cozo, and the corner buildings where it thus determinated, were on the one hand the convent of St. Francisco, and on the other the General hospital. Both were stormed and set on fire; the sick and the wounded threw themselves from the windows to escape the flames, and the horror of the scene was aggravated by the maniacs, whose voices raving or singing in paroxysms of wilder madness, or crying in vain to be set free, were heard amid the confusion of dreadful sounds. Many fell victims to the fire, and some to the indiscriminating fury of the assailants. Those who escaped were conducted as prisoners to the Torrero; but when their condition had been discovered, they were sent back on the morrow, to take their chance in the siege. After a severe contest and dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cozo, in the very centre of the city, and, before the day closed, were in possession of one half of Zaragoza. Lefebvre now believed that he had effected his purpose, and re-

quired Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words : “Head-quarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation!” The heroic Spaniard immediately returned this reply : “Head-quarters, Zaragoza. War at the knife’s point!”

The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Cozo, a street about as wide as Pallmall, was possessed by the French; and, in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders, from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. Next day the ammunition of the citizens began to fail; and although the French were expected every moment to renew their efforts for completing the conquest, even this circumstance occasioned no dismay, nor did any one think of capitulation. One cry was heard from the people, wherever Palafox rode among them, that, if powder failed, they were ready to attack the enemy with their knives, — formidable weapons in the hands of desperate men. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general’s brother, entered the city with a convoy of arms, and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Aragon — a succour as little expected by the Zaragozans, as it had been provided against by the enemy.

The war was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room; pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury, little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. During the whole siege, no man distinguished himself more remarkably than the curate of one of the parishes, within the walls, by name P. Santiago Sass. He was always to be seen in the streets, sometimes fighting with the most determined bravery against the enemies, not of his country alone, but of freedom, and of all virtuous principles, wherever they were to be found; at other times, administering the sacrament to the dying, and confirming, with the authority of faith, that hope, which gives to death, under such circumstances, the joy, the exultation,

the triumph, and the spirit of martyrdom. Palafox reposed the utmost confidence in this brave priest, and selected him whenever any thing peculiarly difficult or hazardous was to be done. At the head of forty chosen men, he succeeded in introducing a supply of powder into the town, so essentially necessary for its defence.

This most obstinate and murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights, more indeed by night than by day; for it was almost certain death to appear by day-light within reach of those houses which were occupied by the other party. But under cover of the darkness, the combatants frequently dashed across the street to attack each other's batteries; and the battles which began there were fought from room to room, and floor to floor. The hostile batteries were so near each other, that a Spaniard in one place made way under cover of the dead bodies, which completely filled the space between them, and fastened a rope to one of the French cannons; in the struggle which ensued, the rope broke, and the Zaragozans lost their prize at the very moment when they thought themselves sure of it.

A new horror was added to the dreadful circumstances of war in this ever memorable siege. In general engagements the dead are left upon the field of battle, and the survivors remove to clear ground and an untainted atmosphere; but here — in Spain, and in the month of August, — there where the dead lay the struggle was still carried on, and pestilence was dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies. Nothing in the whole course of the siege so much embarrassed Palafox as this evil. The only remedy was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward amid the dead and dying, to remove the bodies, and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce, and it would have been certain death to the Aragonese who should have attempted to perform it; but the prisoners were in general secured by the pity of their own soldiers, and in this manner the evil was, in some degree, diminished.

A council of war was held by the Spaniards on the 8th, not for the purpose which is too usual in such councils, but that their heroic resolution might be communicated with an authority to the people. It was, that in those quarters of the city where the Arago-

nese still maintained their ground, they should continue to defend themselves with the same firmness: should the enemy at last prevail, they were then to retire over the Ebro into the suburbs, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs till they perished. When this resolution was made public, it was received with the loudest acclamations. But in every conflict the citizens now gained ground upon the soldiers, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which on the day of their entrance was nearly half the city, was gradually reduced to about an eighth part. Meantime, intelligence of the events in other parts of Spain was received by the French, — and all tending to dishearten them; the surrender of Dupont, the failure of Moncey before Valencia, and the news that the Junta of that province had dispatched six thousand men to join the levies in Aragon, which were destined to relieve Zaragoza. During the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive; after their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won; their last act was to blow up the church of St. Engracia; the powder was placed in the subterranean church, — and this remarkable place, — this monument of fraud and of credulity, which so many thousands had visited in faith, and from which unquestionably many had departed with their hearts strengthened, was laid in ruins. In the morning the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance, retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona. SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

P h i l a d e l p h i a.

OF the manufactures, trade, and commerce of Philadelphia, more may be said as to its prospects than as to its actual condition. At present, there is not nearly, so much of either, as there might have been, or as there will be a few years hence, when the vast resources of the State come to be more fully developed. The few manufactories now carried on here are confined to carpets, floor-cloth, some hardware of a coarse kind, glass, porcelaine, and

articles of domestic consumption; but little or nothing is made for exportation, if we except a very extensive and excellent manufactory of steam-engines, conducted on a large scale, and supplying both the cities of the sea-coast, and the rising towns of the western waters.

The foreign commerce is almost as limited as the home trade, the shipping of Philadelphia not equalling a fourth of those of New York, and the shores of the Delaware presenting a striking contrast, in the fewness of the vessels upon it, compared with the forests of masts that line the banks of the East River and the Hudson at the latter city.

That which promises so much for the future, however, is the gradual development of the mineral wealth of Pennsylvania. In the interior of this State, have been recently discovered beds of coal and iron, sufficiently extensive to afford materials for manufacturing, for centuries to come; and these will soon become articles of export to other parts of the country. The communications by rail-road and canal every day, extending into the interior, by Harrisburgh and Pittshurgh, to the Ohio, and thence down the Mississippi, up the Missouri, and on by Arkansas and the Red River to Texas, and the Rocky Mountains, will facilitate the diffusion of imported as well as manufactured goods, and form a channel for the conveyance of cotton, tobacco, flour and other native produce to Philadelphia, where the Delaware will form their outlet to Europe, the West Indies, and other parts of the world.

At present, it is true, New York has got the start of Philadelphia and Baltimore, in the internal and foreign trade, by being in advance of both, in her enterprizing undertakings. But the local position of both these latter cities, aided by internal canals and rail-roads, is such as to render it more than probable that each may in time attain a position of commercial eminence, greatly superior to that which they now enjoy; and every increase of population in the interior must accelerate this period, by the development of the resources of these parts, and by increased means of consumption.

The municipal government of Philadelphia was originally appointed by the proprietary, William Penn, but was gradually opened to the influence of the community in colonial times, till it

was settled upon its present basis soon after the revolution. In 1789, the mayor was elected out of the municipal body only. In 1796, the select and common councils were included among the electors. And in 1826, the restriction of choosing the mayor from among the aldermen was abrogated; so that ever since that period this officer has been chosen out of the body of the citizens generally. As he is paid a salary of 2000 Dollars, or 400 £. a-year, and has the patronage of appointing nearly all the officers of the corporation except the city treasurer, it is a place sought after by many; but unfortunately in this, as in almost every public office, down to that of a constable, party politics, rather than the capacity and general qualifications of the individual, are made the test of fitness, and the Whigs and Democrats consider it a party victory or party defeat whenever their candidate is elected or beaten.

The recorder is appointed by the governor of the State; and, acting as a judge, he holds his office during good behaviour. There are fifteen aldermen who are also appointed by the governor; and as these sit as justices of the peace, for trials of suits where the amount does not exceed 100 dollars, they also hold their offices during good behaviour; that is, for life, unless convicted of wilful neglect or violation of duty after trial. The Mayor's Court, at which the recorder and aldermen sit, has jurisdiction over all criminal offences committed within the city.

Though the recorder and aldermen are thus permanent in office, the legislative power of the municipal body resides in the select and common councils, who are elected by the people generally; and who, in their capacity as councillors, annually elect the mayor. The common council consists of twenty members, who are selected from persons qualified to serve as representatives in the State Assembly. The select council is formed of twelve members, chosen from persons qualified to serve as senators in the State Assembly.

These form, in short, the upper and the lower house of City legislation; the lower house being elected annually, and the upper house for three years, one-third going out by rotation every year. They sit in separate chambers, and serve without salary, and each body has a negative of the acts of the other, so that no ordinance

or regulation can be made law without the consent of both. In practice, this constitution is found to work extremely well.

The population of Philadelphia, at the last census of 1830, was 139,888, of which the proportions were 80,406 in the city, and 59,482 in the liberties and suburbs. The proportion of increase in the decennial periods at which the census had been taken, beginning at 1790, were thus, in round numbers 43,000 — 68,000 — 89,000 — 110,000 — 140,000.

The greater proportionate increase of population within the last eight years, from immigration and other causes, induces the belief here that the next census of 1840 will exhibit a population of 200,000 for the city and suburbs, which, will probably be the case. The proportion of coloured people to whites is not large; being, in the city, at the last census, 9256 coloured, to 71,150 white; and these proportions remain nearly the same. In each race there were a greater number of females than males, the white population exhibiting a return of 37,619 females, and 33,531 males: and the coloured population exhibiting a return of 5231 females, and 4025 males. The number of deaths in 1831 were 4939, of which 2720 were children, and 2219 adults; the total of deaths being, therefore, in round numbers, 5000, and the total of population in round numbers, 140,000; the proportion of deaths was, 1 in 28, or about three and a half per cent, in the whole year. The greatest mortality in 1831 was in December, the number being 708, while the average of the other months was about 350; and in 1832, the greatest mortality was in August, the deaths being 1689, the average of the other months being about 450.

The classes into which the population are divided in Philadelphia, are very similar to those of New York and Baltimore. Though there is no titled nobility, or hereditary aristocracy, there is a decided aristocracy of family connexion, as well as of wealth; and of the two, the first are the most fastidious about the rank and station of their associates. The expressions of respect for those who are descended from the first families, or who belong to some of the oldest families of Pennsylvania, or Maryland or New Jersey, or Virginia, are as frequently heard from the lips of Americans, as from those of the most aristocratic circles in our small

country towns in England; and the phrases "they are people of yesterday," and "people of no family," convey as much odium to an American ear as to an English one.

The greater number of those select gentry inherit land, or houses, or stock, from their parents, and are not engaged in trade. They are occasionally joined by families, who have acquired fortunes in business, and retire, when they form a small leisure class, whose chief occupation is visiting, and social intercourse when at home, and travelling to the sea-side, or to the springs of Virginia or Saratoga, in the warm season. The style of living observed by this class, is what would be deemed elegant in any part of Europe; their houses are large and well furnished; their domestics numerous, though nearly all coloured; their parties gay and brilliant, their manners polished and refined; and their conversation intelligent and agreeable.

The class next in order of consequence or consideration is the aristocracy of wealth, which is more extended in numbers, not so exclusive or scrupulous about the rank or fortune of their associates, and more easily accessible to persons of inferior pretensions to themselves. Their style of living is more profuse and expensive, though not so refined and elegant; their parties are larger and more costly, and their visiting more frequent and more general.

Among these, however, are to be found many philanthropic and benevolent individuals, who devote a large portion of their wealth, as well as their labour and their time, to the promotion of charitable and religious objects. There is no country on earth, perhaps, where so large a portion of the wealthy are generous philanthropists as in America; and in no city of America are there more of this class than in Philadelphia. Mr. Matthew Carey, an Irishman and a Catholic — Mr. William Birch, an Englishman and a Unitarian — and Mr. Matthew Newkirk, an American and a Presbyterian — are splendid examples of this; and show that neither origin, country, or peculiarity of creed, prevents the exercise of the higher virtues of charity and benevolence, by the most wealthy individuals who have hearts to feel for the woes of others.

The middle class of society in Philadelphia, — removed from either extreme, of bare competency (for of abject poverty there is

very little) and great wealth — is composed of merchants, traders, professional men, including the clergy, physicians, lawyers, and sojourners from different parts of the country. These form, of course, a very mixed and miscellaneous class, but they are, on the whole, the most intelligent, and most agreeable to strangers. No scrupulous apprehensions about low birth, or want of high family connexions — and no dread of associating with a man of small fortune or none at all — ever interrupts the full flow of hilarity and good humour, which is so characteristic of this mixed class, among whom there is a sufficient amount of intelligence on all general subjects, and a sufficient frankness in the expression of their opinions, to render their society both instructive and entertaining.

One of the most agreeable entertainments that I had the pleasure to enjoy in Philadelphia, was a public dinner, given by the bar to the bench: at which there were about two hundred gentlemen of the legal profession, and forty or fifty others invited as guests. The circumstances which led to the dinner were these: — From the first ratification of the constitution of Pennsylvania, the judges of the Supreme and other courts have held their offices during good behaviour; but by the late convention held in Philadelphia, to consider the propriety of revising the constitution, an amendment was carried for fixing a limited period; I think, fifteen years for the services of a judge, instead of the life tenure, which the term of good behaviour generally includes. This was interpreted by many as implying a disapprobation of the general conduct of the judges, and a want of confidence in their impartiality. To counteract this, the bar of Pennsylvania gave the present entertainment, avowedly as a mark of respect and confidence towards the bench at large. Nearly all the judges (to the number perhaps of twenty) were present. Mr. Binning, a barrister of advanced years and large practice presided; and his introductory speech, was clear, able, and well delivered. The speeches that followed were of a character to sustain the high reputation of the Philadelphia bar; and the whole entertainment was of a dignified and intellectual cast. I was unexpectedly called upon by name, to respond to the toast of “The bench and bar of England,” and it was ex-

tremely gratifying to hear, in almost every one of the speeches delivered, the highest admiration expressed of England and her laws, her lawyers and her judges.

The general appearance of the inhabitants of Philadelphia is highly favourable. The universal aspect of competency and comfort, which is presented on every side as one walks through the streets, where one meets none but well-dressed persons, of whatever class, is extremely agreeable. The gentlemen have not that ease, and polish of manners, which seemed to us to characterize the same class at Baltimore; nor did the ladies appear to us so graceful, and perfectly well-bred. But the number of pretty and elegantly-dressed women, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, that are to be seen in the principal streets of Philadelphia on a fine day, are as great, perhaps, as in any city of the world; though we did not find, in either sex, that hearty frankness, and cordial generosity, which exists so generally at Baltimore, and which is said to be characteristic of the people of the entire South.

The Philadelphians have the reputation of being cold, formal, and difficult to approach; and in comparison with the same class of society in New York and Baltimore, we found them so; and heard this defect admitted by themselves, as well as reported of them by others. There was one feature, however, which we noticed so often, and saw so prominently, that we could not fail to be strongly impressed with it, which was the settled conviction that seemed to be imprinted on the minds, and even the persons of almost all the native Philadelphians we saw, that not only was their city one of the best built, cleanest, and most agreeable on the globe, (which would be readily conceded by most,) but that its inhabitants were among the handsomest and most intelligent people anywhere to be found; a conviction which must, no doubt, be very pleasurable to those who indulge it, and which was indicated by the look and air of self-satisfaction that sat on almost every countenance we saw among the fashionable groups engaged in shopping, walking, or visiting their neighbours.

BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER XIX.

Privileges of the Hungarian Nobles.

THE most important among the non-cardinal prerogatives of the noble are, his exemption from having soldiers quartered upon him, and his exclusive right to sell certain articles within the boundaries of his own estates. We shall now consider how far some of these institutions are adapted to the spirit and wants of the present age.

Every Hungarian noble is born a soldier, — such is the theory of the constitution and, in former times, when directed against the undisciplined hordes of the Moslem, or engaged with similar forces in the border warfare of Poland and Bohemia, well did they maintain the theory. Since that time, however, a great change has taken place; and the events of the last war showed how ill the institutions of former days were fitted for the present time. When the troops of Napoleon advanced on Vienna, the Emperor quitted his capital, sought refuge in Hungary, and called on his faithful Hungarians to place themselves in the breach between him and his victorious enemy. All griefs were instantly forgotten; in vain Napoleon tempted them by promises of a constitution, of freedom, of nationality; they remained true to their King, and flocked in thousands to his standard. A strange picture they are said to have presented. Here a rusty sabre, there a broken musket; this man seeking arms, that asking for ammunition; horses and men, alike untrained to service, forming a mass of confusion and disorder which carried the elements of defeat within itself. The first shock was sufficient to scatter to the winds the hereditary defences of the nation. Far be it from us to reproach them for it; they had nothing but a good-will to help them; and one rather wonders at the wild enthusiastic loyalty which brought them to the field, than accuses them of want of courage when obliged to quit it.

The insufficiency of the *Insurrection*, as it is called, however in its present form was proved beyond a question; and the next consideration was, how it could be remedied. It was evident to all that either the nobles must be trained and taught the use of

arms, be formed into a National Guard or consent to pay taxes. They have constantly and earnestly demanded the first of these expedients, but the Government as constantly insinuates the necessity of the second. In the mean time Hungary is without defence: for the Government is so jealous of any accession to popular power, and so conscious of the dissatisfaction of the Hungarians with its proceedings, that it will not allow anything like a national arming to take place; while the Hungarians stoutly maintain their right of defending themselves, and refuse to compound for their personal services by a tax for the support of mercenaries. And a wise, a noble resolution we hold it to be; for what they want in an army is a defence for Hungary, and not an instrument for the subjection of others, which might in its turn be employed against themselves.

Another privilege of the Hungarian nobles, still more cherished, is the freedom from taxation which they enjoy. To pay a tax in Hungary has so long been the duty of the peasant only, that it has come at last to be considered servile and degrading. It is true that the Diet, at the coronation of the King and Queen, votes an *honorarium*, which is paid entirely by the nobles; and in like manner, in time of war, it has often voted extraordinary subsidies from the nobles; but these have always been received as favours by the Crown, not demanded as matters of right. The legal fiction on which this right is founded; — that they serve their King in war, — is not tenable for a moment; indeed it would much better apply to the peasant class, from which the whole sixty thousand efficient troops are now drawn. But although it is impossible to advocate the right of any one class of men to the enjoyment of privileges at the expense of the rest of community, and although we cannot therefore say that it is just that the Hungarian nobles should pay no tax, yet we do feel that the more enlightened of them have some show of reason on their side when they declare, that they will only yield up the privilege on obtaining a direct influence on the expenditure of the revenue; in other words, a budget and a responsible ministry. As for the arguments of the less enlightened, the men who ask, “What need have we to pay taxes?” — “Is not the dignity of the Crown amply provided for by the revenues of the

Crown?" — "Are not the troops for foreign service furnished and supported by the peasantry, and do not the peasantry live on our lands?" — "And are not we ready at any time to come forward in defence of our country?" — we have no sympathy for them. The Austrian exchequer, it is well known, is, and has been for centuries, in a miserably low state; and, there are no arts — except those of enlightened policy and honest administration — which have not been put in practice to improve it. The Hungarians claim the right of a free import and export on the payment of a five per cent duty, and the right has been as solemnly acknowledged as it was possible to have been by royal oaths; yet, in spite of this, no sooner did the Austrian dynasty ascend the throne of Hungary, than a system of indirect taxation was begun, which has gone on increasing to the present moment, when almost every article imported from any other country than Austria pays a duty of sixty per cent. The effects of this system I shall allude to hereafter: I mention it now to show that the Hungarian nobles are taxed most heavily, and in a manner, too, which leaves them no control over either taxation or expenditure, and which produces ten times more evil than the small profit arising from it is worth. Whenever Austria is reproached with this, she always pleads necessity, and the refusal of the Hungarian nobles to contribute in any more direct manner to the burthens of the state. It is time that this paltry policy was laid aside on the one hand, and on the other. Let the Hungarian Diet solemnly pledge itself to contribute its share to the revenues whenever the King shall grant sufficient guarantees for their just expenditure, and Austria would then be forced to give up a system which, while it crushes Hungary to the ground, is beneficial to none save the smuggler and the hungry and dishonest bureaucrat.

The monopoly of the sale of wine, bread, and meat, which every noble enjoys within his own villages, is more injurious to the country, and more vexatious to the other classes, than even the non-payment of taxes; but we shall postpone the consideration of this subject till we come to speak of the municipal institutions, where its discussion will be more appropriate.

If the law has made no distinction in the constitutional rights

of the nobles, custom has established in their social position as marked gradations as are to be found in the various classes of society of any other country. The Hungarians maintain, I believe, that the titled nobles date only from the accession of the house of Habsburg to the throne, and that the Magnates of former times were only so from their positions as Barons and Counts of the kingdom, that is, great officers of the court and governors of counties. Even the very titles themselves, *Gróf* and *Báro*, are borrowed from the German *Graf* and *Baron*.

Be this as it may — at present they are divided socially into three classes: the Magnates, answering to our peers; the united nobles, a middle class, answering to our gentry; and the “one house nobles,” men possessing the hereditary rights of nobility, but in every other respect — in property, education, and manners, — little above the peasant.

Among the Magnates may be found the most polished and refined manners, and the most elaborate education. Many of them, besides enjoying the advantages of domestic tutors of different nations, spend some years in a foreign university and in foreign travel. Their estates, for the most part of immense extent, if yielding them less revenue (rarely exceeding 10,000 £.) than many of our peers possess, enable them, from the greater cheapness of living, to enjoy full as many luxuries. The splendid scale, on which some of the establishments in Hungary are formed, the number of servants and horses kept, — the two great marks of superabundant wealth, — are scarcely equalled amongst us.

Yet it is from this class Hungary has the least to hope for the advancement of her institutions, and the maintenance of her nationality. To the proud and wealthy, the attractions of a court, where their magnificence may find worthy rivals and admirers, are generally irresistible; but they are only dangerous when they remove them far from those with whom their interests and duties ought naturally to bring them into association. It is unfortunate that such is the case in Hungary. Vienna is essentially German: and although Pest may claim all the other attractions of a capital, its palace has never tempted the Emperor to hold his court there;

nor has policy allowed his representative, the Palatine, to assume a splendour which, by creating a personal popularity, might render him obnoxious to the charge of ambition. The wealthier Magnates, therefore, flock to Vienna; and absenteeism here, as elsewhere, has not produced kindly feelings, either in the deserters or the deserted. In the one, the repetition of sneers from those they would imitate, against turbulence and barbarism, has led to a disgraceful neglect of political duties, and an effected contempt for the less wealthy and polished of their fellow-countrymen; while in the other a bitter animosity has been engendered, which it requires the greatest exertions of the prudent to restrain within due bounds. PAGET.

CHAPTER XX.

Early Civilization of the Irish.

AMONG the tests by which the civilization of a people may be judged, their degree of advancement in the art of architecture is, perhaps, one of the least fallible; but here again the historian is encountered by the same contrasts and inconsistencies, — not merely between tradition and existing visible evidence, but also between the several remaining monuments themselves, of which some bespeak all the rudeness of an infant state of society, while others point to a far different origin, and stand as marks of a tide of civilization long since ebbed away. In the geography of Ptolemy, we find a number of Irish cities enumerated, on some of which he even bestows the epithet illustrious, or distinguished; and intimates that, in two of them, the cities Hybernus and Rheba, celestial observations had been made. But though it is by no means improbable that, in the time of those more ancient geographers from whom Ptolemy is known to have drawn his materials, such cities may have existed, his testimony on this point is to be received with some caution; as in Germany, where, at the time when Tacitus wrote, no other habitations were known than detached huts and caves, this geographer, who published his work but about half a century later, has, contrived to conjure up no less than

ninety cities. In the same manner, any inference that might be drawn in favour of the civilization of Ireland, from the supposition that those observations of the length of the solstitial days, by which the latitudes of the Irish cities were determined, had been really taken in those cities themselves, would prove, most probably, fallacious; at it is supposed that but few of the latitudes given by Ptolemy were the result of actual astronomical observation.

Of those ancient Raths, or Hill-fortresses, which formed the dwellings of the old Irish chiefs, and belonged evidently to a period when cities were not yet in existence, there are to be found numerous remains throughout the country. This species of earthen work is distinguished from the artificial mounds, or tumuli, by its being formed upon natural elevations, and always surrounded by a rampart. Within the area thus enclosed, which was called the Rath, stood the habitations of the chieftain and his family, which were, in general, small buildings constructed of earth and hurdles, or having, in some instances, walls of wood upon a foundation of earth. In outward shape, as I have said, these dwellings of the living resembled those mounds which the Irish raised over their dead; and it is conjectured of the ancient earthen works on the Curragh of Kildare, that while the larger rath was the dwelling of the ancient chieftains of that district, the small entrenchments formed their cemetery or burial-place. If thus uncivilized were the habitations of the great dynasts of those days, it may be imagined what were the abodes of the humbler classes of the community; — though here, unfortunately, the imagination is not called upon for any effort; as, in the cottier's cabin of the present day, the disgraceful reality still exists; and two thousand years have passed over the hovel of the Irish pauper in vain.

A degree still lower, however, on the scale of comfort, would have been the lot of the ancient Irish, were it true, as Ledwich and others have asserted, that they lived chiefly, in the manner of the Troglodytes, in subterranean caves. That some of those caverns, of which so great a number, both artificial and natural, have been discovered throughout Ireland, may have been used as places of refuge for the women and children during times of danger and invasion, appears to be highly probable. We find some of them

described as divided into apartments, and even denoting an attempt at elegance in their construction. They have also sometimes sustaining walls of dry stonework, to confine the sides and support the flags which form the ceiling. But though they are pronounced to have been evidently subterranean houses, it is difficult to conceive human beings reduced to such abodes.

It was among a people thus little removed from the state of the Germans in the time of Tacitus, that the Palaces of Tara and Emania, as authentic records leave us but little room to doubt, displayed their regal halls, and, however scepticism may now question their architectural merits, could boast the admiration of many a century in evidence of their grandeur. That these edifices were merely of wood is by no means conclusive either against the elegance of their structure, or the civilization, to a certain degree, of those who erected them. It was in wood that the graceful forms of Grecian architecture first unfolded their beauty; and there is reason to believe that, at the time when Xerxes invaded Greece, most of her temples were still of this perishable material.

Not to lay too much stress, however, on these boasted structures of ancient Ireland, of which there is but dry and meagre mention by her annalists, and most hyperbolical descriptions by her bards, there needs no more striking illustration of the strong contrasts which her antiquities present, than that, in the very neighbourhood of the earthen rath and the cave, there should rise proudly aloft those wonderful Round Towers, bespeaking in their workmanship and presumed purposes, a connexion with religion and science, which marks their builders to have been of a race advanced in civilization and knowledge, — a race different, it is clear, from any of those who are known, from time to time, to have established themselves in the country, and, therefore, most probably, the old aboriginal inhabitants, in days when the arts were not yet strangers on their shores.

There are yet a few other facts, strongly illustrative of this peculiar view of our antiquities, to which it may be worth while briefly to advert. Respecting the dress of the ancient Irish, we have no satisfactory information. In an account given of them by a Roman writer of the third century, they are represented as being

half naked; and the Briton Gildas, who wrote about three hundred years after, has drawn much the same picture of them. It was only in battle, however, that they appear to have presented themselves in this barbarian fashion; and a similar custom prevailed also among the ancient Britons and Picts. But, though no particulars of the dress of the Irish, in those remote times, have reached us, enough may be collected from the accounts of a later period, when they had become more known to Europe, to satisfy us that the Milesian lord of the rath and the plebeian of the hovel had as little advanced on the scale of civilization in their dress as in their dwellings; and that, while the latter was most probably clothed, like the lower order of Britons, in sheepskin, the chief himself wore the short woollen mantle, such as was customary, at a later period, among his countrymen, and which, according to some authorities, reached no further than the elbows; leaving, like the *Rheno*, or short mantle of the ancient Germans, the remainder of the body entirely naked. There is reason to believe, however, that at that time, as well as subsequently, they may have worn coverings for the thighs and legs, or, at least, that sort of petticoat, or *fallin*, as it was called, which is known to have been worn, as well as the *braccae*, by the Irish, in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis.

Such having been the rude state of the ancient Irish, within any range of time to which our knowledge of them extends, it remains to be asked, to whom then, to what race or period, could have belonged those relics of an age of comparative refinement, those curious and costly ornaments of dress, some of the purest gold, elaborately wrought, and others of silver, which have been discovered, from time to time, in different parts of Ireland, having been dug up out of field and bogs where they must have lain hidden for ages? Nor is it only of ornaments for the person that these precious remains consist; as there are found also among them instruments supposed to have been connected with religious worship, which are said to be of the finest gold, without any alloy, and to have, some of them, handles of silver, chased with plated gold. In like manner, a variety of swords and other weapons have been discovered, the former of which would seem to have been

fabricated before iron had been brought into use for such purposes, as they are all of a mixed metal, chiefly copper, admitting of a remarkably high polish, and of a temper to carry a very sharp edge.

To attempt to reconcile, — even on the grounds already suggested, of the anomalous character of the people, — the civilized tastes, the skill in metallurgy, the forms of worship, which these various articles, in their several uses, imply, with such a state of things as prevailed in Ireland during the first ages of Christianity, appears altogether impossible; and the sole solution of this and other such contradictions, in the ancient history of the Irish, is that, at the time when they first became known to the rest of Europe, they had been long retrograding in civilization; that, whether from the inroads of rude northern tribes, or the slowly demoralizing effects of their own political institutions, they had fallen, like many other once civilized nations, into eclipse; and though, with true Celtic perseverance, still clinging to their old laws and usages, their Assemblies at Tara, their Colleges of Bards, the Great Psalter of their Antiquaries, yet preserving of the ancient fabric little more than the shell, and, amidst all these skeletons of a bygone civilization, sinking fast into barbarism. This view of the matter seems also remarkably confirmed by that interval of ignorance, and even oblivion, as to the state and fortunes of Ireland, which succeeded to the times of the geographer Pytheas, of Eratosthenes, and the Tyrian authorities of Ptolemy. By all these, and more especially the latter, the position and localities of that island appear to have been far better known than by Strabo or any of the later Greek authorities, — a circumstance to be explained only by the supposition that those ties of intercourse, whether commercial or religious, which the Irish once maintained, it is clear, with other nations, had during this interval been interrupted, and all the light that had flowed from those sources withdrawn. Through a nearly similar course of retrogradation we shall find them again doomed to pass, after their long and dark suffering under the yoke of the Danes, when, exhausted not more by this scourge than by their own internal dissensions, they sunk from the eminent station they had so long held in the eyes of Europe,

and fell helplessly into that state of abasement, and almost barbarism, in which their handful of English conquerors found them.

In the state of society which prevailed in Ireland, in the middle ages, when it differed but little, probably, from that of the period we are now considering, an eminent historian has discovered some points of resemblance to the picture represented to us of the Homeric age of Greece: and it is certain that the style of living, as described by Homer, in the palace of Ulysses, the riot and revel in the great hall, which was the scene of the cooking as well as of the feasting, — the supposed beggar admitted of the party, and, not least, the dunghill lying in the path from the court-gate to the hall door, might all find a parallel in the mansions of Irish chieftains, even to a later period than that assigned by the historian.

Among the numerous other vestiges still remaining of an age of civilization in Ireland, far anterior to any period with which her history makes us acquainted, should not be forgotten those extraordinary coal-works at Ballycastle, on the coast of Antrim, which are pronounced to have been wrought in times beyond even the reach of tradition, and which a writer, by no means indulgent to the claims of Irish antiquities, conjectures, from the “marks of ancient operations” which they exhibit, to have been the work of some of the very earliest colonists of the country. The last resource with certain theorists, respecting our antiquities, is to attribute all such works to the Danes; and to this people the ancient coal-works of Ballycastle, as well as all the other mine excavations throughout Ireland, have been assigned. But the scanty grounds assumed for such a conjecture, and the utter improbability that a people, harassed as were the Danes, and never, at any period, in peaceable possession of the country, should have found time for such slow and laborious operations of peace, has been already by various writers convincingly demonstrated.

Postponing the consideration of some other usages and characteristics of the Pagan Irish to a somewhat later period, when, remaining still unchanged, the materials for illustrating them will be found more ample and authentic, I shall here only advert to one or two points connected with their knowledge of the useful arts and manner of living, respecting which information, however

scanty, is to be found in the writings of the ancients. Those who regard Mela as sufficient authority for the barbarous habits of the people, will not, of course, reject his evidence as to the exercise among them of agriculture and grazing: — “The climate of Iverna,” says this geographer, “is unfavourable to the ripening of seeds; but so luxuriant in pasture, not only plenteous, but sweet, that the cattle fill themselves in but a small part of the day, and unless restrained from the pasture, would burst by over-eating.” Another favourite witness of the anti-Irish school, Solinus, thus speaks of the military weapons of the old natives: — “Those among them who study ornament, are in the habit of adorning the hilts of their swords with the teeth of sea-animals, which they burnish to the whiteness of ivory; for the chief glory of those people lies in their arms.”

We have already seen that numbers of swords, made of brass, have been found in different parts of the country; and of these some are averred to be exactly of the same description with the swords found on the field of Cannae, which are in Sir William Hamilton’s collections. Swords similar to these have been discovered also in Cornwall, and Count Caylous has given an engraving of one, of the same kind, which he calls *Gladius Hispaniensis*, and which came, as it appears, from Herculaneum. It has been thought not improbable that all these weapons, the Irish as well as the others, were of the same Punic or Phoenician origin, and may be traced to those colonies on the coasts of Spain which traded anciently with the British isles. There are said to have been likewise discovered some scythe-blades of bronze, such as were attached anciently to the wheels of war chariots; the use of that Asiatic mode of warfare having prevailed formerly, we are told, in Ireland as well as in Britain. That for some parts of their armour, more especially their wicker shields, and bows with short arrows, the Irish were indebted to their Scythic conquerors, the Scots, appears by no means unlikely. But the most ancient remains of their weapons are the stone hatchets, and also those heads of arrows and spears, some of flint, and others pointed with bones, the latter resembling those which, for want of iron, were used, as Tacitus tells us, by the ancient Finlanders. T. MOORE.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the Division of Labour.

THE greatest improvement in the productive powers of labour, and the greater part of the skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it is any where directed, or applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labour.

The effects of the division of labour, in the general business of society, will be more easily understood, by considering in what manner it operates in some particular manufactures. It is commonly supposed to be carried furthest in some very trifling ones; not perhaps that it really is carried further in them than in others of more importance; but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every different branch of the work can often be collected into the same workhouse and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch of the works employs so great a number of workmen, that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts, than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labour has been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin-maker; a workman not educated to this business, which the division of labour has rendered a distinct trade, nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it, to the invention of which the same division of labour has probably given occasion, could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a

number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on, is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another, it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this particular business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

In every other art and manufacture, the effects of the division of labour are similar to what they are in this very trifling one; though, in many of them, the labour can neither be so much subdivided, nor reduced to so great a simplicity of operation, the division of labour, however, so far as it can be introduced, occasions, in every art, a proportionable increase of the productive powers of labour. The separation of different trades and employments from one another, seems to have taken place, in consequence of this advantage. This separation too is generally carried furthest in those countries which

enjoy the highest degree of industry and improvement; what is the work of one man in a rude state of society, being generally that of several in an improved one. In every improved society, the farmer is generally nothing but a farmer; the manufacturer, nothing but a manufacturer. The labour too which is necessary to produce any one complete manufacture, is almost always divided among a great number of hands. How many different trades are employed in each branch of the linen and woollen manufactures, from the growers of the flax and the wool, to the bleachers and smoothers of the linen, or to the dyers and dressers of the cloth! The nature of agriculture, indeed, does not admit of so many subdivisions of labour, nor of so complete a separation of one business from another, as manufactures. It is impossible to separate so entirely, the business of the grazier from that of the corn-farmer, as the trade of the carpenter is commonly separated from that of the smith. The spinner is almost always a distinct person from the weaver; but the ploughman, the harrower, the sower of the seed, and the reaper of the corn, are often the same. The occasions for those different sorts of labour returning with the different seasons of the year, it is impossible that one man should be constantly employed in any one of them. This impossibility of making so complete and entire a separation of all the different branches of labour employed in agriculture, is perhaps the reason why the improvement of the productive powers of labour in this art, does not always keep pace with their improvement in manufactures. The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbours in agriculture as well as in manufactures; but they are commonly more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former. Their lands are in general better cultivated, and having more labour and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground. But this superiority of produce is seldom much more than in proportion to the superiority of labour and expense. In agriculture, the labour of the rich country is not always much more productive than that of the poor; or, at least, it is never so much more productive, as it commonly is in manufactures. The corn of the rich country, therefore, will not always, in the same degree of goodness, come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland, in

the same degree of goodness, is as cheap as that of France, notwithstanding the superior opulence and improvement of the latter country. The corn of France is, in the corn-provinces, fully as good, and in most years nearly about the same price with the corn of England, though, in opulence and improvement, France is perhaps inferior to England. The corn-lands of England, however, are better cultivated than those of France, and the corn-lands of France are said to be much better cultivated than those of Poland. But though the poor country, notwithstanding the inferiority of its cultivation, can, in some measure, rival the rich in the cheapness and goodness of its corn, it can pretend to no such competition in its manufactures; at least if those manufactures suit the soil, climate, and situation of the rich country. The silks of France are better and cheaper than those of England, because the silk manufacture, at least under the present high duties upon the importation of raw silk, does not so well suit the climate of England as that of France. But the hardware and the coarse woollens of England are beyond all comparison superior to those of France, and much cheaper too in the same degree of goodness. In Poland there are said to be scarce any manufactures of any kind, a few of those coarser household manufactures excepted, without which no country can well subsist.

This great increase of the quantity of work, which, in consequence of the division of labour, the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances; first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another; and lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many.

First, the improvement of the dexterity of the workman necessarily increases the quantity of the work he can perform; and the division of labour, by reducing every man's business to some one simple operation, and by making this operation the sole employment of his life, necessarily increases very much the dexterity of the workman. A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if upon

some particular occasion he is obliged to attempt it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and those, too, very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but whose sole or principal business has not been that of a nailer, can seldom with his utmost diligence make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys under twenty years of age who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves, could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day. The making of a nail, however, is by no means one of the simplest operations. The same person blows the bellows, stirs or mends the fire as there is occasion, heats the iron, and forges every part of the nail: in forging the head too he is obliged to change his tools. The different operations into which the making of a pin, or of a metal button, is subdivided are all of them much more simple, and the dexterity of the person, of whose life it has been the sole business to perform them, is usually much greater. The rapidity with which some of the operations of those manufactures are performed, exceeds what the human hand could, by those who had never seen them, be supposed capable of acquiring.

Secondly, the advantage which is gained by saving the time commonly lost in passing from one sort of work to another, is much greater than we should at first view be apt to imagine it. It is impossible to pass very quickly from one kind of work to another that is carried on in a different place and with quite different tools. A country weaver, who cultivates a small farm, must lose a good deal of time in passing from his loom to the field, and from the field to his loom. When the two trades can be carried on in the same workhouse, the loss of time is no doubt much less. It is even in this case, however, very considerable. A man commonly saunters a little in turning his hand from one sort of employment to another. When he first begins the new work he is seldom very keen and hearty; his mind, as they say, does not go to it, and for some time he rather trifles than applies to good purpose. The habit of sauntering and of indolent careless application, which is naturally, or rather necessarily acquired by every country workman

who is obliged to change his work and his tools every half hour, and to apply his hand in twenty different ways almost every day of his life, renders him almost always slothful and lazy, and incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions. Independent, therefore, of his deficiency in point of dexterity, this cause alone must always reduce considerably the quantity of work which he is capable of performing.

Thirdly, and lastly, every body must be sensible how much labour is facilitated and abridged by the application of proper machinery. It is unnecessary to give any example. I shall only observe, therefore, that the invention of all those machines by which labour is so much facilitated and abridged, seems to have been originally owing to the division of labour. Men are much more likely to discover easier and readier methods of attaining any object, when the whole attention of their minds is directed towards that single object, than when it is dissipated among a great variety of things. But in consequence of the division of labour, the whole of every man's attention comes naturally to be directed towards some one very simple object. It is naturally to be expected, therefore, that some one or other of those who are employed in each particular branch of labour should soon find out easier and readier methods of performing their own particular work, wherever the nature of it admits of such improvement. A great part of the machines made use of in those manufactures in which labour is most subdivided, were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it. Whoever has been much accustomed to visit such manufactures, must frequently have been shown very pretty machines, which were the inventions of such workmen, in order to facilitate and quicken their own particular part of the work. In the first fire-engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of those boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the ma-

chine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his play-fellows. One of the greatest improvements that has been made upon this machine, since it was first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labour.

All the improvements in machinery, however, have by no means been the inventions of those who had occasion to use the machines. Many improvements have been made by the ingenuity of the makers of the machines, when to make them became the business of a peculiar trade; and some by that of those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade it is not to do any thing, but to observe every thing; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens. Like every other employment too, it is subdivided into a great number of different branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers; and this subdivision of employment in philosophy, as well as in every other business, improves dexterity, and saves time. Each individual becomes more expert in his own peculiar branch, more work is done upon the whole, and the quantity of science is considerably increased by it.

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labour, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accomodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or

day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! how much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour too is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up

and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass-window which lets in the heat and the light and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniencies; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

A. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXII.

Of the causes of the present rapid advance of the Physical Sciences compared with their progress at an earlier period.

THERE is no more extraordinary contrast than that presented by the slow progress of the physical sciences, from the earliest ages of the world to the close of the sixteenth century, and the rapid development they have since experienced. In the former period of their history, we find only small additions to the stock of knowledge, made at long intervals of time; during which a total indifference on the part of the mass of mankind to the study of nature operated to effect an almost complete oblivion of former discoveries, or, at best, permitted them to linger on record,

rather as literary curiosities, than as possessing, in themselves, any intrinsic interest and importance. A few enquiring individuals, from age to age, might perceive their value, and might feel that irrepressible thirst after knowledge which, in minds of the highest order, supplies the absence both of external stimulus and opportunity. But the total want of a right direction given to enquiry, and of a clear perception of the objects to be aimed at, and the advantages to be gained by systematic and connected research, together with the general apathy of society to speculations remote from the ordinary affairs of life, and studiously kept involved in learned mystery, effectually prevented these occasional impulses from overcoming the inertia of ignorance, and impressing any regular and steady progress on science. Its objects, indeed, were confined in a region too sublime for vulgar comprehension. An earthquake, a comet, or a fiery meteor, would now and then call the attention of the whole world, and produce from all quarters a plentiful supply of crude and fanciful conjectures on their causes; but it was never supposed that sciences could exist among common objects, have a place among mechanical arts, or find worthy matter of speculation in the mine or laboratory. Yet it cannot be supposed, that all the indications of nature continually passed unremarked, or that much good observation and shrewd reasoning on it failed to perish unrecorded, before the invention of printing enabled every one to make his ideas known to all the world. The moment this took place, however, the sparks of information from time to time struck out, instead of glimmering for a moment, and dying away in oblivion, began to accumulate into a genial glow, and the flame was at length kindled which was speedily to acquire the strength and rapid spread of a conflagration. The universal excitement in the minds of men throughout Europe, which the first out-break of modern science produced, has been already spoken of. But even the most sanguine anticipators could scarcely have looked forward to that steady, unintermitted progress which it has since maintained, nor to that rapid succession of great discoveries which has kept up the interest of the first impulse still vigorous and undiminished. It may truly, indeed, be said, that there is scarcely a single branch of physical enquiry which is either sta-

tionary, or which has not been, for many years past, in a constant state of advance, and in which the progress is not, at this moment, going on with accelerated rapidity.

Among the causes of this happy and desirable state of things, no doubt we are to look, in the first instance, to that great increase in wealth and civilization which has at once afforded the necessary leisure and diffused the taste for intellectual pursuits among numbers of mankind, which have long been and still continue steadily progressive in every principal European state; and which the increase and fresh establishment of civilized communities in every distant region are rapidly spreading over the whole globe. It is not, however, merely the increased number of cultivators of science, but their enlarged opportunities, that we have here to consider, which, in all those numerous departments of natural research that require local information, is in fact the most important consideration of all. To this cause we must trace the great extension which has of late years been conferred on every branch of natural history, and the immense contributions which have been made, and are daily making, to the departments of zoology and botany, in all their ramifications. It is obvious, too, that all the information that can possibly be procured, and reported, by the most enlightened and active travellers, must fall infinitely short of what is to be attained by individuals actually resident upon the spot. Travellers, indeed, may make collections, may snatch a few hasty observations, may note, for instance, the distribution of geological formations in a few detached points, and now and then witness remarkable local phenomena; but the resident alone can make continued series of regular observations, such as the scientific determination of climates, tides, magnetic variations, and innumerable other objects of that kind, requires; can alone mark all the details of geological structure, and refer each stratum, by a careful and long continued observation of its fossil contents, to its true epoch; can alone note the habits of the animals of his country, and the limits of its vegetation, or obtain a satisfactory knowledge of its mineral contents, with a thousand other particulars essential to that complete acquaintance with our globe as a whole, which is beginning to be understood by the extensive

designation of physical geography. Besides which, ought not to be omitted multiplied opportunities of observing and recording those extraordinary phenomena of nature which offer an intense interest, from the rarity of their occurrence as well as the instruction they are calculated to afford. To what, then, may we not look forward, when a spirit of scientific enquiry shall have spread through those vast regions in which the process of civilization, its sure precursor, is actually commenced and in active progress? And what may we not expect from the exertions of powerful minds called into action under circumstances totally different from any which have yet existed in the world, and over an extent of territory far surpassing that which has hitherto produced the whole harvest of human intellect? In proportion as the number of those who are engaged on each department of physical enquiry increases, and the geographical extent over which they are spread is enlarged, a proportionately increased facility of communication and interchange of knowledge becomes essential to the prosecution of their researches with full advantage. Not only is this desirable, to prevent a number of individuals from making the same discoveries at the same moment, which (besides the waste of valuable time) has always been a fertile source of jealousies and misunderstandings, by which great evils have been entailed on science; but because methods of observation are continually undergoing new improvements, or acquiring new facilities, a knowledge of which, it is for the general interest of science, should be diffused as widely and as rapidly as possible. By this means, too, a sense of common interest, of mutual assistance, and a feeling of sympathy in a common pursuit, are generated, which proves a powerful stimulus to exertion; and, on the other hand, means are thereby afforded of detecting and pointing out mistakes before it is too late for their rectification.

Perhaps it may be truly remarked, that, next to the establishment of institutions having either the promotion of science in general, or, what is still more practically efficacious in its present advanced state, that of particular departments of physical enquiry, for their express objects, nothing has exercised so powerful an influence on the progress of modern science as the publication of

monthly and quarterly scientific journals, of which there is now scarcely a nation in Europe which does not produce several. The quick and universal circulation of these, places observers of all countries on the same level of perfect intimacy with each other's objects and methods, while the abstracts they from time to time (if well conducted) contain of the most important researches of the day consigned to the more ponderous tomes of academical collections, serve to direct the course of general observation, as well as to hold out, in the most conspicuous manner, models for emulative imitation. In looking forward to what may hereafter be expected from this cause of improvement, we are not to forget the powerful effect which must in future be produced by the spread of elementary works and digests of what is actually known in each particular branch of science. Nothing can be more discouraging to one engaged in active research, than the impression, that all he is doing may, very likely, be labour taken in vain, that it may, perhaps, have been already done, and much better done, than, with his opportunities, or his resources, he can hope to perform it; and, on the other hand, nothing can be more exciting than the contrary impression. Thus, by giving a connected view of what has been done, and what remains to be accomplished in every branch, those digests and bodies of science, which from time to time appear, have, in fact, a very important weight in determining its future progress, quite independent of the quantity of information they communicate. With respect to elementary treatises it is needless to point out their utility, or to dwell on the influence which their actual abundance, contrasted with their past remarkable deficiency, is likely to exercise over the future. It is only by condensing, simplifying, and arranging, in the most lucid possible manner, the acquired knowledge of past generations, that those to come can be enabled to avail themselves to the full of the advanced point from which they will start.

One of the means by which an advanced state of physical science contributes greatly to accelerate and secure its further progress, is the exact knowledge acquired of physical data, or those normal quantities which we have more than once spoken of in the preceding pages; a knowledge which enables us not only to appre-

ciate the accuracy of experiments, but even to correct their results. As there is no surer criterion of the state of science in any age than the degree of care bestowed, and discernment exhibited, in the choice of such data, so as to afford the simplest possible grounds for the application of theories, and the degree of accuracy attained in their determination, so there is scarcely any thing by which science can be more truly benefited than by researches directed expressly to this object, and to the construction of tables exhibiting the true numerical relations of the elements of theories, and the actual state of nature, in all its different branches. It is only by such determinations that we can ascertain what changes are slowly and imperceptibly taking place in the existing order of things; and the more accurate they are, the *sooner* will this knowledge be acquired. What might we not now have known of the motions of the (so-called) fixed stars, had the ancients possessed the means of observation we now possess, and employed them as we employ them now?

In any enumeration of causes which have contributed to the recent rapid advancement of science, we must not forget the very important one of improved and constantly improving means of observation, both in instruments adapted for the exact measurement of quantity, and in the general convenience and well-judged adaptation to its purposes, of every description of scientific apparatus. In the actual state of science there are few observations which can be productive of any great advantage but such as afford accurate measurement; and an increased refinement in this respect is constantly called for. The degree of delicacy actually attained, we will not say in the most elaborate works of the highest art, but in such ordinary apparatus as every observer may now command, is such as could not have been arrived at unless in a state of the mechanical arts, which in its turn (such is the mutual reaction of cause and effect) requires for its existence a very advanced state of science. What an important influence may be exercised over the progress of a single branch of science by the invention of a ready and convenient mode of executing a definite measurement, and the construction and common introduction of an instrument adapted for it cannot be better exemplified than by the instance of the

reflecting goniometer. This simple, cheap, and portable little instrument, has changed the face of mineralogy, and given it all the characters of one of the exact sciences.

Our means of perceiving and measuring minute quantities, in the important relations of weight, space, and time, seem already to have been carried to a point which it is hardly conceivable they should surpass. Balances have been constructed which have rendered sensible the millionth part of the whole quantity weighed; and to turn with the thousandth part of a grain is the performance of balances pretending to no very extraordinary degree of merit. The elegant invention of the sphærometer, by substituting the sense of touch for that of sight in the measurement of minute objects, permits the determination of their dimensions with a degree of precision which is fully adequate to the nicest purposes of scientific enquiry. By its aid an inch may be readily subdivided into ten or even twenty thousand parts; and the lever of contact, as in use among the German opticians, enables us to appreciate quantities of space even yet smaller. For the subdivision of time, too, the perfection of modern mechanism has furnished resources which leave very little to be desired. By the aid of clocks and chronometers, as they are now constructed, a few tenths of a second is all the error that need be apprehended in the subdivision of a day; and for the farther subdivision of smaller portions of time, instruments have been imagined which admit of almost unlimited precision, and permit us to appreciate intervals to the nicety of the hundredth, or even the thousandth part of a single second. When the precision attainable by such means is contrasted with what could be procured a few generations ago, by the rude and clumsy workmanship of even the early part of the last century, it will be no matter of astonishment that the sciences which depend on exact measurements should have made a proportional progress. Nor will any degree of nicety in physical determinations appear beyond our reach, if we consider the inexhaustible resources which science itself furnishes, in rendering the quantities actually to be determined by measure great multiples of the elements required for the purposes of theory, so as to diminish in the same proportion the influence of any errors which may be committed on the final results.

Great, indeed, as have been of late the improvements in the construction of instruments, both as to what regards convenience and accuracy, it is to the discovery of improved *methods* of observation that the chief progress of those parts of science which depend on exact determinations is owing. The balance of torsion, the ingenious invention of Cavendish and Coulomb, may be cited as an example of what we mean. By its aid we are enabled not merely to render sensible, but to subject to precise measurement and subdivision, degrees of force infinitely too feeble to affect the nicest balance of the usual construction, even were it possible to bring them to act on it. The galvanometer, too, affords another example of the same kind, in an instrument whose range of utility lies among electric forces which we have no other means of rendering sensible, much less of estimating with exactness. In determinations of qualities less minute in themselves, the methods devised by Messrs. Arago and Fresnel, for the measurement of the refractive powers of transparent media by means of the phenomenon of diffraction, may be cited as affording a degree of precision limited only by the wishes of the observer, and the time and patience he is willing to devote to his observation. And in respect of the direction of observations to points from which real information is to be obtained, and positive conclusions drawn, the hygrometer of Daniell may be cited as an elegant example of the introduction into general use of an instrument substituting an indication founded on strict principles for one perfectly arbitrary.

In speculating on the future prospects of physical science, we should not be justified in leaving out of consideration the probability, or rather certainty, of the occasional occurrence of those happy accidents which have had so powerful an influence on the past; occasions, where a fortunate combination opportunely noticed may admit us in an instant to the knowledge of principles of which no suspicion might occur but for some such casual notice. Boyle has entitled one of his essays thus remarkably, — “*Of Man’s great Ignorance of the Uses of natural Things; or that there is no one Thing in Nature whereof the Uses to human Life are yet thoroughly understood.*” The whole history of the arts since Boyle’s time has been one continued comment on this text;

and if we regard among the uses of the works of nature, *that*, assuredly the noblest of all, which leads us to a knowledge of the Author of nature through the contemplation of the wonderful means by which he has wrought out his purposes in his works, the sciences have not been behind hand in affording their testimony to its truth. Nor are we to suppose that the field is in the slightest degree narrowed, or the chances in favour of such fortunate discoveries at all decreased, by those which have already taken place; on the contrary, they have been incalculably extended. It is true that the ordinary phenomena which pass before our eyes have been minutely examined, and those more striking and obvious principles which occur to superficial observation have been noticed and embodied in our systems of science; but, not to mention that by far the greater part of natural phenomena remain yet unexplained, every new discovery in science brings into view whole classes of facts which would never otherwise have fallen under our notice at all, and establishes relations which afford to the philosophic mind a constantly extending field of speculation, in ranging over which it is next to impossible that he should not encounter new and unexpected principles. How infinitely greater, for instance, are the mere chances of discovery in chemistry among the innumerable combinations with which the modern chemist is familiar, than at a period when two or three imaginary elements, and some ten or twenty substances, whose properties were known with an approach to distinctness, formed the narrow circle within which his ideas had to revolve? How many are the instances where a new substance, or a new property, introduced into familiar use, by being thus brought into relation with all our actual elements of knowledge, has become the means of developing properties and principles among the most common objects, which would never have otherwise been discovered? Had not platina (to take an instance) been an object of the most ordinary occurrence in a laboratory, would a suspicion have ever occurred that a lamp could be constructed to burn without flame; and should we have ever arrived at a knowledge of those curious phenomena and products of semi-combustion which this beautiful experiment discloses?

Finally, when we look back on what has been accomplished in

science, and compare it with what remains to be done, it is hardly possible to avoid being strongly impressed with the idea that we have been and are still executing the labour by which succeeding generations are to profit. In a few instances only have we arrived at those general axiomatic laws which admit of direct deductive inference, and place the solutions of physical phenomena before us as so many problems, whose principles of solution we fully possess, and which require nothing but acuteness of reasoning to pursue even into their farthest recesses. In fewer still have we reached that command of abstract reasoning itself which is necessary for the accomplishment of so arduous a task. Science, therefore, in relation to our faculties, still remains boundless and unexplored, and, after the lapse of a century and a half from the æra of Newton's discoveries, during which every department of it has been cultivated with a zeal and energy which have assuredly met their full return, we remain in the situation in which he figured himself, — standing on the shore of a wide ocean, from whose beach we may have culled some of those innumerable beautiful productions it casts up with lavish prodigality, but whose acquisition can be regarded as no diminution of the treasures that remain.

But this consideration, so far from repressing our efforts, or rendering us hopeless of attaining any thing intrinsically great, ought rather to excite us to fresh enterprise, by the prospect of assured and ample recompense from that inexhaustible store which only awaits our continued endeavours. "It is not detracting from human capacity to suppose it incapable of infinite exertion, or of exhausting an infinite subject." In whatever state of knowledge we may conceive man to be placed, his progress towards a yet higher state need never fear a check, but must continue till the last existence of society.

It is in this respect an advantageous view of science, which refers all its advances to the discovery of general laws, and to the inclusion of what is already known in generalizations of still higher orders; inasmuch as this view of the subject represents it, as it really is, essentially incomplete, and incapable of being fully embodied in any system, or embraced by any single mind. Yet it must be recollected that, so far as our experience has hitherto gone,

every advance towards generality has at the same time been a step towards simplification. It is only when we are wandering and lost in the mazes of particulars, or entangled in fruitless attempts to work our way downwards in the thorny paths of applications, to which our reasoning powers are incompetent, that nature appears complicated: — the moment we contemplate it as it is, and attain a position from which we can take a commanding view, though but of a small part of its plan, we never fail to recognise that sublime simplicity on which the mind rests satisfied that it has attained the truth. SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Story of Le Fever.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, — which was about seven years before my father came into the country, — and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe — When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard; — The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'T is for a poor gentleman, — I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. — *I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.* —

— If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, — added the landlord, — I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. — I hope in God he will still mend, continued he — we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, — and take a couple of bottles, with my

service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

— Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow — Trim, — yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host; — And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. — Step after him, said my uncle Toby, — do Trim, — and ask if he knows his name.

— I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal, — but I can ask his son again: — Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby. — A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; — but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day; — he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

— Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. —

Trim! — said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. — Trim came in front of his master and made his bow; — my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. — Corporal! said my uncle Toby — the corporal made his bow. — My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. — Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; — and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 't will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.

I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. — I wish I had not known so much of this affair, — added my uncle Toby, — or that I had known more of it: — How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal; — I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. — I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *ténaille* a straight line, as a crooked one, — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account: —

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant — Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby — He is: said the corporal — And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby — I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it. — Then Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it — “Your honour is good:” — And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, — and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked, — That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby — I was

answered, an't please your honour, that he had no servant with him; — that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came. — If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, — we can hire horses from hence. — But alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence, said the landlady to me, — for I heard the death-watch all night long; — and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; — but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. — Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. — I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. — The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — Poor youth! said my uncle Toby, — he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; — I wish I had him here.

— I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: — What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; — and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar — (and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) — he was heartily welcome to it: — He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer, — for his heart was full — so he went up stairs with the toast; — I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be

well again. — Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire, — but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth. — I thought it was wrong, added the corporal — I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. — I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, — for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion. —

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. — I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. — Are you sure of it? replied the curate? — A soldier, an't please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; — and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. — 'T was well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. — But when a soldier, said I, an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, — or engaged, said I, for months, together in long and dangerous marches; — harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; — harassing others to-morrow; detached here; — countermanded there; — resting this night out upon his arms; — beat up in his shirt the next; — benumbed in his joints; — perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; — he must say his prayers how and when he can. — I believe, said I, — for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, — I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily as a parson — though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. — Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, — for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not: — At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) — it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, — and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. — I hope we shall,

said Trim — It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow: — In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, — it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: — I hope not, said the corporal — But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, — he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it: — The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling — the book was laid upon the bed, — and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. — Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side: — If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me; — if he was of Leven's — said the lieutenant. — I told him your honour was — Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him — but 't is most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. — You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's — but he knows me not, — said he, a second time, musing; — possibly he may my story — added he — pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. — I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well. — Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, — then well may I. — In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice — Here, Billy, said he, — the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, — and falling down upon his knee, took the ring

in his hand, and kissed it too, — then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh, — I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; — shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? — Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; — and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; — but finish the story thou art upon: — 'T is finish'd already, said the corporal, — for I could stay no longer, — so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fever rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders — But alas! said the corporal, — the lieutenant's last day's march is over. — Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, — though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves — That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner — that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, — he left Dendermond to itself, — to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

— That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the cor-

poral, as he was putting him to bed, — and I will tell thee in what, Trim. — In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fever, — as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay, — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself — Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders; — True, quoth my uncle Toby, — thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, — but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, — when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, — thou shouldst have offered him my house too: — A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, — we could tend and look to him: — Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, — and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. —

— In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling — he might march, — He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the corporal: — He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off: — An't please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, — he shall march to his regiment. — He cannot stand it, said the corporal, — He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby; — He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. — A-well-a-day, — do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, — the poor soul will die; — He shall not die, by G— cried my uncle Toby.

— The *accusing spirit* which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in — and the *recording angel* as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— My uncle Toby went to his bureau, — put his purse into his

breeches-pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, — he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids, — and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, — when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, — how he had rested in the night, — what was his complaint, — where was his pain, — and what he could do to help him: — and without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. —

— You shall go home directly, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, to my house, — and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, — and we'll have an apothecary, — and the corporal shall be your nurse; — and I'll be your servant, Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, — not the effect of familiarity, — but the cause of it, — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. — The blood and spirits of Le Fever, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, — rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment, — he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, — then cast a look upon his boy, — and that ligament, fine as it was, — was never broken. —

Nature instantly ebb'd again, — the film returned to its place, — the pulse fluttered — stopp'd — went on — throbb'd — stopp'd again — moved — stopp'd — shall I go on? — No. STERNE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Yorick's Death.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, — and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. — I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke, — I hope not, Yorick, said he. — Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, — and that was all, — but it cut Eugenius to his heart. — Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, — my dear lad, be comforted, — let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them; — who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee? — Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, — I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, — and that I may live to see it. — I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand, — his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius, — I beseech thee to take a view of my head. — I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.” — Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this; — yet still it was

uttered with something of a Cervantic tone; — and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes; — faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand, — and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door, — he then closed them, — and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy: —

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him; — a footway crossing the church-yard close by his grave, — not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, — and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

STERNE.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Spectre Bridegroom, a Traveller's Tale.

ON the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech-trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned,

to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighbouring country.

The Baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the relics of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the Baron still endeavoured to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the Baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing, with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbours, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

The Baron had but one child, a daughter; but nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the Baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins, assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions, she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen, she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances, that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the Heldenbuch. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like knick-knacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the

harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnie-lieders by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent, and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men — pah! — she was taught to hold them at such distance, and in such absolute distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world — no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand; she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation; and vaunted that, though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven! nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one; for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the Baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the Baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The Baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories

about the stark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvellous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests exceeded even his own: they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family-gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance; it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the Baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the Baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarrelled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the lustre of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They were giving her

a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The Baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle with an air of infinite anxiety: he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly on a warm summer's day.

In the mean time the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamour of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-Wein* and *Ferne-Wein*; and even the great Heidelberg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus* in the true spirit of German hospitality — but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun, that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forests of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The Baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the Count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed — the bats began to flit by in the twilight — the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it, but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labour.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way, in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him,

as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered, at Wurtzburg, a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers; Hermann Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands, and worthiest hearts, of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the Count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the Count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures, but the Count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly-wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by spectres; and at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the depth of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the Count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the Count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighbouring convent who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul

and body; but half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate Count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that this mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavoured to soothe him to calmness; promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium — raved about his bride — his engagement — his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort; and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh, and a soldier's tear, on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure, he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the Count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their feast; and to the worthy little Baron, whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The Baron de-

scended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone: the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The Baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The Baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall, gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The Baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled; and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion, that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

“I am sorry,” said the stranger, “to break in upon you thus unseasonably —”

Here the Baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain, so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the Baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride; he gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised; gave a shy glance

of inquiry on the stranger, and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The Baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favoured portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corslets, splintered jousting spears, and tattered banners, were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of the boar, grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched just over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard — for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her colour came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a side-long glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamoured. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The Baron told his best and longest

stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvellous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The Baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one: it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hochheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions: many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor but merry and broad-faced cousin of the Baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and strange as it may appear, even the Baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversation with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Louring clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gaiety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the Baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dreadful but true story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the Baron; and, as the story

drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until in the Baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The Baron was perfectly thunder-struck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? Why, everything was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously; "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the Baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties.

The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified — the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The Baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the Baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral.

"Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement —"

"Why," said the Baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute — I must attend it in person — I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral —"

"Ay," said the Baron, plucking up spirit, "but not till to-morrow — to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride — the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man — I have been slain by robbers — my

body lies at Wurtzburg — at midnight I am to be buried — the grave is waiting for me — I must keep my appointment !”

He sprung on his black charger, dashed over the draw-bridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The Baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some, that this might be the wild huntsman, famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the Baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young Count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The Baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stou'ly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him — and such a husband! if the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man? She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood she had

retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the Spectre Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth — that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain; for she dearly loved to talk of the marvellous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighbourhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning that the

young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty — the bed had not been slept in — the window was open, and the bird had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations-paused for a moment from the indefatigable labours of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability. for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well-authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor Baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The Baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and, falling at the Baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion — the Spectre Bridegroom! The Baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid,

and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for, in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young Count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the Baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the Baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth — had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window — had wooed — had won — had borne away in triumph — and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances the Baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven! he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The Baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving-kindness; he was so gallant, so generous — and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion, and passive obedience, should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in

not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood — and so the story ends.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Story of Hudusi.

MOST sublime pacha, allow me first to observe, that, although I have latterly adhered to my own opinions, I am not so intolerant as not to permit the same licence to others: I do not mean to say that there are not such things as facts in this world, nor to find fault with those who believe in them. I am told that there are, also such things as flying dragons, griffins and other wondrous animals; but surely it is quite sufficient for me, or any one else, to believe that these animals exist, when it may have been our fortune to see them; in the same manner, I am willing to believe in a fact, when it is cleared from the mists of doubt; but up to the present, I can safely say, that I seldom have fallen in with a fact, unaccompanied by *doubts*, and every year adds to my belief, that there are few genuine facts in existence. So interwoven in my frame is doubt, that I sometimes am unwilling to admit, as a fact, that I exist. I believe it to be the case, but I feel that I have no right to assert it, until I know what death is, and may from thence draw an inference, which may lead me to a just conclusion.

My name is Hudusi. Of my parents I can say little. My father asserted that he was the bravest janissary in the sultan's employ, and had greatly distinguished himself. He was always talking of Rustam, as being a fool compared to him; of the number of battles he had fought, and of the wounds which he had received in leading his corps on all desperate occasions; but as my father often bathed before me, and the only wound I could ever perceive was one in his rear, when he spoke of bravery, I *very much doubted the fact*.

An old mollah taught me to read and write, and repeat the

verses of the Koran — and I was as much advanced as any boy under his charge — but he disliked me very much for reasons which I never could understand, and was eternally giving me the slipper. He declared that I was a reprobate, an unbeliever, a son of Jehannum, who would be impaled before I was much older; but here I am, without a stake through my body, at the age of forty-five; and your highness must acknowledge that when he railed all this in my ears, I was justified in *very much doubting the fact*.

When I was grown up, my father wanted me to enrol myself in the corps of janissaries, and become a lion-killer like himself; I remonstrated, but in vain; he applied, and I was accepted, and received the mark on my arm, which constituted me a janissary. I put on the dress, swaggered and bullied with many other young men of my acquaintance, who were all ready, as they swore, to eat their enemies alive, and who curled their mustachios to prove the truth of what they said. We were dispatched to quell a rebellious pacha — we bore down upon his troops with a shout enough to frighten the devil, but the devil a bit were they frightened, they stood their ground; and as they would not run, we did, leaving those who were not so wise, to be cut to pieces. After this, when any of my companions talked of their bravery, or my father declared that he should be soon promoted to the rank of a Spahi, and that I was a lion's whelp, I *very much doubted the fact*.

The pasha held out much longer than was at first anticipated: indeed, so long as to cause no little degree of anxiety in the capital. More troops were dispatched to subdue him; and success not attending our efforts, the vizier, according to the custom, was under the disagreeable necessity of parting with his head, which was demanded because we turned tail. Indeed, it was to oblige us, that the sultan consented to deprive himself of the services of a very able man; for we surrounded the palace, and insisted that it was all his fault, but, considering our behaviour in the field of battle, your highness must admit that there was reason to *doubt the fact*.

We were again dispatched against this rebellious pacha, who sat upon the parapets of his strong hold, paying down thirty se-

quins for the head of every janissary brought to him by his own troops, and I am afraid a great deal of money was spent in that way. We fell into an ambuscade, and one half of the corps to which my father belonged were cut to pieces, before we could receive any assistance. At last the enemy retired. I looked for my father, and found him expiring; as before, he had received a wound on the wrong side, a spear having transfixed him between the shoulders. "Tell how I died like a brave man," said he, "and tell your mother that I am gone to paradise." From an intimate knowledge of my honoured father's character, in the qualities of thief, liar and coward, although I promised to deliver the message, *I very much doubted these facts.*

That your highness may understand how it was that I happened to be left alone, and alive on the field of battle, I must inform you, that I inherited a considerable portion of my father's courageous temper, and not much liking the snapping of the pistols in my face, I had thrown myself down on the ground, and had remained there very quietly, preferring to be trampled on, rather than interfere with what was going on above.

"By the sword of the prophet! there is one fact — you were a very great coward," observed the pacha.

"Among my other doubts, your highness, I certainly have some doubts as to my bravery."

"By the beard of the pacha, I have no doubts on the subject," observed Mustapha.

"Without attempting to defend my courage, may I observe to your highness, that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether the sultan or the pacha was victorious; and I did not much admire hard blows, without having an opportunity of putting a few sequins in my pocket. I never knew of any man, however brave he might be, who fought for love of fighting, or amusement; we all are trying in this world to get money; and that is, I believe, the secret spring of all our actions."

"Is that true, Mustapha?" inquired the pacha.

"May it please your sublime highness, if not the truth, it is not very far from it. Proceed, Hudusi."

The ideas which I have ventured to express before your sublime highness, were running in my mind, as I sat down among the dead and dying, and I thought how much better off were the pacha's soldiers than those of our sublime sultan, who had nothing but hard blows, while the pacha's soldiers received thirty sequins for the head of every one of our corps of janissaries; and one idea breeding another, I reflected that it would be very prudent, now that the pacha appeared to be gaining the advantage, to be on the right side. Having made up my mind upon this point, it then occurred to me, that I might as well get a few sequins by the exchange, and make my appearance before the pacha, with one or two of the heads of the janissaries, who were lying close to me. I therefore divested myself of whatever might give the idea of my belonging to the corps, took off the heads and rifled the pockets of three janissaries, and was about to depart, when I thought of my honoured father, and turned back to take a last farewell. It was cruel to part with a parent, and I could not make up my mind to part with him altogether, so I added his head, and the contents of his sash, to those of the other three, and smearing my face and person with blood, with my scimitar in my hand and the four heads tied up in a bundle, made my way for the pacha's stronghold; but the skirmishing was still going on outside of the walls, and I narrowly escaped a corps of janissaries, who would have recognised me. As it was, two of them followed me as I made for the gate of the fortress; and, encumbered as I was, I was forced to turn at bay. No man fights better then, and even a man who otherwise would not fight at all, will fight well, when he can't help it. I never was so brave in my life. I cut down one, and the other ran away, and this in the presence of the pacha, who was seated on the embrasure at the top of the wall; and thus I gained my entrance into the fort. I hastened to the pacha's presence, and laid at his feet the four heads. The pacha was so pleased at my extraordinary valour, that he threw me a purse of five hundred pieces of gold and ordered me to be promoted, asking me to what division of his troops I belonged. I replied, that I was a volunteer. I was made an officer, and thus did I find myself a rich man and a man of consequence by merely changing sides.

“That’s not quite so uncommon a method of getting on in the world as you may imagine,” observed Mustapha, dryly.

“Mustapha,” said the pacha, almost gasping, “all these are words, wind-bosh. By the fountains that play round the throne of Mahomet, but my throat feels as hot and as dry with this fellow’s doubts, as if it were paved with live cinders. I doubt whether we shall be able ever to moisten it again.”

“That doubt, your sublimity ought to resolve immediately. Hudusi, murakhas — my friend, you are dismissed.”

Hardly had the doubter gathered up his slippers, and backed out from the presence, when the pacha and his minister were, with an honest rivalry, endeavouring to remove at once their doubts and their thirst, and were so successful in their attempts, that they, in a short time, exchanged their state of dubiety into a very happy one of ebriety.

The next morning the pacha and his minister, after the business of the divan, with their heads aching from the doubts of Hudusi, or the means that they had taken to remove them, in not the best humour in the world listened to the continuation of them as follows.

I have heard it observed, continued Hudusi, that the sudden possession of gold will make a brave man cautious, and he who is not brave, still more dastardly than he was before. It certainly was the case with me; my five hundred pieces of gold had such an effect, that every thing in the shape of valour oozed out at my fingers’ end. I reflected again, and the result was, that I determined to have nothing more to do with the business, and that neither the sultan nor the pacha should be the better for my exertions. That night we made a sally, and as I was considered a prodigy of valour, I was one of those who were ordered to lead on my troop. I curled my mustachios, swore I would not leave a janissary alive, flourished my scimitar, marched out at the head of my troop, and then took to my heels, and in two days arrived safely at my mother’s house. As soon as I entered, I tore my turban, and threw dust upon my head, in honour of my father’s memory, and then sat down. My mother embraced me — we were alone.

“And your father? Is it for him that we are to mourn?”

“Yes,” replied I, “he was a lion, and he is in paradise.”

My mother commenced a bitter lamentation; but of a sudden recollecting herself, she said, “But, Hudusi, it’s no use tearing one’s hair and good clothes for nothing. Are you sure that your father is dead?”

“Quite sure,” replied I. “I saw him down.”

“But he may only be wounded,” replied my mother.

“Not so, my dearest mother, abandon all hope, for I saw his head off?”

“Are you sure it was his body that you saw with the head off?”

“Quite sure, dear mother, for I was a witness to its being cut off.”

“If that is the case,” replied my mother, “he can never come back again, that’s clear. Allah acbar — God is great. Then must we mourn.” And my mother ran out into the street before the door, shrieking and screaming, tearing her hair and her garments, so as to draw the attention and the sympathy of all her neighbours, who asked her what was the matter. “Ah! wahi, the head of my house is no more,” cried she, “my heart is all bitterness — my soul is dried up — my liver is but as water; ah! wahi, ah! wahi,” and she continued to weep and tear her hair, refusing all consolation. The neighbours came to her assistance; they talked to her, they reasoned with her, restrained her violence, and soothed her into quietness. They all declared that it was a heavy loss, but that a true believer had gone to paradise; and they all agreed that no woman’s conduct could be more exemplary, that no woman was ever more fond of her husband. I said nothing, but I must acknowledge that, from her previous conversation with me, and the quantity of pilau which she devoured that evening for her supper, *I very much doubted the fact.*

I did not remain long at home, as, although it was my duty to acquaint my mother with my father’s death, it was also my duty to appear to return to my corps. This I had resolved never more to do. I reflected that a life of quiet and ease was best suited to my disposition, and I resolved to join some religious sect. Before I quitted my mother’s roof I gave her thirty sequins, which she

was most thankful for, as she was in straitened circumstances. "Ah!" cried she, as she wrapped up the money carefully in a piece of rag, "if you could only have brought back your poor father's head, Hudusi!" I might have told her that she had just received what I had sold it for — but I thought it just as well to say nothing about it, so I embraced her and departed.

There was a sort of dervishes, who had taken up their quarters about seven miles from the village where my mother resided, and as they never remained long in one place, I hastened to join them. On my arrival, I requested to speak with their chief, and imagining that I was come with the request of prayers to be offered up on behalf of some wished-for object, I was admitted.

"Khoda shefa midehed — God gives relief," said the old man. "What wishest thou, my son? Khosh amedeed — you are welcome."

I stated my wish to enter into the sect, from a religious feeling, and requested that I might be permitted.

"Thou knowest not what thou askest, my son. Our's is a hard life, one of penitence, prostration, and prayer — our food is but of herbs and water of the spring; our rest is broken, and we know not where to lay our heads. Depart, yaha bibi, my friend, depart in peace."

"But, father," replied I (for to tell your highness the truth, notwithstanding the old man's assertions, as to their austerities of life, I *very much doubted the fact*), "I am prepared for all this, if necessary, and even more. I have brought my little wealth to the store, and contribute to the welfare of your holy band; and I must not be denied." I perceived that the old man's eyes twinkled at the bare mention of gold, and I drew from my sash five and twenty sequins, which I had separated from my hoard, with the intention of offering it. "See, holy father," continued I, "the offering which I would make."

"Barik Allah — praise be to God," exclaimed the dervish, "that he has sent us a true believer. The offering is accepted, but thou must not expect yet to enter into the austerities of our holy order. I have many disciples here, who wear the dress, and yet they are not as regular as good dervishes should be; but there is a

time for all things, and when their appetite to do wrong fails them, they will (Inshallah, please God), in all probability, become more holy and devout men. You are accepted." And the old man held out his hand for the money, which he clutched with eagerness, and hid away under his garment. "Ali," said he, to one of the dervishes who had stood at some distance during my audience, "this young man — what is your name — Hudusi — is admitted into our fraternity. Take him with thee, give him a dress of the order, and let him be initiated into our mysteries, first demanding from him the oath of secrecy. Murakhas, good Hudusi, you are dismissed."

I followed the dervish through a narrow passage, until we arrived at a door, at which he knocked; it was opened, and I passed through a courtyard, where I perceived several of the dervishes stretched on the ground in various postures, breathing heavily and insensible.

"These," said my conductor, "are holy men who are favoured by Allah. They are in a trance, and during that state, are visited by the Prophet, and are permitted to enter the eighth heaven, and see the glories prepared for true believers." I made no reply to his assertion, but as it was evident that they were all in a state of beastly intoxication, *I very much doubted the fact.*

I received my dress, took an oath of secrecy, and was introduced to my companions; whom I soon found to be a set of dissolute fellows, indulging in every vice, and laughing at every virtue; living in idleness, and by the contributions made to them by the people, who firmly believed in their pretended sanctity. The old man, with the white beard, who was their chief, was the only one who did not indulge in debauchery. He had outlived his appetite for the vices of youth, and fallen into the vice of age — a love for money, which was insatiable. I must acknowledge that the company and mode of living were more to my satisfaction than the vigils, hard fare, and constant prayer, with which the old man had threatened me, when I proposed to enter the community, and I soon became an adept in dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a great favourite with my brethren.

I ought to have observed to your sublimity, that the sect of

dervishes, of which I had become a member, were then designated by the name of *howling* dervishes; all our religion consisted in howling like jackalls or hyenas, with all our might, until we fell down in real or pretended convulsions. My howl was considered as the most appalling and unearthly that was ever heard, and, of course, my sanctity was increased in proportion. We were on our way to Scutari, where was our real place of residence, and only lodged here and there on our journey to fleece those who were piously disposed. I had not joined more than ten days when they continued their route, and after a week of very profitable travelling, passed through Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and regained their place of domiciliation, and were received with great joy by the inhabitants, to whom the old chief and many others of our troop were well known.

Your sublime highness must be aware that the dervishes are not only consulted by, but often become the bankers of, the inhabitants, who entrust them with the care of their money. My old chief (whose name I should have mentioned before was Ulu-bibi) held large sums in trust for many of the people with whom he was acquainted; but avarice inducing him to lend the money out on usury, it was very difficult to recover it when it was desired, although it was always religiously paid back. I had not been many months at Scutari, before I found myself in high favour, from my superior howling and the duration of my convulsions. But during this state, which by habit soon became spasmodic, continuing until the vital functions were almost extinct, the mind was as active as ever, and I lay immersed in a sea of doubt which was most painful. In my state of exhaustion I doubted every thing. I doubted if my convulsions were convulsions or only feigned; I doubted if I was asleep or awake; I doubted whether I was in a trance, or in another world, or dead, or — —

“Friend Hudusi,” interrupted Mustapha, “we want the facts of your story, and not your doubts. Say I not well, your highness? What is all this but bosh-nothing?”

“It is well said,” replied the pacha.

“Sometimes I had thought that I had seized possession of a fact, but it slipped through my fingers like the tail of an eel.”

“Let us have the facts which did not escape thee, friend, and let the mists of doubt be cleared away before the glory of the pacha,” replied Mustapha.

One day I was sitting in the warmth of the sun, by the tomb of a true believer, when an old woman accosted me. “You are welcome,” said I.

“Is your humour good?” said she.

“It is good,” replied I.

She sat down by me, and after a quarter of an hour she continued. “God is great,” said she.

“And Mahomet is his prophet,” replied I. “In the name of Allah, what do you wish?”

“Where is the holy man? I have money to give into his charge. May I not see him?”

“He is at his devotions — but what is that? Am not I the same? Do I not watch when he prayeth — Inshallah — please God, we are the same. Give me the bag.”

“Here it is,” said she, pulling out the money; “seven hundred sequins, my daughter’s marriage portion; but there are bad men who steal, and there are good men whom we can trust. Say I not well?”

“It is well said,” replied I, “and God is great.”

“You will find the money right,” said she. „Count it.”

I counted it, and returned it into the goat’s-skin bag. “It is all right, Leave me, woman, for I must go in.”

The old woman left me, returning thanks to Allah that her money was safe, but from certain ideas running in my mind, I very much doubted the fact. I sat down full of doubt. I doubted if the old woman had come honestly by the money; and whether I should give it to the head-dervish. I doubted whether I ought to retain it for myself, and whether I might not come to mischief. I also had my doubts —

“I have no doubt,” interrupted Mustapha, “but that you kept it for yourself. Say — is it not so?”

Even so did my doubts resolve into that fact. I settled it in my mind, that seven hundred sequins, added to about four hundred still in my possession, would last some time, and that I was tired

of the life of a howling dervish. I therefore set up one last long final howl, to let my senior know that I was present, and then immediately became absent. I hastened to the bazaar, and purchasing here and there — at one place a vest, at another a shawl, and at another a turban — I threw off my dress of a dervish, hastened to the bath, and after a few minutes under the barber, came out like a butterfly from its dark shell. No one would have recognised in the spruce young Turk, the filthy dervish. I hastened to Constantinople, where I lived gaily, and spent my money; but I found that to mix in the world, it is necessary not only to have an attaghan, but also to have the courage to use it; and in several broils which took place, from my too frequent use of the water of the Giaour, I invariably proved, that although my voice was that of a lion, my heart was but as water, and the finger of contempt was but too often pointed at the beard of pretence. One evening, as I was escaping from a coffee-house, after having drawn my attaghan, without having the courage to face my adversary, I received a blow from his weapon which cleft my turban, and cut deeply into my head. I flew through the streets upon the wings of fear, and at last ran against an unknown object, which I knocked down, and then fell alongside of, rolling with it in the mud. I recovered myself, and looking at it, found it to be alive, and, in the excess of my alarm, I imagined it to be Shitan himself; but if not the devil himself, it was one of the sons of Shitan, for it was an unbeliever, a Giaour, a dog to spit upon; in short, it was a Frank Hakim — so renowned for curing all diseases, that it was said he was assisted by the devil.

“Lahnet be shitan! Curses on the devil,” said Mustapha, taking his pipe out of his mouth and spitting.

“Wallah Thaib! It is well said,” replied the pacha.

I was so convinced that it was nothing of this world, that, as soon as I could recover my legs, I made a blow at him with my attaghan, fully expecting that he would disappear in a flame of fire at the touch of a true believer; but on the contrary, he had also recovered his legs, and with a large cane with a gold top on it, he parried my cut, and then saluted me with such a blow on my head, that I again fell down in the mud, quite insensible. When I re-

covered, I found myself on a mat in an out-house, and attended by my opponent, who was plastering up my head. "It is nothing," said he, as he bound up my head; but I suffered so much pain, and felt so weak with loss of blood, that in spite of his assertions, I *very much doubted the fact*. Shall I describe this son of Jehannum? And when I do so, will not your highness doubt the fact? Be chesm, upon my head be it, if I lie. He was less than a man, for he had no beard; he had no turban, but a piece of net work, covered with the hair of other men in their tombs, which he sprinkled with the flour from the bakers, every morning, to feed his brain. He wore round his neck a piece of linen, tight as a bow-string, to prevent his head being taken off by any devout true believer, as he walked through the street. His dress was of the colour of hell, black, and bound closely to his body, yet must he have been a great man in his own country, for he was evidently a pacha of two tails, which were hanging behind him. He was a dreadful man to look upon, and feared nothing; he walked into the house of pestilence — he handled those whom Allah had visited with the plague — he went to the bed, and the sick rose and walked. He warred with destiny; and no man could say what was his fate until the Hakim had decided. He held in his hand the key of the portal, which opened into the regions of death; and — what can I say more? he said live, and the believer lived; he said die, and the houris received him into paradise.

"A yesedi! a worshipper of the devil," exclaimed Mustapha.

"May he and his father's grave be eternally defiled!" responded the pacha.

I remained a fortnight under the Hakim's hands before I was well enough to walk about: and when I had reflected, I doubted whether it would not be wiser to embrace a more peaceful profession. The Hakim spoke our language well, and one day said to me, "Thou art more fit to cure than to give wounds. Thou shalt assist me, for he who is now with me will not remain." I consented, and putting on a more peaceful garb, continued many months with the Frank physician, travelling every where, but seldom remaining long in one place; he followed disease instead of flying from it, and I had my doubts whether, from constant

attendance upon the dying, I might not die myself, and I resolved to quit him the first favourable opportunity. I had already learnt many wonderful things from him; that blood was necessary to life, and that without breath a man would die, and that white powders cured fevers, and black drops stopped the dysentery. At last we arrived in this town, and the other day, as I was pounding the drug of reflection in the mortar of patience, the physician desired me to bring his lancets, and to follow him. I paced through the streets behind the learned Hakim, until we arrived at a mean house, in an obscure quarter of this grand city, over which your highness reigns in justice. An old woman, full of lamentation, led us to the sick couch, where lay a creature, beautiful in shape as a houri. The Frank physician was desired by the old woman to feel her pulse through the curtain, but he laughed at her beard (for she had no small one), and drew aside the curtains and took hold of a hand so small and so delicate, that it were only fit to feed the prophet himself, near the throne of the angel Gabriel, with the immortal pilau prepared for true believers. Her face was covered, and the Frank desired the veil to be removed. The old woman refused, and he turned on his heel to leave her to the assaults of death. The old woman's love for her child conquered her religious scruples, and she consented that her daughter should unveil to an unbeliever. I was in ecstasy at her charms, and could have asked her for a wife; but the Frank only asked to see her tongue. Having looked at it, he turned away with as much indifference as if it had been a dying dog. He desired me to bind up her arm, and took away a bason full of her golden blood, and then put a white powder into the hands of the old woman, saying that he would see her again. I held out my hand for the gold, but there was none forthcoming.

“We are poor,” cried the old woman, to the Hakim, but “God is great.”

“I do not want your money, good woman,” replied he; “I will cure your daughter.” Then he went to the bed-side and spoke comfort to the sick girl, telling her to be of good courage, and all would be well.

The girl answered in a voice sweeter than a nightingale's that

she had but thanks to offer in return, and prayers to the Most High. "Yes," said the old woman, raising her voice, "a scoundrel of a howling dervish robbed me at Scutari of all I had for my subsistence, and of my daughter's portion, seven hundred sequins, in a goat's-skin bag!" and then she began to curse. May the dogs of the city howl at her ugliness! How she did curse! She cursed my father and mother — she cursed their graves — flung dirt upon my brothers and sisters, and filth upon the whole generation. She gave me up to Jehanum, and to every species of defilement. It was a dreadful thing to hear that old woman curse. I pulled my turban over my eyes, that she might not recognise me, and lifted up my garment to cover my face, that I might not be defiled with the shower of curses which were thrown at me like mud, and sat there watching till the storm was over. Unfortunately, in lifting up my garment, I exposed to the view of the old hag the cursed goat's-skin bag, which hung at my girdle, and contained not only her money, but the remainder of my own. "Mashallah — how wonderful is God!" screamed the old beldame, flying at me like a tigress, and clutching the bag from my girdle. Having secured that, she darted at me with her ten nails, and scored down my face, which I had so unfortunately covered in the first instance, and so unfortunately uncovered in the second. What shall I say more? The neighbours came in — I was hurried before the *cadi*, in company with the old woman and the Frank physician. The money and bag were taken from me — I was dismissed by the *Hakim*, and after receiving one hundred blows from the *ferashes*, I was dismissed by the *cadi*. It was my fate — and I have told my story. Is your slave dismissed?

"No," replied the pacha; "by our beard, we must see to this, Mustapha; say, Hudusi, what was the decision of the *cadi*? Our ears are open."

"The *cadi* decided as follows: — That I had stolen the money, and therefore I was punished with the *bastinado*; but, as the old woman stated the bag contained seven hundred sequins, and there were found in it upwards of eleven hundred, that the money could not belong to her. He therefore retained it until he could find the right owner. The physician was fined fifty sequins for looking at

a Turkish woman, and fifty more for shrugging up his shoulders. The girl was ordered into the cadi's harem, because she had lost her dowry; and the old woman was sent about her business. All present declared that the sentence was wisdom itself; but, for my part, *I very much doubted the fact.*"

"Mustapha," said the pacha, "send for the cadi, the Frank physician, the old woman, the girl, and the goat's-skin bag; we must examine into this affair."

The officers were dispatched, and in less than an hour, during which the pacha and his vizier smoked in silence, the cadi with the others made their appearance.

"May your highness's shadow never be less!" said the cadi, as he entered.

"Mobarek! may you be fortunate!" replied the pacha. "What is this we hear, cadi? there is a goat's-skin bag, and a girl, that are not known to our justice. Are there secrets like those hid in the well of Kashan — speak! what dirt have you been eating?"

"What shall I say?" replied the cadi; "I am but as dirt; the money is here, and the girl is here. Is the pacha to be troubled with every woman's noise, or am I come before him with a piece or two of gold — Min Allah — God forbid! Have I not here the money, and *seven more purses*? Was not the girl visited by the angel of death; and could she appear before your presence lean as a dog in the bazaar? Is she not here? Have I spoken well?"

"It is well said, cadi. Murakhas — you are dismissed."

The Frank physician was then fined one hundred sequins more; fifty for feeling the pulse, and fifty more for looking at a Turkish woman's tongue. The young woman was dismissed to the pacha's harem, the old woman to curse as much as she pleased, and Hudusi with full permission to *doubt* any thing but the justice of the pacha.

MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Eugene Aram's Confession and Fate.

"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages long ago betid:
 And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
 Tell them the lamentable fall of me."

Richard II.

"I was born at Ramshill, a little village in Netherdale. My family had originally been of some rank; they were formerly lords of the town of Aram, on the southern banks of the Tees. But time had humbled these pretensions to consideration; though they were still fondly cherished by the heritors of an ancient name, and idle but haughty recollections. My father resided on a small farm, and was especially skilful in horticulture, a taste I derived from him. When I was about thirteen, the deep and intense Passion that has made the Demon of my life, first stirred palpably within me. I had always been, from my cradle, of a solitary disposition, and inclined to reverie and musing; these traits of character heralded the love that now seized me — the love of knowledge. Opportunity or accident first directed my attention to the abstruser sciences. I poured my soul over that noble study, which is the best foundation of all true discovery; and the success I met with soon turned my pursuits into more alluring channels. History, poetry, the mastery of the past, the spell that admits us into the visionary world, took the place which lines and numbers had done before. I became gradually more and more rapt and solitary in my habits; knowledge assumed a yet more lovely and bewitching character, and every day the passion to attain it increased upon me; I do not, I have not now the heart to do it — enlarge upon what I acquired without assistance, and with labour sweet in proportion to its intensity. The world, the creation, all things that lived, moved, and were, became to me objects contributing to one passionate, and, I fancied, one exalted end. I suffered the lowlier pleasures of life, and the charms of its more common ties, to glide away from me untasted and unfelt. As you read, in the East, of men remaining motion-

less for days together, with their eyes fixed upon the heavens, my mind, absorbed in the contemplation of the things above its reach, had no sight of what passed around. My parents died, and I was an orphan. I had no home, and no wealth; but wherever the field contained a flower, or the heavens a star, there was matter of thought and food for delight to me. I wandered alone for months together, seldom sleeping but in the open air, and shunning the human form as that part of God's works from which I could learn the least. I came to Knaresbro': the beauty of the country, a facility in acquiring books from a neighbouring library that was open to me, made me resolve to settle there. And now, new desires opened upon me with new stores: I became seized, possessed, haunted with the ambition of enlightening my race. At first, I had loved knowledge solely for itself: I now saw afar an object grander than knowledge. To what end, said I, are these labours? Why do I feed a lamp which consumes itself in a desert place? Why do I heap up riches, without asking who shall gather them? I was restless and discontented. What could I do? I was friendless; I was strange to my kind; I was shut out from all uses by the wall of my own poverty. I saw my desires checked when their aim was at the highest: all that was proud, and aspiring, and ardent in my nature, was cramped and chilled. I exhausted the learning within my reach. Where, with my appetite excited not slaked, was I, destitute and penniless, to search for more? My abilities, by bowing them to the lowliest tasks, but kept me from famine: — was this to be my lot for ever? And all the while, I was thus grinding down my soul in order to satisfy the vile physical wants, what golden hours, what glorious advantages, what openings into new heavens of science, what chances of illumining mankind were for ever lost to me! Sometimes when the young, whom I taught some elementary, all-unheeded, initiations into knowledge, came around me; when they looked me in the face with their laughing eyes; when, for they all loved me, they told me their little pleasures and their petty sorrows, I have wished that I could have gone back again into childhood, and becoming as one of them, enter into that heaven of quiet which was denied me now. Yet more often it was with an indignant and chafed rather than a sorrowful spirit

that I looked upon my lot; and if I looked beyond it, what could I see of hope? Dig I could; but was all that thirsted and swelled within to be dried up and stifled, in order that I might gain the sustenance of life? Was I to turn menial to the soil, and forget that knowledge was abroad? Was I to starve my mind, that I might keep alive my body? Beg I could not. Where ever lived the real student, the true minister and priest of knowledge, who was not filled with the lofty sense of the dignity of his calling? Was I to show the sores of my pride, and strip my heart from its clothing, and ask the dull fools of wealth not to let a scholar starve? Pah! He whom the vilest poverty ever stooped to this, may be the quack, but never the true disciple, of learning. Steal, rob — worse — ay, all those I or any of my brethren might do: — beg? never! What did I then? I devoted the lowliest part of my knowledge to the procuring the bare means of life, and the grandest, — the knowledge that pierced to the depths of earth, and numbered the stars of heaven — why, that was valueless, save to the possessor.

“In Knaresbro’, at this time, I met a distant relation, Richard Houseman. Sometimes in our walks we encountered each other; for he sought me, and I could not always avoid him. He was a man like myself, born to poverty, yet he had always enjoyed what to him was wealth. This seemed a mystery to me; and when we met, we sometimes conversed upon it. ‘You are poor, with all your wisdom,’ said he. ‘I know nothing; but I am never poor. Why is this? The world is my treasury. — I live upon my kind. — Society is my foe. — Laws order me to starve; but self-preservation is an instinct more sacred than society, and more imperious than laws.’

“The undisguised and bold manner of his discourse impressed while it revolted me. I looked upon him as a study, and I combated, in order to learn, him. He had been a soldier — he had seen the greatest part of Europe — he possessed a strong shrewd sense — he was a villain — but a villain bold — adroit — and not then thoroughly unredeemed. His conversation created dark and perturbed reflections. What was that state of society — was it not at war with its own elements — in which vice prospered more than virtue? Knowledge was my dream, that dream I might realize,

not by patient suffering, but by active daring. I might wrest from society, to which I owed nothing, the means to be wise and great. Was it not better and nobler to do this, even at my life's hazard, than lie down in a ditch and die the dog's death? Was it not better than such a doom — ay better for mankind — that I should commit one bold wrong, and by that wrong purchase the power of good? I asked myself that question. It is a fearful question; it opens a labyrinth of reasonings, in which the soul may walk and lose itself for ever.

“One day Houseman met me, accompanied by a stranger who had just visited our town, for what purpose you know already. His name — supposed name — was Clarke. Man, I am about to speak plainly of that stranger — his character and his fate. And yet — yet you are his son! I would fain soften the colouring; but I speak truth of myself, and I must not, unless I would blacken my name yet deeper than it deserves, varnish truth when I speak of others. Houseman joined, and presented to me this person. From the first I felt a dislike creep through me at the stranger, which indeed it was easy to account for. He was of a careless and somewhat insolent manner. His countenance was impressed with the lines and character of a thousand vices: you read in the brow and eye the history of a sordid yet reckless life. His conversation was repellent to me beyond expression. He uttered the meanest sentiments, and he chuckled over them as the maxims of a superior sagacity; he avowed himself a knave upon system, and upon the lowest scale. To over-reach, to deceive, to elude, to shuffle, to fawn, and to lie, were the arts that he confessed to with so naked and cold a grossness, that one perceived that in the long habits of debasement he was unconscious of what was not debased. Houseman seemed to draw him out: he told us anecdotes of his rascality, and the distresses to which it had brought him, and he finished by saying: ‘Yet you see me now almost rich, and wholly contented. I have always been the luckiest of human beings; no matter what ill chances to-day, good turns up to-morrow. I confess that I bring on myself the ill, and Providence sends me the good.’ We met accidentally more than once, and his conversation was always of the same strain — his luck and his rascality: he had no other theme,

and no other boast. And did not this stir into gloomy speculation the depths of my mind? Was it not an ordination that called upon men to take fortune in their own hands, when Fate lavished her rewards on this low and creeping thing, that could only enter even Vice by its sewers and alleys? Was it worth while to be virtuous, and look on, while the bad seized upon the feast of life? This man was instinct with the basest passions, the pettiest desires: he gratified them, and Fate smiled upon his daring. I, who had shut out from my heart the poor temptations of sense — I, who fed only the most glorious visions, the most august desires — I, denied myself their fruition, trembling and spell-bound in the cerements of human laws, without hope, without reward, — losing the very powers of virtue because I would not stray into crime.

“These thoughts fell on me darkly and rapidly; but they led to no result. I saw nothing beyond them. I suffered my indignation to gnaw my heart; and preserved the same calm and serene demeanour which had grown with my growth of mind. Nay, while I upbraided Fate, I did not cease to love mankind. I envied — what? the power to serve them! I had been kind and loving to all things from a boy; there was not a dumb animal that would not single me from a crowd as its protector,* and yet I was doomed — but I must not premeditate my tale. In returning, at night, to my own home, from my long and solitary walks, I often passed the house in which Clarke lodged; and sometimes I met him reeling by the door, insulting all who passed; and yet their resentment was absorbed in their disgust. ‘And this loathsome, and groveling thing,’ said I, inwardly, ‘squanders on low excesses, wastes upon outrages to society, that with which I could make my soul as a burning lamp, that should shed a light over the world!’

* All the authentic anecdotes of Aram corroborate the fact of his natural gentleness to all things. A clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Hinton) said, that he used frequently to observe Aram, when walking in the garden, stoop down to remove a snail or worm from the path, to prevent its being destroyed. Mr. Hinton ingeniously conjectured that Aram wished to atone for his crime by showing mercy to every animal and insect: but the fact is, that there are several anecdotes to show that he was equally humane *before* the crime was committed. Such are the strange contractions of the human heart!

“There was that in this man’s vices which revolted me far more than the villany of Houseman. The latter had possessed no advantages of education; he descended to no minutiae of sin; he was a plain, blunt, coarse wretch, and his sense threw something respectable around his vices. But in Clarke you saw the traces of happier opportunities of better education; it was in him not the coarseness of manner so much as the sickening, universal canker of vulgarity of mind. Had Houseman money in his purse, he would have paid a debt and relieved a friend from mere indifference; not so the other. Had he been overflowing with wealth, he would have slipped from a creditor, and duped a friend; there was a pitiful and debasing weakness in his nature, which made him regard the lowest meanness as the subtlest wit. His mind too was not only degraded, but broken by his habits of life; a strange, idiotic folly, that made him love laughing at his own littleness, ran through his character. Houseman was young, he might amend; but Clarke had grey hairs and dim eyes; was old in constitution, if not years; and every thing in him was hopeless and confirmed; the leprosy was in the system. Time, in this, has made Houseman what Clarke was then.

“One day, in passing through the street, though it was broad noon, I encountered Clarke in a state of intoxication, and talking to a crowd he had collected around him. I sought to pass in an opposite direction; he would not suffer me; he, whom I sickened to touch, to see, threw himself in my way, and affected gibe and insult, nay even threat. But when he came near, he shrank before the mere glance of my eye, and I passed on unheeding him. The insult galled me; he had taunted my poverty, poverty was a favourite jest with him; it galled me; anger, revenge, no! *those* passions I had never felt for any man. I could not rouse them for the first time for such a cause; yet I was lowered in my own eyes, I was stung. Poverty! *he* taunt *me*! He dream himself, on account of a little yellow dust, *my* superior! I wandered from the town, and paused by the winding and shagged banks of the river. It was a gloomy winter’s day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All

around seemed to frown upon my lot. I read in the face of heaven and earth a confirmation of the curse which man hath set upon poverty. I leant against a tree that overhung the waters, and suffered my thoughts to glide on in the bitter silence of their course. I heard my name uttered — I felt a hand on my arm, I turned, and Houseman was by my side.

“ ‘What, moralizing?’ said he, with his rude smile.

“ ‘I did not answer him.

“ ‘Look,’ said he, pointing to the waters, ‘where yonder fish lies awaiting his prey, that prey his kind. Come, you have read Nature, is it not so universally?’

“ ‘I did not answer him.

“ ‘They who do not as the rest,’ he renewed, ‘fulfil not the object of their existence; they seek to be wiser than their tribe, and are fools for their pains. Is it not so? I am a plain man, and would learn.’

“ ‘Still I did not answer.

“ ‘You are silent,’ said he; ‘do I offend you?’

“ ‘No!’

“ ‘Now, then,’ he continued, ‘strange as it may seem, we, so different in mind, are at this moment alike in fortunes. I have not a guinea in the wide world; you perhaps, are equally destitute. But mark the difference, I, the ignorant man, ere three days have passed, will have filled my purse; you, the wise man, will be still as poor. Come, cast away your wisdom, and do as I do.’

“ ‘How?’

“ ‘Take from the superfluities of others what your necessities crave. My horse, my pistol, a ready hand, a stout heart, these are to me, what coffers are to others. There is the chance of detection and of death; I allow it. But is not this chance better than some certainties?’

“ ‘I turned away my face. In the silence of my chamber, and in the solitude of my heart, I had thought, as the robber spoke — there was a strife within me.

“ ‘Will you share the danger and the booty?’ renewed Houseman, in a low voice.

“I turned my eyes upon him. ‘Speak out,’ said I; ‘explain your purpose!’

“Houseman’s looks brightened.

“‘Listen!’ said he; ‘Clarke, despite his present wealth lawfully gained, is about to purloin more; he has converted his legacy into jewels; he has borrowed other jewels on false pretences; he purposes to make these also his own, and to leave the town in the dead of night; he has confided to me his intention, and asked my aid. He and I, be it known to you, were friends of old; we have shared together other dangers, and other spoils; he has asked my assistance in his flight. Now do you learn my purpose? Let us ease him of his burden! I offer to you the half; share the enterprise and its fruits.’

“I rose, I walked away, I pressed my hands on my heart; I wished to silence the voice that whispered me within. Houseman saw the conflict; he followed me; he named the value of the prize he proposed to gain; that which he called my share placed all my wishes within my reach! — the means of gratifying the one passion of my soul, the food for knowledge, the power of a lone blessed independence upon myself, — and all were in my grasp; no repeated acts of fraud; no continuation of sin, one single act sufficed! I breathed heavily, but I threw not off the emotion that seized my soul; I shut my eyes and shuddered, but the vision still rose before me.

“‘Give me your hand,’ said Houseman.*

“‘No, no,’ I said, breaking away from him. ‘I must pause — I must consider — I do not yet refuse, but I will not now decide.’ —

“Houseman pressed, but I persevered in my determination: — he would have threatened me, but my nature was haughtier than his, and I subdued him. It was agreed that he should seek me that night and learn my choice — the next night was the one on which the deed was to be done. We parted — I returned an

* Though, in the above part of Aram’s confession, it would seem as if Houseman did not allude to more than the robbery of Clarke, it is evident from what follows, that the more heinous crime also was then at least hinted at by Houseman.

altered man to my home. Fate had woven her mesh around me — a new incident had occurred which strengthened the web: there was a poor girl whom I had been accustomed to see in my walks. She supported her family by her dexterity in making lace, — a quiet, patient-looking, gentle creature. Clarke had, a few days since, under pretence of purchasing lace, decoyed her to his house (when all but himself were from home), where he used the most brutal violence towards her. The extreme poverty of the parents had enabled him easily to persuade them to hush up the matter, but something of the story got abroad; the poor girl was marked out for that gossip and scandal, which among the very lowest classes are as coarse in the expression as malignant in the sentiment; and in the paroxysm of shame and despair, the unfortunate girl had that day destroyed herself. This melancholy event wrung forth from the parents the real story: the event and the story reached my ears in the very hour in which my mind was wavering to and fro. Can you wonder that they fixed it at once, and to a dread end? What was this wretch? aged with vice — forestalling time — tottering on to a dishonoured grave — soiling all that he touched on his way — with grey hairs and filthy lewdness, the rottenness of the heart, not its passion, a nuisance and a curse to the world. What was the deed — that I should rid the earth of a thing at once base and venomous? Was it crime? Was it justice? Within myself I felt the will — the spirit that might bless mankind. I lacked the means to accomplish the will and wing the spirit. One deed supplied me with the means. Had the victim of that deed been a man moderately good — pursuing with even steps the narrow line between vice and virtue — blessing none, but offending none — it might have been yet a question whether mankind would not gain more by the deed than lose. But here was one whose steps stumbled on no good act — whose heart beat to no generous emotion; — there was a blot — a foulness on creation — nothing but death could wash it out and leave the world fair. The soldier receives his pay, and murders, and sleeps sound, and men applaud. But you say he smites not for pay, but glory. Granted — though a sophism. But was there no glory to be gained in fields more magnificent than those of war — no glory to be

gained in the knowledge which saves and not destroys? Was I not about to strike for that glory, for the means of earning it? Nay, suppose the soldier struck for patriotism, a better feeling than glory, would not my motive be yet larger than patriotism? Did it not body forth a broader circle? Could the world stop the bound of its utilities? Was there a corner of the earth — was there a period in time, which an ardent soul, freed from, not chained as now, by the cares of the body, and given wholly up to wisdom, might not pierce, vivify, illumine? Such were the questions which I asked: — time only answered them.

“Houseman came, punctual to our dark appointment. I gave him my hand in silence. We understood each other. We said no more of the deed itself, but of the manner in which it should be done. The melancholy incident I have described made Clarke yet more eager to leave the town. He had settled with Houseman that he would abscond that very night, not wait for the next, as at first he had intended. His jewels and property were put in a small compass. He had arranged that he would, towards midnight or later, quit his lodging; and about a mile from the town, Houseman had engaged to have a chaise in readiness. For this service Clarke had promised Houseman a reward, with which the latter appeared contented. It was arranged that I should meet Houseman and Clarke at a certain spot in their way from the town, and there —! Houseman appeared at first fearful, lest I should relent and waver in my purpose. It is never so with men whose thoughts are deep and strong. To resolve was the arduous step — once resolved, and I cast not a look behind. Houseman left me for the present. I could not rest in my chamber. I went forth and walked about the town; the night deepened — I saw the lights in each house withdrawn, one by one, and at length all was hushed — Silence and Sleep kept court over the abodes of men. That stillness — that quiet — that sabbath from care and toil, — how deeply it sank into my heart! Nature never seemed to me to make so dread a pause. I felt as if I and my intended victim had been left alone in the world. I had wrapped myself above fear into a high and preternatural madness of mind. *I looked on the deed I was about to commit as a great and solemn sacrifice to Knowledge, whose*

Priest I was. The very silence breathed to me of a stern and awful sanctity — the repose, not of the charnel-house, but the altar. I heard the clock strike hour after hour, but I neither faltered nor grew impatient. My mind lay hushed in its design.

“The moon came out, but with a pale and sickly countenance. Winter was around the earth; the snow, which had been falling towards eve, lay deep upon the ground; and the frost seemed to lock the Universal Nature into the same calm and deadness which had taken possession of my soul.

“Houseman was to have come to me at midnight, just before Clarke left his house, but it was nearly two hours after that time ere he arrived. I was then walking to and fro before my own door; I saw that he was not alone, but with Clarke. ‘Ha!’ said he, ‘this is fortunate, I see you are just going home. You were engaged, I recollect, at some distance from the town, and have, I suppose, just returned. Will you admit Mr. Clarke and myself for a short time — for to tell you the truth,’ said he, in a lower voice — ‘the watchman is about, and we must not be seen by him! I have told Clarke that he may trust you, *we* are relatives.’

“Clarke, who seemed strangely credulous, and indifferent, considering the character of his associate, — but those whom fate destroys she first blinds — made the same request in a careless tone, assigning the same cause. Unwillingly, I opened the door and admitted them. We went up to my chamber. Clarke spoke with the utmost unconcern of the fraud he purposed, and with a heartlessness that made my veins boil, of the poor victim his brutality had destroyed. All this was as iron bands round my purpose. They stayed for nearly an hour, for the watchman remained some time in that beat — and then Houseman asked me to accompany them a little way out of the town. Clarke seconded the request. We walked forth; the rest — why need I repeat? Houseman lied in the court; my hand struck — but not the *death*-blow; yet, from that hour, I have never given that right hand in pledge of love or friendship — the curse of memory has clung to it.

“We shared our booty; mine I buried, for the present. Houseman had dealings with a gipsy hag, and through her aid removed his share, at once, to London. And now, mark what poor

strugglers we are in the eternal web of destiny! Three days after that deed, a relation, who neglected me in life, died, and left me wealth! — wealth at least to me! — Wealth, greater than that for which I had! The news fell on me as a thunderbolt. Had I waited but three little days! Great God! when they told me, — I thought I heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom! Tell me not now of our free will — we are but the things of a never-swerving, an everlasting Necessity! — pre-ordered to our doom — bound to a wheel that whirls us on till it touches the point at which we are crushed! Had I waited but three days, three little days! — Had but a dream been sent me, had but my heart cried within me, — ‘Thou hast suffered long, tarry yet!’ No, it was for this, for the guilt and its penance, for the wasted life and the shameful death — with all my thirst for good, my dreams of glory — that I was born, that I was marked from my first sleep in the cradle!

“The disappearance of Clarke of course created great excitement; — those whom he had over-reached had naturally an interest in discovering him. Some vague surmises that he might have been made away with, were rumoured abroad. Houseman and I, owing to some concurrence of circumstance, were examined, not that suspicion attached to me before or after the examination. That ceremony ended in nothing. Houseman did not betray himself; and I, who from a boy had mastered my passions, could master also the nerves, which are the passions’ puppets: but I read in the face of the woman with whom I lodged, that I was suspected. Houseman told me that she had openly expressed her suspicion to him; nay, he entertained some design against her life, which he naturally abandoned on quitting the town. This he did soon afterwards. I did not linger long behind him. I dug up my jewels, — I concealed them about me, and departed on foot to Scotland. There I converted my booty into money. And now I was above want — was I at rest? Not yet. I felt urged on to wander — Cain’s curse descends to Cain’s children. I travelled for some considerable time — I saw men and cities, and I opened a new volume in my kind. It was strange; but before the deed, I was as a child in the ways of the world, and a child, despite my knowledge, might have

duped me. The moment after it, a light broke upon me — it seemed as if my eyes were touched with a charm, and rendered capable of piercing the hearts of men! Yes, it *was* a charm — a new charm — it was Suspicion! I now practised myself in the use of arms, — they made my sole companions. Peaceful, as I seemed to the world, I felt there was that eternally within me with which the world was at war.

“I do not deceive you. I did not feel what men call remorse! Having once convinced myself that I had removed from the earth a thing that injured and soiled its tribe, — that I had in crushing one worthless life, but without crushing one virtue — one feeling — one thought that could benefit others, strode to a glorious end; — having once convinced myself of this, I was not weak enough to feel a vague remorse for a deed I would not allow, in *my* case, to be a crime. I did not feel remorse, but I felt regret. The thought that had I waited three days I might have been saved, not from guilt, but from the chance of shame — from the degradation of sinking to Houseman's equal — of feeling that man had the power to hurt me — that I was no longer above the reach of human malice, or human curiosity — that I was made a slave to my own secret — that I was no longer lord of my heart, to show or to conceal it — that at any hour, in the possession of honours, by the hearth of love, I might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer — that I held my life, my reputation, at the breath of accident — that in the moment I least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim; — this could I feel — all this — and not make a spectre of the past: — a spectre that walked by my side — that slept at my bed — that rose from my books — that glided between me and the stars of heaven — that stole along the flowers, and withered their sweet breath that whispered in my ear, ‘Toil, fool, and be wise; the gift of wisdom is to place us above the reach of fortune, but *thou* art her veriest minion!’ Yes; I paused at last from my wanderings, and surrounded myself with books, and knowledge became once more to me what it had been, a thirst; but not what it had been, a reward. I occupied my thoughts — I laid up new hoards within my mind — I looked around, and I saw few whose stores were like my own, — but

where, with the passion for wisdom still alive within me — where was that once more ardent desire which had cheated me across so dark a chasm between youth and manhood — between past and present life — the desire of applying that wisdom to the service of mankind? Gone — dead — buried for ever in my bosom, with the thousand dreams that had perished before it! When the deed was done, mankind seemed suddenly to have grown my foes. I looked upon them with other eyes. I knew that I carried within, that secret which, if bared to day, would make them loath and hate me, — yea, though I coined my future life into one series of benefits on them and their posterity! Was not this thought enough to quell my ardour — to chill activity into rest? The more I might toil, the brighter honours I might win — the greater services I might bestow on the world, the more dread and fearful might be my fall at last! I might be but piling up the scaffold from which I was to be hurled! Possessed by these thoughts, a new view of human affairs succeeded to my old aspirings; the moment a man feels that an object has ceased to charm, he reconciles himself by reasoning to his loss. ‘Why,’ said I; ‘why flatter myself that *I can* serve — that I can enlighten mankind? Are we fully sure that individual wisdom has ever, in reality, done so? Are we really better because Newton lived, and happier because Bacon thought?’ This dampening and frozen line of reflection pleased the present state of my mind more than the warm and yearning enthusiasm it had formerly nourished. Mere worldly ambition from a boy I had disdained; — the true worth of sceptres and crowns — the inquietude of power — the humiliations of vanity — had never been disguised from my sight. Intellectual ambition had inspired me. I now regarded it equally as a delusion. I coveted light solely for my own soul to bathe in. I would have drawn down the Promethean fire; but I would no longer have given to man what it was in the power of circumstance alone (which I could not control) to make his enlightener or his ruin — his blessing or his curse. Yes, I loved — I love still; — could I live for ever, I should for ever love knowledge! It is a companion — a solace — a pursuit — a Lethe. But, no more! — oh! never more for me was the bright ambition that makes knowledge a

means, not end. As, contrary to the vulgar notion, the bee is said to gather her honey unprescient of the winter, labouring without a motive, save the labour, I went on, year after year, hiving all that the earth presented to my toils, and asking not to what use, I had rushed into a dread world, that I might indulge a dream. Lo! the dream was fled; but I could not retrace my steps.

“Rest now became to me the sole *to kalon* — the sole charm of existence. I grew enamoured of the doctrine of those old mystics, who have placed happiness only in an even and balanced quietude. And where but in utter loneliness was that quietude to be enjoyed? I no longer wondered that men in former times, when consumed by the recollection of some haunting guilt, fled to the desert and became hermits. Tranquillity and solitude are the only soothers of a memory deeply troubled — light griefs fly to the crowd — fierce thoughts must battle themselves to rest. Many years had flown, and I had made my home in many places. All that was turbulent, if not all that was unquiet, in my recollections, had died away. Time had lulled me into a sense of security. I breathed more freely. I sometimes stole from the past. Since I had quitted Knaresbro’, chance had thrown it in my power frequently to serve my brethren — not by wisdom, but by charity or courage — by individual acts that it soothed me to remember. If the grand aim of enlightening a world was gone — if to so enlarged a benevolence had succeeded apathy or despair, still the man, the human man, clung to my heart — still was I as prone to pity — as prompt to defend — as glad to cheer, whenever the vicissitudes of life afforded me the occasion; and to poverty, most of all, my hand never closed. For oh! what a terrible devil creeps into that man’s soul, who sees famine at his door! One tender act and how many black designs, struggling into life within, you may crush for ever! He who deems the world his foe, convince *him* that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand!

“I came to a beautiful and remote part of the country. Walter Lester, I came to Grassdale! — the enchanting scenery around — the sequestered and deep retirement of the place arrested me at

once. 'And among these valleys,' I said, 'will I linger out the rest of my life, and among these quiet graves shall mine be dug, and my secret shall die with me!'

"I rented the lonely house in which I dwelt when you first knew me — thither I transported my books and instruments of science. I formed new projects in the vast empire of wisdom, and a deep quiet, almost amounting to content, fell like a sweet sleep upon my soul!

"In this state of mind, the most free from memory and from the desire to pierce the future that I had known for twelve years, I first saw Madeline Lester. Even with that first time a sudden and heavenly light seemed to dawn upon me. Her face — its still — its serene — its touching beauty, shone upon me like a vision. My heart warmed as I saw it — my pulse seemed to wake from its even slowness. I was young once more. Young! the youth, the freshness, the ardour — not of the frame only, but of the soul. But I then only saw, or spoke to her — scarce knew her — not loved her — nor was it often that we met. When we did so, I felt haunted, as by a holy spirit, for the rest of the day — an unquiet yet delicious emotion agitated all within — the south wind stirred the dark waters of my mind, but it passed, and all became hushed again. It was not for two years from the time we first saw each other, that accident brought us closely together. I pass over the rest. We loved! Yet oh what struggles were mine during the progress of that love! How unnatural did it seem to me to yield to a passion that united me with my kind; and as I loved her more, how far more urgent grew my fear of the future! That which had almost slept before awoke again to terrible life. The soil that covered the past might be riven, the dead awake, and that ghastly chasm separate me for ever from her! What a doom, too, might I bring upon that breast which had begun so confidently to love me! Often — often I resolved to fly — to forsake her — to seek some desert spot in the distant parts of the world, and never to be betrayed again into human emotions! But as the bird flutters in the net, as the hare doubles from its pursuers, I did but wrestle — I did but trifle — with an irresistible doom. Mark how strange are the coincidences of fate — fate that gives us warnings and takes

away the power to obey them — the idle prophetess — the juggling fiend! On the same evening that brought me acquainted with Madeline Lester, Houseman, led by schemes of fraud and violence into that part of the country, discovered and sought me! Imagine my feelings, when in the hush of night I opened the door of my lonely home to his summons, and by the light of that moon which had witnessed so never-to-be-forgotten a companionship between us, beheld my accomplice in murder after the lapse of so many years. Time and a course of vice had changed and hardened and lowered his nature; and in the power, at the will of that nature, I beheld myself abruptly placed. He passed that night under my roof. He was poor. I gave him what was in my hands. He promised to leave that part of England — to seek me no more.

“The next day I could not bear my own thoughts; the revolution was too sudden, too full of turbulent, fierce, torturing emotions; I fled for a short relief to the house to which Madeline’s father had invited me. But in vain I sought, by wine, by converse, by human voices, human kindness, to fly the ghost that had been raised from the grave of time. I soon returned to my own thoughts. I resolved to wrap myself once more in the solitude of my heart. But let me not repeat what I have said before, somewhat prematurely, in my narrative. I resolved — I struggled in vain. Fate had ordained, that the sweet life of Madeline Lester should wither beneath the poison tree of mine. Houseman sought me again, *and now came on the humbling part of crime, its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy!* They made my chiefest penance! I was to evade, to beguile, to buy into silence, this rude and despised ruffian. No matter now to repeat how this task was fulfilled; I surrendered nearly my all, on the condition of his leaving England for ever: not till I thought that condition already fulfilled, till the day had passed on which he should have left England, did I consent to allow Madeline’s fate to be irrevocably woven with mine. Fool that I was, as if laws could bind us closer than love had done already.

“How often, when the soul sins, are her loftiest feelings punished through her lowest! To me, lone, rapt, for ever on the

wing to unearthly speculation, galling and humbling was it, indeed, to be suddenly called from the eminence of thought, to barter, in pounds and pence, for life, and with one like Houseman. These are the curses that deepen the tragedy of life, by grinding down our pride. But I wander back to what I have before said. I was to marry Madeline, — I was once more poor, but want did not rise before me; I had succeeded in obtaining the promise of a competence from one whom you know. For that I had once forced from my kind, I asked now, but not with the spirit of the beggar, but of the just claimant, and in that spirit it was granted. And now I was really happy; Houseman I believed removed for ever from my path; Madeline was about to be mine: I surrendered myself to love, and, blind and deluded, I wandered on, and awoke on the brink of that precipice into which I am about to plunge. You know the rest. But oh! what now was my horror! It had not been a mere worthless, isolated unit in creation that I had blotted out of the sum of life. I had shed the blood of his brother whose child was my betrothed! Mysterious avenger — weird and relentless fate! How, when I deemed myself the farthest from her, had I been sinking into her grasp! Mark, young man, there is a moral here that few preachers can teach thee! Mark. Men rarely violate the individual rule in comparison to their violation of general rules. It is in the latter that we deceive by sophisms which seem truths. In the individual instance it was easy for me to deem that I had committed no crime. I had destroyed a man, noxious to the world; with the wealth by which *he* afflicted society I had been the means of blessing many; in the individual consequences mankind had really gained by my deed; the general consequence I had overlooked till now, and now it flashed upon me. The scales fell from my eyes, and I knew myself for what I was! All my calculations were dashed to the ground at once; for what had been all the good I had proposed to do — the good I had done — compared to the anguish I now inflicted on your house? Was your father my only victim? Madeline, have I not murdered her also? Lester, have I not shaken the sands in his glass? You, too, have I not blasted the prime and glory of your years? How incalculable — how measureless — how viewless the consequences

of one crime, even when we think we have weighed them all with scales that would have turned with a hair's weight! Yes; before I had felt no remorse. I felt it now, I had acknowledged no crime, and now crime seemed the essence itself of my soul. The Theban's fate, which had seemed to the men of old the most terrible of human destinies, was mine. The crime — the discovery — the irremediable despair — hear me, as the voice of a man who is on the brink of a world, the awful nature which Reason cannot pierce — hear me! when your heart tempts to some wandering from the line allotted to the rest of men, and whispers, 'This may be crime in others, but is not so in thee' — tremble; cling fast, fast to the path you are lured to leave. Remember me!

"But in this state of mind I was yet forced to play the hypocrite. Had I been alone in the world — had Madeline and Lester not been to me what they were, I might have avowed my deed and my motives — I might have spoken out to the hearts of men — I might have poured forth the gloomy tale of reasonings and of temptings, in which we lose sense, and become the archfiend's tools! But while *their* eyes were on me; while *their* lives and hearts were set on my acquittal, my struggle against truth was less for myself than them. For them I girded up my soul, a villain I was; and for them, a bold, a crafty, a dexterous villain I became! My defence fulfilled its end: Madeline died without distrusting the innocence of him she loved. Lester, unless you betray me, will die in the same belief. In truth, since the arts of hypocrisy have *been* commenced, the pride of consistency would have made it sweet to me to leave the world in a like error, or at least in doubt. For you I conquer that desire, the proud man's last frailty. And now my tale is done. From what passes at this instant within my heart, I lift not the veil! Whether beneath be despair, or hope, or fiery emotions, or one settled and ominous calm, matters not. My last hours shall not belie my life: on the verge of death I will not play the dastard, and tremble at the Dim Unknown. The thirst, the dream, the passion of my youth, yet lives; and burns to learn the sublime and shaded mysteries that are banned Mortality. Perhaps I am not without hope that the Great and Unseen Spirit, whose emanation within me I have nursed

and worshipped, though erringly and in vain, may see in his fallen creature one bewildered by his reason rather than yielding to his vices. The guide I received from Heaven betrayed me, and I was lost; but I have not plunged wittingly from crime to crime. Against one guilty deed, some good, and much suffering may be set; and, dim and afar off from my allotted bourne, I may behold in her glorious home the starred face of her who taught me to love, and who, even there, could scarce be blessed without shedding the light of her divine forgiveness upon me. Enough! ere you break this seal, my doom rests not with man nor earth. The burning desires I have known — the resplendent visions I have nursed — the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay — these tell me, that, whether for good or ill — I am the thing of an Immortality, and the creature of a God! As men of the old wisdom drew their garments around their face, and sat down collectedly to die, I wrap myself in the settled resignation of a soul firm to the last, taking not from man's vengeance even the method of its dismissal. The courses of my life I swayed with my own hand: from my own hand shall come the manner and moment of my death!

“August, 1759.”

“Eugene Aram.”

On the day after that evening in which Aram had given the above confession to Walter Lester; — on the day of execution, when they entered the condemned cell, they found the prisoner lying on the bed; and when they approached to take off the irons, they found, that he neither stirred nor answered to their call. They attempted to raise him, and he then uttered some words in a faint voice. They perceived that he was covered with blood. He had opened his veins in two places in the arm with a sharp instrument he had some time since concealed. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and by the customary applications the prisoner in some measure was brought to himself. Resolved not to defraud the law of its victim, they bore him, though he appeared unconscious of all around, to the fatal spot. But when he arrived at that dread place, his sense suddenly seemed to return. He looked hastily round the throng that swayed and murmured below, and a faint

flush rose to his cheek: he cast his eyes impatiently above, and breathed hard and convulsively. The dire preparations were made, completed; but the prisoner drew back for an instant — was it from mortal fear? He motioned to the Clergyman to approach, as if about to whisper some last request in his ear. The Clergyman bowed his head, — there was a minute's awful pause — Aram seemed to struggle as for words, when suddenly throwing himself back, a bright triumphant smile flashed over his whole face. With that smile, the haughty Spirit passed away, and the law's last indignity was wreaked upon a breathless corpse!

BULWER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

An Adventure at Sea.

A SINGLE glance at the map will make the reader acquainted with the position of the eastern coast of the Island of Great Britain, as connected with the shores of the opposite continent. Together they form the boundaries of the small sea that has for ages been known to the world as the scene of maritime exploits, and as the great avenue through which commerce and war have conducted the fleets of the northern nations of Europe. Over this sea the islanders long asserted a jurisdiction, exceeding that which reason concedes to any power on the highway of nations, and which frequently led to conflicts that caused an expenditure of blood and treasure, utterly disproportioned to the advantages that can ever arise from the maintenance of a useless and abstract right. It is across the waters of this disputed ocean that we shall attempt to conduct our readers, selecting a period for our incidents that has peculiar interest for every American, not only because it was the birthday of his nation, but because it was also the era when reason and common sense began to take place of custom and feudal practices in the management of the affairs of nations.

Soon after the events of the revolution had involved the kingdoms of France and Spain, and the republics of Holland, in our quarrel, a group of labourers was collected in a field that lay exposed

to the winds of the ocean, on the north-eastern coast of England. These men were lightening their toil, and cheering the gloom of a day in December, by uttering their crude opinions on the political aspects of the times. The fact that England was engaged in a war with some of her dependencies on the other side of the Atlantic had long been known to them, after the manner that faint rumours of distant and uninteresting events gain on the ear; but now that nations, with whom she had been used to battle, were armed against her in the quarrel, the din of war had disturbed the quiet even of these secluded and illiterate rustics. The principal speakers, on the occasion, were a Scotch drover, who was waiting the leisure of the occupants of the fields, and an Irish labourer, who found his way across the Channel, and thus far over the island, in quest of employment.

“The Nagurs wouldn’t have been a job at all for ould England, letting alone Ireland,” said the latter, “if these French and Spaniards hadn’t been troubling themselves in the matter. I’m sure it’s but little reason I have for thanking them, if a man is to kape as sober as a praist at mass, for fear he should find himself a souldier, and he knowing nothing about the same.”

“Hoot! mon! ye ken but little of raising an army in Ireland, if ye mak’ a drum o’ a whiskey keg,” said the drover, winking to the listeners. “Noo, in the north, they ca’ a gathering of the folk, and follow the pipes as graciously as ye wad journey kirkward o’ a Sabbath morn. I’ve seen a’ the names o’ a Heeland raj’ment on a sma’ bit paper, that ye might cover wi’ a leddy’s hand. They war’ a’ Camerons and M’Donalds, though they paraded sax hundred men! But what ha’ ye gotten here! That chield has an ow’r liking to the land for a seafaring body; an’ if the bottom o’ the sea be ony thing like the top o’ t, he’s in a gr’at danger o’ a shipwreck!”

This unexpected change in the discourse drew all eyes on the object towards which the staff of the observant drover was pointed. To the utter amazement of every individual present, a small vessel was seen moving slowly round a point of land that formed one of the sides of the little bay, to which the field the labourers were in composed the other. There was something very peculiar in the externals of this unusual visitor, which added in no small degree to the

surprise created by her appearance in that retired place. None but the smallest vessels, and those rarely, or, at long intervals, a desperate smuggler, were ever known to venture so close to the land, amid the sand-bars and sunken rocks with which that immediate coast abounded. The adventurous mariners who now attempted this dangerous navigation in so wanton, and, apparently, so heedless a manner, were in a low black schooner, whose hull seemed utterly disproportioned to the raking masts it upheld, which, in their turn, supported a lighter set of spars, that tapered away until their upper extremities appeared no larger than the lazy pennant, that in vain endeavoured to display its length in the light breeze.

The short day of that high northern latitude was already drawing to a close, and the sun was throwing his parting rays obliquely across the waters, touching the gloomy waves here and there with streaks of pale light. The stormy winds of the German Ocean were apparently lulled to rest; and though the incessant rolling of the surge on the shore heightened the gloomy character of the hour and the view, the light ripple that ruffled the sleeping billows was produced by a gentle air, that blew directly from the land. Notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, there was something threatening in the aspect of the ocean, which was speaking in hollow but deep murmurs, like a volcano on the eve of an eruption, that greatly heightened the feelings of amazement and dread with which the peasants beheld this extraordinary interruption to the quiet of their little bay. With no other sails spread to the action of the air than her heavy mainsail, and one of those light jibs that projected far beyond her bows, the vessel glided over the water with a grace and facility that seemed magical to the beholders, who turned their wondering looks from the schooner to each other in silent amazement. At length the drover spoke in a low solemn voice —

“He ’s a bold chield that steers her! and if that bit craft has wood in her bottom, like the brigantines that ply between Lon’on and the Frith at Leith, he ’s in mair danger than a prudent mon could wish. Ay! he ’s by the big rock that shows his head when the tide runs low, but it ’s no mortal man who can steer long in

the road he 's journeying and not speedily find land wi' water a top o't."

The little schooner, however, still held her way among the rock and sand-pits, making such slight deviations in her course, as proved her to be under the direction of one who knew his danger, until she had entered as far into the bay as prudence could at all justify, when her canvass was gathered into folds, seemingly without the agency of hands, and the vessel, after rolling for a few minutes on the long billows that hove in from the ocean, swung round in the currents of the tide, and was held by her anchor.

The peasants now began to make their conjectures more freely concerning the character and object of their visitor; some intimating that she was engaged in contraband trade, and others that her views were hostile, and her business war. A few dark hints were hazarded on the materiality of construction, for nothing of artificial formation, it was urged, would be ventured by men in such a dangerous place, at a time when even the most inexperienced landsman was enabled to foretell the certain gale. The Scotchman, who, to all the sagacity of his countrymen, added no small portion of their superstition, leaned greatly to the latter conclusion, and had begun to express the sentiment warily and with reverence, when the child of Erin, who appeared not to possess any very definite ideas on the subject, interrupted him by exclaiming —

"Faith! there 's two of them; a big and a little! sure the bogles of the saa likes good company the same as any other Christians!"

"Twa!" echoed the drover; "twa! ill luck bides o' some o' ye. Twa craft a sailing without hand to guide them, in sic a place as this, whar' eyesight is na guid enough to show the dangers, bodes evil to a' that luik thereon. Hoot! she 's na yearling the tither! Luik, mon! luik! she 's a gallant boat, and a gr'at:" he paused, raised his pack from the ground, and first giving one searching look at the objects of his suspicions, he nodded with great sagacity to the listeners, and continued, as he moved slowly towards the interior of the country, "I should na wonder if she carried King George's commission about her: weel, weel, I wull

journey upward to the town, and ha' a crack wi' the good mon; for the craft have a suspeecious aspect, and the sma' bit thing w'uld nab a mon quite easy, and the big ane w'uld hold us a' and no feel we war' in her."

This sagacious warning caused a general movement in the party, for the intelligence of a hot press was among the rumours of the times. The husbandmen collected their implements of labour, and retired homewards; and though many a curious eye was bent on the movements of the vessels from the distant hills, but very few of those not immediately interested in the mysterious visitors ventured to approach the little rocky cliffs that lined the bay.

The vessel that occasioned these cautious movements was a gallant ship, whose huge hull, lofty masts, and square yards, loomed in the evening's haze, above the sea, like a distant mountain rising from the deep. She carried but little sail, and though she warily avoided the near approach to the land that the schooner had attempted, the similarity of their movements was sufficiently apparent to warrant the conjecture that they were employed on the same duty. The frigate, for the ship belonged to this class of vessels, floated across the entrance of the little bay, majestically in the tide, with barely enough motion through the water to govern her movements, until she arrived opposite to the place where her consort lay, when she hove up heavily into the wind, squared the enormous yards on her mainmast, and attempted in counteracting the power of her sails by each other, to remain stationary; but the light air that had at no time swelled her heavy canvass to the utmost began to fail, and the long waves that rolled in from the ocean ceased to be ruffled with the breeze from the land. The currents and the billows were fast sweeping the frigate to one of the points of the estuary, where the black heads of the rocks could be seen running far into the sea, and, in their turn, the mariners of the ship dropped an anchor to the bottom, and drew her sails in festoons to the yards. As the vessel swung round to the tide, a heavy ensign was raised to her peak, and a current of air opening, for a moment, its folds, the white field and red cross, that distinguished the flag of England, were displayed to view. So much even the ferry drover had loitered at a distance to behold; but when a boat

was launched from either vessel, he quickened his steps, observing to his wondering and amused companions, that "the craft were a'thegither mair bonny to luik on than to abide wi'."

A numerous crew manned the barge that was lowered from the frigate, which, after receiving an officer, with an attendant youth, left the ship, and moved with a measured stroke of its oars, directly towards the head of the bay. As it passed at a short distance from the schooner, a light whale-boat, pulled by four athletic men, shot from her side, and rather dancing over than cutting through the waves, crossed her course with a wonderful velocity. As the boats approached each other, the men, in obedience to signals from their officers, suspended their efforts, and for a few minutes they floated at rest, during which time there was the following dialogue: —

"Is the old man mad!" exclaimed the young officer in the whale-boat, when his men had ceased rowing, "does he think that the bottom of the *Ariel* is made of iron, and that a rock can't knock a hole in it! or does he think she is manned with alligators, who can't be drowned!"

A languid smile played for a moment round the handsome features of the young man, who was rather reclining than sitting in the stern-sheets of the barge, as he replied,

"He knows your prudence too well, Captain Barnstable, to fear either the wreck of your vessel or the drowning of her crew. How near the bottom does your keel lie?"

"I am afraid to sound," returned Barnstable. "I have never the heart to touch a lead-line when I see the rocks coming up to breathe like so many porpoises."

"You are afloat!" exclaimed the other, with a vehemence that denoted an abundance of latent fire.

"Afloat!" echoed his friend; "ay! the little *Ariel* would float in air!" As he spoke, he rose in the boat, and lifted his leathern sea-cap from his head, stroked back the thick clusters of black locks which shadowed his sun-burnt countenance, while he viewed his little vessel with the complacency of a seaman who was proud of her qualities. "But it's close work, Mr. Griffith, when

a man rides to a single anchor in a place like this, and at such a nightfall. What are the orders?"

"I shall pull into the surf and let go a grapnel; you will take Mr. Merry into your whale-boat, and try to drive her through the breakers on the beach."

"Beach!" retorted Barnstable; "do you call a perpendicular rock of a hundred feet in height a beach!"

"We shall not dispute about terms," said Griffith, smiling, "but you must manage to get on the shore; we have seen the signal from the land, and know that the pilot, whom we have so long expected, is ready to come off."

Barnstable shook his head with a grave air, as he muttered to himself, "this is droll navigation; first we run into an unfrequented bay that is full of rocks, and sand-pits, and shoals, and then we get off our pilot. But how am I to know him?"

"Merry will give you the pass-word, and tell you where to look for him. I would land myself, but my orders forbid it. If you meet with difficulties, show three oar blades in a row, and I will pull in to your assistance. Three oars on end and a pistol will bring the fire of my muskets, and the signal repeated from the barge will draw a shot from the ship."

"I thank you, I thank you," said Barnstable, carelessly; "I believe I can fight my own battles against all the enemies we are likely to fall in with on this coast. But the old man is surely mad. I would — —"

"You would obey his orders if he were here, and you will now please to obey mine," said Griffith, in a tone that the friendly expression of his eye contradicted. "Pull in, and keep a look out for a small man in a drab pea-jacket; Merry will give you the words; if he answer it, bring him off to the barge."

The young men now nodded familiarly and kindly to each other, and the boy who was called Mr. Merry having changed his place from the barge to the whale-boat, Barnstable threw himself into his seat, and making a signal with his hand, his men again bent to their oars. The light vessel shot away from her companion, and dashed in boldly towards the rocks; after skirting the shore for some distance in quest of a favourable place, she was suddenly

turned, and, dashing over the broken waves, was run upon a spot where a landing could be effected in safety.

In the mean time the barge followed these movements, at some distance, with a more measured progress, and when the whale-boat was observed to be drawn up along-side of a rock, the promised grapnel was cast into the water, and her crew deliberately proceeded to get their fire-arms in a state for immediate service. Every thing appeared to be done in obedience to strict orders that must have been previously communicated; for the young man, who has been introduced to the reader by the name of Griffith, seldom spoke and then only in the pithy expressions that are apt to fall from those who are sure of obedience. When the boat had brought up to her grapnel, he sunk back at his length on the cushioned seats of the barge, and drawing his hat over his eyes in a listless manner, he continued for many minutes apparently absorbed in thoughts altogether foreign to his present situation. Occasionally he rose, and would first bend his looks in quest of his companions on the shore, and then, turning his expressive eyes towards the ocean, the abstracted and vacant air, that so often usurped the place of animation and intelligent look of a seaman gifted with an experience beyond his years. His weather-beaten and hardy crew having made their dispositions for offence, sat in profound silence, with their hands thrust into the bosoms of their jackets, but with their eyes earnestly regarding every cloud that was gathering in the threatening atmosphere, and exchanging looks of deep care, whenever the boat rose higher than usual on one of those long heavy ground-swells, that were heaving in from the ocean with increasing rapidity and magnitude. **COOPER.**

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Highland Engagement.

As meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Lochlin.

OSSIAN.

THE trumpets and bag-pipes, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death, at once united in the signal for onset, which was

replied to by the cry of more than two thousand warriors, and the echoes of the mountain glens behind them. Divided into three bodies, or columns, the Highland followers of Montrose poured from the defiles which had hitherto concealed them from their enemies, and rushed with the utmost determination upon the Campbells, who waited their charge with the greatest firmness. Behind these charging columns marched in line the Irish, under Colkitto, intended to form the reserve. With them was the royal standard, and Montrose himself; and on the flanks were about fifty horse, under Dalgetty, which by wonderful exertions had been kept in some sort fit for service.

The right column of royalists was led by Glengary, the left by Lochiel, and the centre by the Earl of Menteith, who preferred fighting on foot in a Highland dress to remaining with the cavalry.

The Highlanders poured on with the proverbial fury of their country, firing their guns, and discharging their arrows, at a little distance from the enemy, who received the assault with the most determined gallantry. Better provided with musquetry than their enemies, stationary also, and therefore taking the more decisive aim, the fire of Argyle's followers was more destructive than that which they sustained. The clans, perceiving this, rushed to close quarters, and succeeded on two points in throwing their enemies into disorder. With regular troops this must have achieved a victory; but here Highlanders were opposed to Highlanders, and the nature of the weapons, as well as the agility of those who wielded them, was equal on both sides.

Their strife was accordingly desperate; and the clash of the swords and axes, as they encountered each other, or rung upon the targets, was mingled with the short, wild, animating shrieks with which Highlanders accompany violent exertion of any kind. Many of the foes opposed were personally acquainted, and sought to match themselves with each other from motives of hatred, or a more generous emulation of valour. Neither party would retreat an inch, while the place of those who fell (and they fell fast on both sides) was eagerly supplied by others, who thronged to the spot of danger. A steam, like that which arises from a seething

caldron, rose into the thin, cold, frosty air, and hovered above the combatants.

So stood the fight on the right and the centre, with no immediate consequence, except mutual wounds and death.

On the right of the Campbells, the Knight of Ardenvohr obtained some advantage, through his military skill and by strength of numbers. He had moved forward obliquely the extreme flank of his line at the instant the Royalists were about to close, so that they sustained a fire at once on front and in flank, and, despite the utmost efforts of their leader, were thrown into some confusion. At this instant, Sir Duncan Campbell gave the word to charge, and thus unexpectedly made the attack at the very moment he seemed about to receive it. Such a change of circumstances is always discouraging, and often fatal. But the disorder was remedied by the advance of the Irish reserve, whose heavy and sustained fire compelled the Knight of Ardenvohr to forego his advantage, and content himself with repulsing his enemy. The Marquis in the meanwhile, availing himself of some scattered birch trees, as well as of the smoke produced by the close fire of the Irish musquetry, which concealed the operation, called upon Dalgetty to follow him with the horse, and wheeling round so as to gain the right flank and even the rear of the enemy, he commanded his six trumpets to sound the charge. The clang of the cavalry trumpets, and the noise of the galloping of the horse, produced an effect upon Argyle's right wing which no other sounds could have impressed them with. The mountaineers of that period had a superstitious dread of the war-horse, like that entertained by the Peruvians, and had many strange ideas respecting the manner in which that animal was trained to combat. When, therefore, they found their ranks unexpectedly broken, and that the objects of their greatest terror were suddenly in the midst of them, the panic, in spite of Sir Duncan's attempts to stop it, became universal. Indeed, the figure of Major Dalgetty alone, sheathed in impenetrable armour, and making his horse caracole and bound, so as to give weight to every blow which he struck, would have been a novelty in itself sufficient to terrify those who had never seen anything more nearly resembling such a cavalier, than a *shelty*

waddling under a Highlander far bigger than itself. The repulsed Royalists returned to the charge; the Irish, keeping their ranks, maintained a fire equally close and destructive. There was no sustaining the fight longer. Argyle's followers began to break and fly, most towards the lake, the remainder in different directions. The defeat of the right wing, of itself decisive, was rendered irreparable by the death of Auchenbreck, who fell while endeavouring to restore order.

The Knight of Ardenvohr, with two or three hundred men, all gentlemen of descent and distinguished gallantry, endeavoured, with unavailing heroism, to cover the tumultuary retreat of the common file. Their resolution only proved fatal to themselves, as they were charged again and again by fresh adversaries, and forced to separate from each other, until at length their aim seemed only to be to purchase an honourable death by resisting to the very last.

"Good quarter, Sir Duncan," called out Major Dalgetty, when he discovered his late host, with one or two others, defending himself against several Highlanders; and, to enforce his offer, he rode up to him with his sword uplifted. Sir Duncan's reply was the discharge of a reserved pistol, which took effect not on the person of the rider, but on that of his gallant horse, which, shot through the heart, fell dead under him. Ranald MacEagh, who was one of those who had been pressing Sir Duncan hard, took the opportunity to cut him down with his broad-sword, as he turned from him in the act of firing the pistol.

Allan M'Aulay came up at this moment. They were, excepting Ranald, followers of his brother who were engaged on that part of the field. "Villains!" he said, "which of you has dared to do this, when it was my positive order that the Knight of Ardenvohr should be taken alive?"

Half a-dozen of busy hands, which were emulously employed in plundering the fallen Knight, whose arms and accoutrements were of a magnificence befitting his quality, instantly forebore the occupation, and half the number of voices exculpated themselves by laying the blame on the Skyeman, as they called Ranald MacEagh.

“Dog of an Islander!” said Allan, forgetting, in his wrath, their prophetic brotherhood, “follow the chace, and harm him no farther, unless you mean to die by my hand.” They were at this moment left almost alone; for Allan’s threats had forced his own clan from the spot, and all around had pressed onwards towards the lake, carrying before them noise, terror, and confusion, and leaving behind only the dead and dying. The moment was tempting to MacEagh’s vengeful spirit. — “That I should die by your hand, red as it is with the blood of my kindred,” said he, answering the threat of Allan in a tone as menacing as his own, “is not more likely than that you should fall by mine.” With that, he struck at M’Aulay with such unexpected readiness, that he had scarce time to intercept the blow with his target.

“Villain!” said Allan, in astonishment, “what means this?”

“I am Ranald of the Mist,” answered the Islesman, repeating the blow; and, with that word, they engaged in close and furious conflict. It seemed to be decreed, that in Allan M’Aulay had arisen the avenger of his mother’s wrongs upon this wild tribe, as was proved by the issue of the present, as well as of former combats. After exchanging a few blows, Ranald MacEagh was prostrated by a deep wound on the skull; and M’Aulay, setting his foot on him, was about to pass the broad-sword through his body, when the point of the weapon was struck up by a third party, who suddenly interposed. This was no other than Major Dalgetty, who, stunned by the fall, and encumbered by the dead body of his horse, had now recovered his legs and his understanding. “Hold up your sword,” said he to M’Aulay, “and prejudice this person no farther, in respect that he is here in my safe conduct, and in his Excellency’s service; and in regard that no honourable cavalier is at liberty, by the law martial, to avenge his own private injuries, *flagrante bello, multo majus flagrante prælio.*”

“Fool!” said Allan, “stand aside, and dare not to come between the tiger and his prey.”

But, far from quitting his point, Dalgetty stept across the fallen body of MacEagh, and gave Allan to understand, that if he called himself a tiger, he was likely, at present, to find a lion in

his path. There required no more than the gesture, and tone of defiance to turn the whole rage of the military Seer against the person who was opposing the course of his vengeance, and blows were instantly exchanged without farther ceremony.

The strife betwixt Allan and MacEagh had been unnoticed by the stragglers around, for the person of the latter was known to few of Montrose's followers; but the scuffle betwixt Dalgetty and him, both so well known, attracted instant attention; and fortunately, among others, that of Montrose himself, who had come for the purpose of gathering together his small body of horse, and following the pursuit down Loch-Eil. Aware of the fatal consequences of dissension in his little army, he pushed his horse up to the spot, and seeing MacEagh on the ground, and Dalgetty in the attitude of protecting him against M'Aulay, his quick apprehension instantly caught the cause of quarrel, and as instantly devised means to stop it. "For shame," he said, "gentlemen cavaliers, brawling together in so glorious a field of victory! — Are you mad? Or are you intoxicated with the glory which you have both this day gained?"

"It is not my fault, so please your Excellency," said Dalgetty. "I have been known a *bonus socius*, a *bon camarado*, in all the services of Europe; but he that touches a man under my safeguard" — —

"And he," said Allan, speaking at the same time, "who dares to bar the course of my just vengeance" —

"For shame, gentlemen," again repeated Montrose; "I have other business for you both, — business of deeper importance than any private quarrel, which you may easily find a more fitting time to settle. For you, Major Dalgetty, kneel down."

"Kneel!" said Dalgetty; "I have not learned to obey that word of command, saving when it is given from the pulpit. In the Swedish discipline, the front-rank do indeed kneel, but only when the regiment is drawn up six file deep."

"Nevertheless," repeated Montrose, — "kneel down, in the name of King Charles and of his representative."

When Dalgetty reluctantly obeyed, Montrose struck him slightly on the neck with the flat of his sword, saying, — "In re-

ward of the gallant service of this day, and in the name and authority of our sovereign, King Charles, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate. And now, Sir Dugald Dalgetty, to your duty. Collect what horsemen you can, and pursue such of the enemy as are flying down the side of the Lake. Do not disperse your force, nor venture too far; but take heed to prevent their rallying, which very little exertion may do. Mount then, Sir Dugald, and do your duty."

"But what shall I mount?" said the new-made chevalier. "Poor Gustavus sleeps in the bed of honour, like his immortal namesake! and I am made a knight, a rider, as the High Dutch have it, just when I have not a horse left to ride upon."

"That shall not be said," answered Montrose, dismounting; "I make you a present of my own, which has been thought a good one; only pray you; resume the duty you discharge so well."

With many acknowledgments, Sir Dugald mounted the steed so liberally bestowed upon him; and only beseeching his Excellency to remember that MacEagh was under his safe conduct, immediately began to execute the orders assigned to him, with great zeal and alacrity.

"And you, Allan M'Aulay," said Montrose, addressing the Highlander, who, leaning his sword-point on the ground, had regarded the ceremony of his antagonist's knighthood with a sneer of sullen scorn, — "you, who are superior to the ordinary men led by the paltry motives of plunder, and pay, and personal distinction, — you, whose deep knowledge renders you so valuable a counsellor, — is it *you* whom I find striving with a man like Dalgetty, for the privilege of trampling the remains of life out of so contemptible an enemy as lies there? Come, my friend, I have other work for you. This victory, skilfully improved, will win Seaforth to our party. It is not disloyalty, but despair of the good cause, that has induced him to take arms against us. These arms, in this moment of better augury, he may be brought to unite with ours. I sent my gallant friend, Colonel Hay, to him, from this very field of battle, but he must be united in commission with a Highland gentleman of rank, befitting that of Seaforth, and of talents and of influence such as may make an impression upon him. You are not only in

every respect the fittest for this most important mission, but, having no immediate command, your presence may be more easily spared than that of a Chief whose following is in the field. You know every pass and glen in the Highlands, as well as the manners and customs of every tribe. Go therefore to Hay, on the right wing; he has instructions, and expects you. You will find him with Glenmorrison's men. Be his guide, his interpreter, and his colleague."

Allan M'Aulay bent on the Marquis a dark and penetrating glance, as if to ascertain whether this sudden mission was not conferred for some latent and unexplained purpose. But Montrose, skilful in searching the motives of others, was an equal adept in concealing his own. He considered it as of the last consequence, in this moment of enthusiasm and exalted passion, to remove Allan from the camp for a few days, that he might provide, as his honour required, for the safety of those who had acted as his guides, when he trusted the Seer's quarrel with Dalgetty might be easily made up. Allan, at parting, only recommended to the Marquis the care of Sir Duncan Campbell, whom Montrose instantly directed to be conveyed to a place of safety. He took the same precaution for MacEagh, committing the latter, however, to a party of the Irish, with directions that he should be taken care of, but that no Highlander, of any clan, should have access to him.

The Marquis then mounted a led horse, which was held by one of his attendants, and rode on to view the scene of his victory, which was more decisive than even his ardent hopes had anticipated. Of Argyle's gallant army of three thousand men, fully one-half fell in the battle, or in the flight. They had been chiefly driven back upon that part of the plain where the river forms an angle with the lake, so that there was no free opening either for retreat or escape. Several hundreds were forced into the lake and drowned. Of the survivors, about one-half escaped by swimming the river, or by an early flight along the left bank of the lake. The remainder threw themselves into the old Castle of Inverlochy; but being without either provisions or hopes of relief, they were obliged to surrender, on condition of being suffered to return to their homes in

peace. Arms, ammunition, standards, and baggage, all became the prey of the conquerors.

This was the greatest disaster that ever befell the race of Diarmid, as the Campbells were called in the Highlands; it being generally remarked that they were as fortunate in the issue of their undertakings, as they were sagacious in planning, and courageous in executing them. Of the number slain, nearly five hundred were dunniwassels, or gentlemen claiming descent from known and respected houses. And, in the opinion of many of the clan, even this heavy loss was exceeded by the disgrace arising from the inglorious conduct of their Chief, whose galley weighed anchor when the day was lost, and sailed down the lake with all the speed to which sails and oars could impel her.

Sir W. Scott.

CHAPTER XXX.

Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

HAMLET.

THE latter part of the fifteenth century prepared a train of future events, that ended by raising France to that state of formidable power, which has ever since been, from time to time, the principal object of jealousy to the other European nations. Before that period, she had to struggle for her very existence with the English, already possessed of her fairest provinces; while the utmost exertions of her King, and the gallantry of her natives, could scarce protect the remainder from a foreign yoke. Neither was this her sole danger. The Princes who possessed the grand fiefs of the crown, and, in particular, the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, had come to wear their feudal bonds so lightly, that they had no scruple in lifting the standard against their liege and sovereign lord, the King of France, on the slightest pretences. When at peace, they reigned as absolute princes in their own provinces; and the House of Burgundy, possessed of the district so called, together with the

fairest and richest part of Flanders, was of itself so wealthy, and so powerful, as to yield nothing to the crown, either in splendour or in strength.

In imitation of the grand feudatories, each inferior vassal of the crown assumed as much independence as his distance from the sovereign power, the extent of his fief, or the strength of his residence, enabled him to maintain; and these petty tyrants, no longer amenable to the exercise of the law, perpetrated with impunity the wildest excesses of fantastic oppression and cruelty. In Auvergne alone, a report was made of more than three hundred of these independent nobles, to whom incest, murder, and rapine, were the most ordinary and familiar actions.

Besides these evils, another, springing out of the long continued wars betwixt the French and English, added no small misery to this distracted kingdom. Numerous bodies of soldiers collected into bands, under officers chosen by themselves, from among the bravest and most successful adventurers, had been formed in various parts of France out of the refuse of all other countries. These hireling combatants sold their swords for a time to the best bidder; and, where such offer was wanting, they made war on their own account, seizing castles and towers, which they used as the places of their retreat, — making prisoners, and ransoming them, — exacting tribute from the open villages and the country around them, — and acquiring, by every species of rapine, the appropriate epithets of *Tondeurs* and *Escorcheurs*, that is, *Clippers* and *Flayers*.

In the midst of the horrors and miseries arising from so distracted a state of public affairs, reckless and profuse expence distinguished the courts of the lesser nobles as well as of the superior princes; and their dependents, in imitation, expended in rude, but magnificent display, the wealth which they extorted from the people. A tone of romantic and chivalrous gallantry (which, however, was often disgraced by unbounded licence,) characterized the intercourse between the sexes; and the language of knight-errantry was yet used, and its observances followed, though the pure spirit of honourable love, and benevolent enterprize, which it inculcates, had ceased to qualify and atone for its extravagance.

cies. The jousts and tournaments, the entertainments and revels, which each petty court displayed, invited to France every wandering adventurer; and it was seldom that, when arrived there, he failed to employ his rash courage, and headlong spirit of enterprise, in actions for which his happier native country afforded no free stage.

At this period, and as if to save this fair realm from the various woes with which it was menaced, the tottering throne was ascended by Louis XI., whose character, evil as it was in itself, met, combated, and in a great degree neutralized, the mischiefs of the time — as poisons of opposing qualities are said, in ancient books of medicine, to have the power of counteracting each other.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride connected with, and arising out of it, which fought on for the point of honour, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, “that the king knew not how to reign, who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire.” No man of his own, or of any other time, better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprung on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all chance of rescue was in vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world what object he had been manœuvring to attain.

In like manner, the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of

a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure; but neither beauty nor the chase, though both were ruling passions, ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled; and, though personally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society, which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the nature of this artful and able monarch; for humanity is never uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to over-reach; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever lived.

Two other points may be noticed, to complete the sketch of this formidable character, who rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribution of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to predominate over those, who, if unsubjected by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition, a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions, Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Machiavellian stratagems, but laboured, in vain, to sooth and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united,

was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The wisest, or at least the most crafty Sovereign of his time, was fond of ordinary life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character. He even mingled in the comic adventures of obscure intrigue, with a freedom scarce consistent with the habitual and guarded jealousy of his character; and was so fond of this species of humble gallantry, that he caused a number of its gay and licentious anecdotes to be enrolled in a collection well known to book-collectors, in whose eyes (and the work is unfit for any other) the *right* edition is very precious.

By means of this monarch's powerful and prudent, though most unamiable character, it pleased Heaven, who works by the tempest as well as by the soft small rain, to restore to the great French nation the benefits of civil government, which, at the time of his accession, they had nearly lost altogether.

Ere he succeeded to the crown, Louis had given evidence of his vices rather than of his talents. His first wife, Margaret of Scotland, was "done to death by slanderous tongues" in her husband's court, where, without his encouragement, no word had been breathed against that amiable and injured princess. He had been an ungrateful and a rebellious son, at one time conspiring to seize his father's person, and at another, levying open war against him. For the first offence, he was banished to his appanage of Dauphiné, which he governed with much sagacity — for the second, he was driven into absolute exile, and forced to throw himself on the mercy, and almost the charity, of the Duke of Burgundy and his son, where he enjoyed hospitality, afterwards indifferently requited, until the death of his father in 1461.

In the very outset of his reign, Louis was almost overpowered by a league formed against him by the great vassals of France, with the Duke of Burgundy, or rather his son, the Count de Charolois, at its head. They levied a powerful army, blockaded Paris, fought a battle of doubtful event under its very walls, and put the French Monarchy on the brink of actual destruction. It usually happens in such cases, that the most sagacious general of the two gains the real fruit, though perhaps not the martial fame, of the disputed

field. Louis, who had shown great personal bravery during the battle of Mont l'héry, was able, by his prudence, to avail himself of its undecided event, as if it had been a victory on his side. He temporized until the enemy had broken up their league, and showed so much dexterity in sowing jealousies among those great powers, that their alliance "for the public weal," as they termed it, but, in reality, for the overthrow of all but the external appearance of the French monarchy, broke to pieces, and was never again renewed in a manner so formidable. From this period, for several years, Louis, relieved of all danger from England, by the Civil Wars of York and Lancaster, was engaged, like an unfeeling but able physician, in curing the wounds of the body politic, or rather in stopping, now by gentle remedies, now by the use of fire and steel, the progress of those mortal gangrenes with which it was then infected. The *brigandage* of the Free Companies, and the unpunished oppressions of the nobility, he laboured to lessen, since he could not actually stop them; and gradually, by dint of unrelaxed attention, he gained some addition to his own regal authority, or effected some diminution of those by which it was counterbalanced.

Still the king of France was surrounded by doubt and danger. The members of the league "for the public weal," though not in unison, were in existence, and that scotched snake might reunite and become dangerous again. But a worse danger was the increasing power of the Duke of Burgundy, then one of the greatest Princes of Europe, and little diminished in rank by the very precarious dependence of his duchy upon the crown of France.

Charles, surnamed the Bold, or rather the Audacious, for his courage was allied to rashness and frenzy, then wore the ducal coronet of Burgundy, which he burned to convert into a royal and independent regal crown. The character of this Duke was in every respect the direct contrast to that of Louis XI.

The former was calm, deliberate, and crafty, never prosecuting a desperate enterprize, and never abandoning a probable success, however distant the prospect of success. The genius of the latter was entirely different. He rushed on danger because he sought it, and on difficulties because he despised them. As Louis

never sacrificed his interest to his passion, so Charles, on the other hand, never sacrificed his passion, or even his humour, to any other considerations. Notwithstanding the near relationship that existed between them, and the support which the Duke and his father had afforded to Louis in his exile when Dauphin, there was mutual contempt and hatred betwixt them. The Duke of Burgundy despised the cautious policy of the King, and imputed to the faintness of his courage, that he sought by leagues, purchases, and other indirect means, those advantages, which, in his place, he would have snatched with an armed hand; and he hated him, not only for the ingratitude he had manifested for former kindnesses, and for personal injuries and imputations which the ambassadors of Louis had cast upon him, when his father was yet alive, but also, and especially, because of the support which he afforded in secret to the discontented citizens of Ghent, Liege, and other great towns in Flanders. These turbulent cities, jealous of their privileges, and proud of their wealth, frequently were in a state of insurrection against their liege lords the Dukes of Burgundy, and never failed to find under-hand countenance at the Court of Louis, who embraced every opportunity of fomenting disturbance within the dominions of his overgrown vassal.

The contempt and hatred of the Duke were retaliated by Louis with equal energy, though he used a thicker veil to conceal his sentiments. It was impossible for a man of his profound sagacity not to despise the stubborn obstinacy which never resigned its purpose, however fatal perseverance might prove, and the headlong impetuosity, which commenced its career without allowing a moment's consideration for the obstacles to be encountered. Yet the King hated Charles even more than he contemned him, and his scorn and hatred were the more intense, that they were mingled with fear; for he knew that the onset of the mad bull, to whom he likened the Duke of Burgundy, must ever be formidable, though the animal makes it with shut eyes. It was not alone the wealth of the Burgundian provinces, the discipline of the warlike inhabitants, and the mass of their crowded population, which the King dreaded, for the personal qualities of their leader had also much in them that was dangerous. The very soul of bravery, which he pushed to the

verge of rashness, and beyond it — profuse in expenditure — splendid in his court, his person and his retinue, in all which he displayed the hereditary magnificence of the house of Burgundy, Charles the Bold drew into his service almost all the fiery spirits of the age, whose temper was congenial; and Louis saw too clearly what might be attempted and executed by such a train of desperate resolute, following a leader of a character as ungovernable as their own.

There was yet another circumstance which increased the animosity of Louis towards his overgrown vassal; for he owed him favours which he never meant to repay, and was under the frequent necessity of temporizing with him, and even of enduring bursts of petulant insolence, injurious to the regal dignity, without being able to treat him as other than his “fair cousin of Burgundy.”

SIR W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Drunkard's Death.

WE will be bold to say, that there is scarcely a man in the constant habit of walking, day after day, through any of the crowded thoroughfares of London, who cannot recollect among the people whom he “knows by sight,” to use a familiar phrase, some being of abject and wretched appearance whom he remembers to have seen in a very different condition, whom he has observed sinking lower and lower by almost imperceptible degrees, and the shabbiness and utter destitution of whose appearance, at last, strike forcibly and painfully upon him, as he passes by. Is there any man who has mixed much with society, or whose avocations have caused him to mingle, at one time or other, with a great number of people, who cannot call to mind the time when some shabby, miserable wretch, in rags and filth, who shuffles past him now in all the squalor of disease and poverty, was a respectable tradesman, or a clerk, or a man following some thriving pursuit, with good prospects, and decent means; — or cannot any of our readers call to mind from among the list of their *quondam* acquaintance, some fallen and degraded man, who lingers about the pavement in

hungry misery — from whom every one turns coldly away, and who preserves himself from sheer starvation, nobody knows how? Alas! such cases are of too frequent occurrence to be rare items in any man's experience; and but too often arise from one cause — drunkenness, — that fierce rage for the slow, sure poison, that oversteps every other consideration; that casts aside wife, children, friends, happiness, and station; and hurries its victims madly on to degradation and death.

Some of these men have been impelled by misfortune and misery, to the vice that has degraded them. The ruin of worldly expectations, the death of those they loved, the sorrow that slowly consumes, but will not break the heart, has driven them wild; and they present the hideous spectacle of madmen, slowly dying by their own hands. But, by far the greater part have wilfully, and with open eyes, plunged into the gulf from which the man who once enters it never rises more, but into which he sinks deeper and deeper down, until recovery is hopeless.

Such a man as this, once stood by the bed-side of his dying wife, while his children knelt around, and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; and it needed but a glance at the pale form from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief, and want, and anxious care, had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. An elderly female with her face bathed in tears, was supporting the head of the dying woman — her daughter — on her arm. But it was not towards her that the wan face turned; it was not her hand that the cold and trembling fingers clasped; they pressed the husband's arm; the eyes so soon to be closed in death, rested on his face; and the man shook beneath their gaze. His dress was slovenly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes blood-shot and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and death.

A shaded lamp by the bed-side cast a dim light on the figures around, and left the remainder of the room in thick, deep shadow. The silence of night prevailed without the house, and the stillness of death was in the chamber. A watch hung over the mantel-shelf; its low ticking was the only sound that broke the profound quiet,

but it was a solemn one, for well they knew, who heard it, that before it had recorded the passing of another hour, it would beat the knell of a departed spirit.

It is a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone, and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long, nights — such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart, the pent-up, hidden secrets of many years, poured forth by the unconscious helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve, and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men; tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds, the very name of which, has driven the boldest man away.

But no such ravings were to be heard at the bed-side by which the children knelt. Their half-stifled sobs and moanings alone broke the silence of the lonely chamber. And when at last the mother's grasp relaxed; and turning one look from the children to their father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, all was so calm and tranquil that she seemed to sink to sleep. They leant over her; they called upon her name, softly at first, and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came. They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throb responded to the touch. That heart was broken, and she was dead!

The husband sunk into a chair by the bed-side, and clasped his hands upon his burning forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his, he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on his face. All shrunk from, and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow, or console the widower.

The time had been, when many a friend would have crowded

round him in his affliction, and many a heartfelt condolence would have met him in his grief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, relations, the commonest acquaintance even, had fallen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife alone had clung to him in good and evil, in sickness and poverty; and how had he rewarded her? He had reeled from the tavern to her bed-side, in time to see her die.

He rushed from the house, and walked swiftly through the streets. Remorse, fear, shame, all crowded on his mind. Stupified with drink, and bewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he re-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass. His blood mounted, and his brain whirled round. Death! Every one must die, and why not *she*. She was too good for him; her relations had often told him so. Curses on them! Had they not deserted her, and left her to whine away the time at home? Well; she was dead, and happy perhaps. It was better as it was. Another glass — one more! Hurrah! It was a merry life while it lasted; and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him, grew up, and were children no longer; — the father remained the same — poorer, shabbier, and more dissolute-looking, but the same confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. The boys had, long ago, run wild in the streets, and left him; the girl alone remained, but she worked hard, and words or blows could always procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One night, as early as ten o'clock — for the girl had been sick for many days, and there was, consequently, little to spend at the public-house — he bent his steps homewards, bethinking himself that if he would have her able to earn money, it would be as well to apply to the parish surgeon, or, at all events, to take the trouble of inquiring what ailed her, which he had not yet thought it worth while to do. It was a wet December night; the wind blew piercing cold, and the rain poured heavily down. He begged a few half-pence from a passer by, and having bought a small loaf (for it was his interest to keep the girl alive, if he could) he shuffled onwards, as fast as the wind and rain would let him.

At the back of Fleet-street, and lying between it, and the waterside, are several mean and narrow courts, which form a portion of Whitefriars; it was to one of these, that he directed his steps.

The alley into which he turned, might, for filth and misery, have competed with the darkest corner of this ancient sanctuary in its dirtiest and most lawless time. The houses, varying from two stories in height to four, were stained with every indescribable hue that long exposure to the weather, damp, and rottenness can impart to tenements composed originally of the roughest and coarsest materials. The windows were patched with paper, and stuffed with the foulest rags; the doors were falling from their hinges; poles with lines on which to dry clothes, projected from every casement, and sounds of quarrelling or drunkenness issued from every room.

The solitary oil lamp in the centre of the court had been blown out, either by the violence of the wind or the act of some inhabitant who had excellent reasons for objecting to his residence being rendered too conspicuous; and the only light which fell upon the broken and uneven pavement, was derived from the miserable candles that here and there twinkled in the rooms of such of the more fortunate residents as could afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury. A gutter ran down the centre of the alley — all the sluggish odours of which had been called forth by the rain; and as the wind whistled through the old houses, the doors and shutters creaked upon their hinges, and the windows shook in their frames, with a violence which every moment seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole place.

The man whom we have followed into this den, walked on in the darkness, sometimes stumbling into the main gutter, and at others into some branch repositories of garbage which had been formed by the rain, until he reached the last house in the court. The door, or rather what was left of it, stood ajar, for the convenience of the numerous lodgers; and he proceeded to grope his way up the old and broken stair, to the attic story.

He was within a step or two of his room-door, when it opened, and a girl, whose miserable and emaciated appearance was only to

be equalled by that of the candle which she shaded with her hand, peeped anxiously out.

“Is that you, father?” said the girl.

“Who else should it be?” replied the man gruffly. “What are you trembling at? It’s little enough that I’ve had to drink to-day, for there’s no drink without money, and no money without work. What the devil’s the matter with the girl?”

“I am not well father — not at all well,” said the girl, bursting into tears.

“Ah!” replied the man, in the tone of a person who is compelled to admit a very unpleasant fact, to which he would rather remain blind, if he could. “You must get better somehow, for we must have money. You must go to the parish doctor, and make him give you some medicine. They’re paid for it, damn ’em. What are you standing before the door for? Let me come in, can’t you?”

“Father,” whispered the girl, shutting the door behind her, and placing herself before it, “William has come back.”

“Who!” said the man, with a start.

“Hush,” replied the girl, “William; brother William.”

“And what does he want?” said the man, with an effort at composure — “money? meat? drink?” “He’s come to the wrong shop for that, if he does. Give me the candle — give me the candle, fool — I ain’t going to hurt him.” He snatched the candle from her hand, and walked into the room.

Sitting on an old box, with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on a wretched cinder fire that was smouldering on the hearth, was a young man of about two-and-twenty, miserably clad in an old coarse jacket and trowsers. He started up when his father entered.

“Fasten the door, Mary,” said the young man hastily — “Fasten the door. You look as if you didn’t know me, father. It’s long enough, since you drove me from home; you may well forget me.”

“And what do you want here, now?” said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fireplace. “What do you want here, now?”

"Shelter," replied the son, "I'm in trouble; that's enough. If I'm caught I shall swing; that's certain. Caught I shall be, unless I stop here; that's *as* certain. And there's an end of it."

"You mean to say, you've been robbing, or murdering, then?" said the father.

"Yes, I do," replied the son. "Does it surprise you, father?" He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

"Where's your brothers?" he said, after a long pause.

"Where they'll never trouble you," replied his son: "John's gone to America, and Henry's dead."

"Dead!" said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

"Dead," replied the young man. "He died in my arms — shot like a dog, by a game-keeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him, but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass, and prayed to God, that if his mother was in Heaven, He would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. 'I was her favourite boy, Will,' he said, 'and I am glad to think, now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done any thing to bring the tears into her eyes. Oh, Will, why was she taken away, and father left!' There's his dying words, father," said the young man; "make the best you can of 'em. You struck him across the face, in a drunken fit, the morning we ran away; and here's the end of it."

The girl wept aloud; and the father, sinking his head upon his knees, rocked himself to and fro.

"If I am taken," said the young man, "I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here, without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice; but unless you do, here I stop, until I can venture to escape abroad."

For two whole days, all three remained in the wretched room,

without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that somebody should go out; and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went, just at nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back, he earned sixpence by holding a horse; and he turned homewards with enough money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public-house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally slunk in. Two men whom he had not observed, were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention; and when he entered the public-house, they followed him.

"You'll drink with me, master," said one of them, proffering him a glass of liquor.

"And me too," said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children, and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He *did* drink; and his reason left him.

"A wet night, Warden," whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one-half of the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

"The right sort of night for our friends in hiding, Master Warden," whispered the other.

"Sit down here," said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. "We have been looking arter the young un. We came to tell him, it's all right now, but we couldn't find him 'cause we hadn't got the precise direction. But that ain't strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he come to London, did he?"

"No, he didn't," replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

"There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," resumed the first speaker, "and we'll put him

on board. His passage is taken in another name, and what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you."

"Very," said the second.

"Capital luck," said the first, with a wink to his companion.

"Great," replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

"Another glass here; quick" — said the first speaker. And in five minutes more, the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along, as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding-place, listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length, a heavy footstep was heard upon the stair; it approached nearer; it reached the landing; and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw that he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hand to meet him; she stopped short, gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught sight of the shadow of a man, reflected on the floor. They both rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed.

"Very quietly done," said one of the men to his companion, "thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom — come, come, it's no use crying, young woman. It's all over now, and can't be helped."

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely round upon his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

"Listen to me, father," he said, in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. "My brother's blood, and mine, is on your head: I never had kind look, or word, or care, from you, and alive or dead, I never will forgive you. Die when you will, or how, I will be with you. I speak as a dead man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you." He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room; and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more, on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose, and looked round him; the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; every thing was just as he remembered to have seen it last: and there were no signs of any one, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers, and of the neighbours; but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavouring to gain her bread in quiet, elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth, and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways, and in brick-fields — any where, where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home — a happy, cheerful home — and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him — so plain, so

clear, and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose, and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake, and conscious. The well-known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice rich food — they were before him: he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand, and take them — and, though the illusion was reality itself he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain-drops as they pattered on the stones; that death was coming upon him by inches — and that there were none to care for or help him.

Suddenly, he started up, in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what, or why. Hark! A groan! — another! His senses were leaving him: half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new

life ; Le ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river-side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved ; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet — so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach ; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind, urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface — but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings ! Life — life — in any form, poverty, misery, starvation — any thing but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore — but one foot of dry ground — he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved — but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant — for one brief instant — the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible — once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot

up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognised and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since mouldered away! C. DICKENS (Boz).

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Pitt's Reply to Sir H. Walpole.

'THE atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining: but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth is not my only crime! — I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised: I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and

though I may, perhaps, have some ambition, yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the honourable gentleman' — Mr. Pitt was here interrupted by Mr. Winnington, who called him to order with much bitterness of language, and was himself proceeding in a more violent strain than that which he affected to condemn, when Mr. Pitt is said to have retorted upon him his own accusation in these spirited words: 'If this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking without any regard to truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own passion whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others. Happy would it be for mankind, if every one knew his own province; we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself. That I may return, in some degree, the favour, which he intends me, I will advise

him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order; but whenever he finds himself inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never reform.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

From Mr. Pitt's Speech on the Abolition of the Slave-trade.

WHY ought the slave-trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger then is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition? By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken - do not they desert their own argument of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour? I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of seventy or eighty thousand persons annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations, inhabiting the most enlightened part of the globe, but more especially under the sanction of the laws of that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all.

Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice, yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said, they have gained some knowledge of the principle of justice. What, Sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us!! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study of mutual de-

struction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements, to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness. Some evidences say, that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and, ultimately, themselves. Are these then the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labour of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions, men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us, have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. I feel that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connexions which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships, that are burst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries, in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement!

There was a time, Sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this Island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And the circumstances, Sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proofs, that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge

and the morals of Europe; that providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have *applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain*. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honourable gentleman, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, *there is a people that will never rise to civilization — there is a people destined never to be free — a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world.* Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa? We, Sir, have long since emerged from barbarism — we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians — we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized Africa. There is indeed one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians: for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and established in all the blessings of civil society: we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice: we are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever

yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very Island now apply to Africa; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuit of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

From Edmund Burke's Speech on the East-India
Bill held in 1783.

WITH very few, and those inconsiderable intervals, the British dominion, either in the Company's name, or in the name of Princes absolutely dependent upon the Company, extends, from the mountains that separate India from Tartary, to Cape Comorin, that is, one and twenty degrees of latitude!

In the northern parts, it is a solid mass of land, about eight hundred miles in length, and four or five hundred broad. As you go southward, it becomes narrower for a space: it afterwards dilates: but narrower or broader, you possess the whole eastern and north-eastern coast of that vast country, quite from the borders of Pegu. • Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, with Benares (now unfortunately in our immediate possession) measure 161,978 square English miles; a territory considerably larger than the whole kingdom of France. Oude, with its dependent provinces is 53,286 square miles; not a great deal less than England. The Carnatic, with Tanjore and the Circars, is 65,948 square miles, very considerably larger than England; and the whole of the Company's dominion, comprehending Bombay and Salsette, amounts to 281,412 square miles; which forms a territory larger than any European dominion, Russia and Turkey excepted. Through all that vast extent of country, there is not a man who eats a mouthful of rice, but by permission of the East-India Company.

So far with regard to the extent. The population of this great empire is not easy to be calculated. When the countries of which it is composed, came into our possession, they were all eminently peopled, and eminently productive; though at that time considerably declined from their ancient prosperity. But since they are come into our hands! — However, if we take the period of our estimate immediately before the utter desolation of the Carnatic, and if we allow for the havock which our government had even then made in those regions, we cannot, in my opinion, rate the popu-

lation at much less than thirty millions of souls; more than four times the number of persons in the island of Great Britain.

My next inquiry to that of the number, is the quality and description of the inhabitants. This multitude of men does not consist of an abject and barbarous populace, much less of gangs of savages, like the Guaranies and Chiquitos, who wander on the waste borders of the river of Amazon or the Plate; but a people for ages civilized and cultivated; cultivated by all the arts of polished life, while we were yet in the woods. There have been (and still the skeletons remain) princes, once of great dignity, authority, and opulence. There are to be found the chiefs of tribes and nations. There is to be found an ancient and venerable priesthood, the depository of their laws, learning, and history, the guides of the people whilst living, and their consolation in death; a nobility of great antiquity and renown; a multitude of cities, not exceeded in population and trade by those of the first class in Europe; merchants and bankers, individual houses of whom have once vied in capital with the bank of England, whose credit had often supported a tottering state, and preserved their government in the midst of war and desolation; millions of ingenious manufacturers and mechanics; millions of the most diligent, and not the least intelligent, tillers of the earth. Here are to be found almost all the religions professed by men; the Braminical, the Musselmans, the Eastern and the Western Christians. If I were to take the whole aggregate of our possessions there, I should compare it, as the nearest parallel I can find, with the Empire of Germany. Our immediate possessions I should compare with the Austrian dominions, and they would not suffer in the comparison. The Nabob of Oude might stand for the King of Prussia. The Nabob of Arcot I would compare, as superior in territory, and equal in revenue, to the Elector of Saxony. Cheyt Sing, the Rajah of Benares, might well rank with the Prince of Hesse, at least; and the Rajah of Tanjore (though hardly equal in extent of dominion, superior in revenue) to the Elector of Bavaria. The Polygars, and the northern Zemindars, and other great Chiefs, might well class with the rest of the Princes, Dukes, Counts, Marquisses, and Bishops, in the Empire; all of whom I mention to

honour, and surely without disparagement to any or all of those most respectable Princes and Grandees.

All this vast mass, composed of so many orders and classes of men, is infinitely diversified by manners, by religion, by hereditary employment, through all their possible combinations. This renders the handling of India a matter in a high degree critical and delicate. But oh! it has been handled rudely indeed. Even some of the reformers seem to have forgot that they had any thing to do but to regulate the tenants of a manor, or the shopkeepers of the next county-town.

It is an empire of this extent, of this complicated nature, of this dignity and importance, that I have compared it to Germany, and the German government; not for an exact resemblance, but as a sort of middle term, by which India might be approximated to our understandings, and, if possible, to our feelings; in order to awaken something of sympathy for the unfortunate natives, of which, I am afraid, we are not perfectly susceptible, whilst we look at this very remote object, through a false and cloudy medium. —

The several irruptions of Arabs, Tartars and Persians into India were, for the greater part, ferocious, bloody, and wasteful in the extreme: our entrance into the dominion of that country, was, as generally, with small comparative effusion of blood; being introduced by various frauds and delusions, and by taking advantage of the incurable, blind, and senseless animosity, which the several country powers bear towards each other, rather than by open force. But the difference in favour of the first conquerors is this: the Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own. They rose or fell with the rise or fall of the territory they lived in. Fathers there deposited the hopes of their posterity; and children there beheld the monuments of their fathers. Here their lot was finally cast; and it is the natural wish of all, that their lot should not be cast in a bad land. Poverty, sterility, and desolation are not a recreating prospect to the eye of man; and there are very few who can bear to grow old among the curses of a whole people. If their passion or their avarice drove the Tartar lords to acts of rapacity or

tyranny, there was time enough, even in the short life of man, to bring round the ill effects of an abuse of power upon the power itself. If hoards were made by violence and tyranny, they were still domestic hoards; and domestic profusion, or the rapine of a more powerful and prodigal hand, restored them to the people. With many disorders, and with few political checks upon power, nature had still fair play: the sources of acquisition were not dried up; and therefore the trade, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country flourished. Even avarice and usury itself operated, both for the preservation and the employment of national wealth. The husbandman and manufacturer paid heavy interest, but then they augmented the fund from whence they were again to borrow. Their resources were dearly bought, but they were sure; and the general stock of the community grew by the general effort.

But under the English government all this order is reversed. The Tartar invasion was mischievous; but it is our protection that destroys India. It was their enmity, but it is our friendship. Our conquest there, after twenty years, is as crude as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the grey head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there, without society, and without sympathy with the natives. They have no more social habits with the people, than if they still resided in England; nor indeed any species of intercourse but that which is necessary to making a sudden fortune, with a view to a remote settlement. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another; wave after wave; and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. With us are no retributory superstitions, by which a foundation of charity compensates through ages, to the poor, for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments which repair the mischiefs which pride had produced and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools; England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations,

dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of state or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain, to tell, that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the orang-outang or the tiger.

There is nothing in the boys we send to India worse than the boys whom we are whipping at school, or that we see trailing a pike, or bending over a desk at home. But the English youth in India drink the intoxicating draught of authority and dominion before their heads are able to bear it, and as they are full grown in fortune long before they are ripe in principle, neither nature nor reason have any opportunity to exert themselves for remedy of the excesses of premature power. The consequences of their conduct, which in good minds, (and many of theirs are probably such) might produce penitence or amendment, are unable to pursue the rapidity of their flight. Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about, in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean. In India all the vices operate by which sudden fortune is acquired; in England are often displayed, by the same persons, the virtues which dispense hereditary wealth. Arrived in England, the destroyers of the nobility and gentry of a whole kingdom will find the best company in this nation, at a board of elegance and hospitality. Here the manufacturer and husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand, that in India has torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor. They marry into your families; they enter into your senate; they ease your estates by loans, they raise their value by demand; they cherish and protect your relations which lie heavy under your patronage; and there is scarcely a house in the kingdom that does not feel some concern and interest that makes all reform of our eastern government appear officious and disgusting; and, on the whole, a most discouraging attempt. In such an attempt you hurt those who are able to return kindness, or to resent injury. If you

succeed, you save these who cannot so much as give you thanks. All these things show the difficulty of the work we have on hand: but they show its necessity too. Our Indian government is in its best state a grievance. It is necessary that the correctives should be uncommonly vigorous, and the work of men sanguine, warm, and even impassioned in the cause. But it is an arduous thing to plead against abuses of a power which originates from your own country, and affects those whom we are used to consider as strangers. —

And now having done my duty to the bill, let me say a word to the author Fox. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language with which he has been treated beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary; not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings. I must say then, that it will be a distinction honourable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised, has fallen to the lot of abilities and dispositions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support so great a measure of hazardous benevolence. His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things; he well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity, from court intrigues and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen. This is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember, that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory; he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honour, under the burthen of temporary reproach. He is doing indeed a great good; such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires, of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give

the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He can never exceed what he does this day. —

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Fox against the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1800.

— **BUT**, Sir, I should think that it is the interest of Bonaparte to make peace. A lover of military glory as that General must necessarily be, may he not think that his measure of glory is full — that it may be tarnished by a reverse of fortune — and can hardly be increased by any new laurels? He must feel, that, in the situation to which he is now raised, he can no longer depend on his own fortune, his own genius and his own talents, for a continuance of his success; he must be under the necessity of employing other generals, whose misconduct or incapacity might endanger his power, or whose triumphs even might affect the interest which he holds in the opinion of the French. Peace, then, would secure to him what he had achieved and fix the inconstancy of fortune. But this will not be his only motive. He must see that France also requires a respite — a breathing interval, to recruit her wasted strength. To procure her this respite would be, perhaps, the attainment of more solid glory, as well as the means of acquiring more solid power than any thing which he can hope to gain from arms, and from the proudest triumphs. May he not then be zealous to gain this fame, the only species of fame, perhaps that is worth acquiring? Nay, granting that his soul may still burn with the thirst of military exploits, is it not likely that he is disposed to yield to the feelings of the French people, and consolidate his power by consulting their interests! I have a right to argue in this way, when suppositions of his sincerity are reasoned upon on the other side. Sir, these aspersions are in truth always idle, and even mischievous. I have been too long accustomed to hear imputations and calumnies thrown out upon great and ho-

nourable characters, to be much influenced by them. My hon. and learned Friend (Mr. Erskine) has paid this night a most just, deserved and honourable tribute of applause, to the memory of that great and unparalleled character, who is so recently lost to the world. I must, like him, beg leave a moment to dwell on the venerable George Washington, though I know that it is impossible for me to bestow any thing like adequate praise on a character which gave us more than any other human being, the example of a perfect man; yet, good, great, and unexampled as General Washington was, I can remember the time, when he was not better spoken of in this House than Bonaparte is now. The right hon. Gentleman who opened this debate (Mr. Dundas) may remember in what terms of disdain, of virulence, even of contempt, General Washington was spoken of by gentlemen on that side of the House. Does he not recollect with what marks of indignation any member was stigmatized as an enemy to his country, who mentioned with common respect, the name of General Washington? If a negociation had then been proposed to be opened with that great man, what would have been said? Would you treat with a rebel, a traitor! What an example would you not give by such an act? I do not know whether the right hon. Gentleman may not yet possess some of his old prejudices on the subject. I hope not: I hope by this time we are all convinced that a republican government, like that of America, may exist without danger or injury to social order, or to established monarchies. They have happily shown that they can maintain the relations of peace and amity with other states. They have shown too that they are alive to the feelings of honour; but they do not lose sight of plain good sense and discretion. They have not refused to negotiate with the French, and they have accordingly the hopes of a speedy termination of every difference. —

Where then, Sir, is this war, which on every side is pregnant with such horrors, to be carried? Where is it to stop? Not till you establish the House of Bourbon! And this you cherish the hope of doing, because you have had a successful campaign. Why, Sir, before this you have had a successful campaign. The situation of the allies, with all they have gained, is surely not to

be compared now to what it was when you had taken Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Condé &c. which induced some gentlemen in this House to prepare themselves for a march to Paris. With all that you have gained, you surely will not say that the prospect is brighter now than it was then. What have you gained but the recovery of a part of what you before lost? One campaign is successful to you — another to them — and in this way, animated by the vindictive passions of revenge, hatred and rancour, which are infinitely more flagitious, even than those of ambition and the thirst of power, you may go on for ever; as with such black incentives, I see no end to human misery.

And all this without an intelligible motive — all this because you may gain a better peace a year or two hence! So that we are called upon to go on merely as a speculation. — We must keep Bonaparte for some time longer at a war, at a state of probation. Gracious God, Sir, is a war a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Is your vigilance, your policy, your common powers of observation, to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Cannot this state of probation be as well undergone without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings? “But we must *pause!*” What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out — her best blood be spilt — her treasure wasted — that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves, oh! that you would put yourselves in the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite. In former wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict. If a man had been present at the battle of Blenheim for instance, and had inquired the motive of the battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even perhaps, allayed his feelings — they were fighting to repress the uncontrolled ambition of the Grand Monarque. — But if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they are fighting — “Fighting,” would be the answer; “they are not fighting, they are *pausing.*” “Why is that man expiring! — is that other writhing with agony? What means this impla-

cable fury?" The answer must be, "You are quite wrong — Sir, you deceive yourself — They are not fighting — Do not disturb them — they are merely *pausing* — this man is not expiring with agony — that man is not dead — he is only pausing! Lord help you, Sir, they are not angry with one another. They have now no cause of quarrel — but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see, Sir, is nothing like fighting — there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it whatever — it is nothing more than a *political pause* — it is merely to try an experiment — to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore — and in the mean time we have agreed to pause in pure friendship." And is this the way, Sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order! You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world — to destroy order — to trample on religion — to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you. —

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Sheridan's Speech on the War with France.

December 8, 1802.

WITH regard to the general question of a disposition to peace or war, I for one declare, that I am as strongly and as sincerely for the preservation of peace as any man, and that I do not consider war as any remedy for the evils complained of. If a war spirit be springing up in this country, if a chivalrous disposition be observable, if a sentiment of indignation be rising upon the subject of the treatment of Switzerland, I for one shall contend that the treatment of Switzerland is no cause of war. I would therefore say, preserve peace if possible: peace if possible, because the effects of war, always calamitous, may be calamitous indeed, buckling, as we should be forced to do, all our sinews and strength against that power in a contest with her upon such grounds. I repeat, therefore, peace if possible; but I add, resistance, prompt, resolute, determined resistance to the first aggression, be the consequences

what they may. Influenced by these sentiments, I shall vote cordially and cheerfully for this large peace establishment; and it is because I shall vote for it that I think myself bound to state my reasons. Sir, some gentlemen seem to consider what they advance as so many axioms too clear to need explanation or to require defence. But when I vote so large an establishment, I think myself not at liberty to bind such a burthen upon my constituents, without stating the grounds upon which I act, and the principles by which I am prompted. Sir, I have listened with all the attention I am master of to the different arguments that have been advanced in the present debate. One honourable gentleman who spoke second, appears to be a decided enemy to a great establishment, and the reasons he gave for his opposition, I confess, perfectly astonished me. Luckily he has no rapid flippancy in his manner; his sentiments are delivered too soberly and sedately to be mistaken. I am sure I mean nothing disrespectful to that gentleman, who amply repays the attention that is paid to him. But he says, if ministers had only said to him that danger existed, he would for one have voted for the force proposed. Does he doubt the danger? He complains that His Majesty's ministers do not state it precisely. But does he pretend that he does not see and feel it? Can any one look at the map of Europe and be blind to it? Can any one have a heart to resist apprehended injury, and say that we ought not to be prepared? But he asks, why raise only eleven hundred thousand men? You can never equal the military power of France, and as you cannot, why stop at eleven hundred thousand? Why not raise one hundred and twenty, one hundred and thirty, or one hundred and forty thousand? If this argument be worth any thing, it applies equally to our raising only one thousand. Why, if we can never be equal to France, raise a man? — The next excellent reasoning of the honourable gentleman who spoke second against the proposed vote is, that the first year of war there will be an immense army drawn upon the opposite coast, and therefore, now it is not necessary to be prepared. When the army is upon your shores, when the trumpet of the enemy sounds at your gates, then it is time to be prepared. Appearance of security, he contends, gives, often, the effect of

security. If we have large armies, France will think we raise them through fear; if we do not have them, she will think that we feel ourselves perfectly secure. I have heard instances, Sir, where mounting wooden guns upon a fort has produced the same security as if there had been real ones. But unluckily in this instance for us, by our constitutional form of proceeding, our whole force must be known: we cannot pass upon an enemy wooden guns and an army at Brentford. If we vote no force, an enemy will know we have none. But have no arms, throw away your guns, is the advice of the honourable gentleman. Sir, when every house in my neighbourhood has been attacked and robbed by a gang of ruffians, how my having no arms is to save me from a visit from them, I must leave the honourable gentleman to explain. His next argument is, that it is unreasonable in us to believe that Buonaparte wishes to be at war with us; for he thinks the French have nothing to gain by invasion. Nothing to gain? What else have they to lose but that of which it has been said they have so much to spare, and what have they not to gain? Sir, I cannot but think this as unbecoming a sentiment as ever was uttered. But it is unreasonable to think that the French wish to meddle with us. Why, I protest I cannot explain. If, as has been said, they have felt our arms, they who have been every where else successful, cannot but view the only power whose arms they have felt with feelings of warm resentment, and with sentiments of mortified pride. But look at the map of Europe; there, where a great man (who, however, was always wrong on this subject) said he looked for France, and found nothing but a chasm. Look at that map now, and see nothing but France. It is in our power to measure her territory, to reckon her population, but it is scarcely within the grasp of any man's mind to measure the ambition of Buonaparte. Why, when all Europe bows down before him — why, when he has subdued the whole continent, he should feel such great respect for us, I am at a loss to discover. If then it be true, as I have stated, that his ambition is of that immeasurable nature, there are abundant and obvious reasons why it must be progressive — reasons much stronger than any that could have been used under the power of the Bourbons. They were ambitious, but it was not so necessary for

them to feed their subjects with the spoils and plunder of war; they had the attachment of a long established family applied to them; they had the effect and advantage of hereditary succession. But I see in the very situation and composition of the power of Buonaparte a physical necessity for him to go on in this barter with his subjects, and to promise to make them the masters of the world if they will consent to be his slaves. I see then, I repeat, this strong reason for his pursuing this system of policy. If that be the case, must not his most anxious looks be directed to Great Britain? Every thing else is petty and contemptible compared with it. Russia, if not in his power, is at least in his influence — Prussia is at his back — Italy is his vassal — Holland is in his grasp — Spain at his nod — Turkey in his toils — Portugal at his foot: — when I see this, can I hesitate in stating my feelings, still less can I hesitate in giving a vote that shall put us upon our guard against the machinations and workings of such an ambition? But it has been said, that it is possible he may mean nothing more than rivalry of commerce. Happy, Sir, shall I be if such an idea enter into his head at all, much more if it form part of his plans. But I confess that I cannot see that it does. I mark him taking positions calculated to destroy our commerce, but I do not find him doing any thing for the mutual benefit of the trade of the two countries. I see him anxious to take possession of Louisiana, and to use the ports of St. Domingo to carry out West India and Jamaica trade. I can conceive a possible case, in which such positions might be taken so as to force us to surrender our commerce without a stroke. An ignorant observer may see two armies, and may say there is no war, because there is no battle; yet one of them may make such movements as to compel the other to surrender without striking a blow.

Of the commercial talents of Buonaparte, I can be supposed to know but little; but bred in camps, it cannot be imagined that his commercial knowledge can be very great; and, indeed, if I am rightly informed, he is proceeding in the old plan of heavy duties and prohibitions. But he would go a shorter way to work with us. The old country has credit and capital, and commercial
 prise; and he may think, if he can subjugate us, that he can

carry them off to France like so many busts and marbles. But he would find himself mistaken; that credit would wither under the gripe of power; that capital would sink into the earth, if trodden upon by the foot of a despot. That commercial enterprise would, I believe lose all its vigour in the presence of an arbitrary government. No, Sir, instead of putting his nation apprentice to commerce, he has other ideas in his head. My humble apprehension is, that, though in the tablet and volume of his mind there may be some marginal note about cashiering the King of Etruria; yet, that the whole text is occupied with the destruction of this country. This is the first vision that breaks upon him through the gleam of the morning; this is his last prayer at night, to whatever Deity he addresses it, whether to Jupiter or Mahomet; to the Goddess of Battles, or the Goddess of Reason. But, Sir, the only consolation is, that he is a great philosopher and philanthropist. I believe this hyper-philanthropy has done more harm than ever it did good. He has discovered that we all belong to the Western family. Sir, I confess I feel a sentiment of deep indignation, when I hear (I take it from report) that this scrap of nonsense was uttered to one of the most enlightened of the human race. To this family party I do not wish to belong. He may invite persons, if he please, to dinner, and, like Lord Peter, say, that this tough crust is excellent mutton. He may toss a sceptre to the King of Etruria to play with, and keep a rod to scourge him in the corner; he may have thought at first his Cisalpine Republic a fine growing child, and may have found it a ricketty bantling; but I feel contempt for all this mockery. Let us, Sir, abstain from invective, only let us speak the truth. Why, Sir, what I have said is nothing but the truth. Let us be visiting acquaintance, but I do implore him not to consider us as one of the family. Perhaps, Sir, it is unnecessary for me to state any more reasons for voting for this large peace establishment. All I desire is, not to have it understood that in stating my fears, I speak from a well informed judgment. On that account it is that I say do not go to war; on that account it is that I state my apprehensions as national grounds for great vigilance, and for strong preparation. Sir, there are two other points pressed by several gentlemen, to which I beg leave to refer. I mean the fitness of the

persons in power and the spirit of the people. The power of the country consists in its army, its navy, and its finance, in the talent and integrity of its ministers, and, above all, in the spirit of the people. Upon this second branch of the question, though I have said some things which may be considered as grateful to that party which may be denominated the war party, yet I fear I shall be compelled to state by and by some circumstances that may not be quite so agreeable to them. It is a matter of no importance to the house perhaps to know why I was absent on the two first days of the session. I was anxious to hear the part which men would take, and I do confess I never felt so much disgust at any circumstance, as to find on the first day of the session, instead of an unanimous vote for vigilance and preparation, a call from some to give us back our places. The noble Lord's friends may be divided into two classes; those who call for a change of ministers, and for war. And here I must say, Sir, for one, that I thank them for their frankness in stating what they have done, because their frankness is an antidote to the fury of their counsels. The noble lord says, we don't want to go to war; we only wish to have other persons in power; the noble lord deals with the ingenuousness of youth, as I say; with the experience of youth, according to others. But what should we get by this change? Would those persons he recommends have acted differently from the present ministers? Would they have gone to war for any of the events that have occurred since the peace? Would they have gone to war for the annexing of Piedmont to France? — for the Cisalpine Republic? — for the invasion of Switzerland? No, for none of these. They would have done as ministers have done, but more vigorously; they would have shown more grumbling patience; they would have made wry faces; they would not have stood with their hands before them; no, but with their arms akimbo. What would they have got by this? Would they have obtained any thing more by all this grudging and wincing? — Would such a mode of conduct have become the character and dignity of the country? Sir, it is not to be inferred, because the right honourable gentleman opposite me did none of these things, that he felt no indignation. I learn from His Majesty's speech, every word of which I approve, that his ministers are determined

not to be shut out of the continent. I say, Sir, I approve of the speech, because it satisfied me that a sense of wrong, and a resentment of injury, may live under moderate language. But these ministers, it seems, are the incapable gentlemen. Will gentlemen show us any act of base submission on their part? If they can; if they prove that they did any act with respect to Switzerland, and meanly retracted it afterwards, I will be the first to inveigh against them. But these gentlemen show us no such acts; they seem as if they considered the ministers, now the drudgery of signing the peace is done, as *functi officiis*, and as if they ought to go out; as if one was a mere goose quill and the other a stick of sealing wax, which are done with, and ought to be thrown under the table. We know that *Touchstone* says, as a good ground of quarrel, "That he don't like the cut of a certain courtier's beard." Perhaps this capricious dislike cannot be better exemplified than by the sentiment expressed in the well known epigram of Martial: —

*Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.*

The English parody may be more applicable to these gentlemen:—

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this, I'm sure, I know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

It is fair, Sir, to say, that this English parody, so unfavourable to the Doctor, proceeds from the mouth of a fair lady, who has privileges to like and dislike, which would ill become a member of this house. Sir, I contend that no solid reason has been offered to be urged against these ministers. How, I would ask, has the right honourable gentleman forfeited the confidence of the people? And why are we told that there is but one man alone that can save the country. But it seems, and I must frankly confess, that I was utterly astonished when I heard such an assertion made use of, that His Majesty's ministers assumed the reins of government at a most inviting period. Sir, I defy any man to show me a period of greater difficulty. The right honourable gentleman who, in the chair of this house, had so amply deserved and secured the respect of every member in it, could not but have quitted it with

feelings of regret. — But the expeditions to the Baltic and to Egypt were prepared: true; yet was success certain? Was it not the act of chance, and the great skill shown by the noble Admiral (Nelson) that brought the expedition to the Baltic to a favourable issue? Did the late ministers conceal their fears with respect to the expedition to Egypt? That it was most glorious in its event, and that the country ought to bind the brows of the meanest soldier engaged in it with laurels, I am ready to allow. But it cannot be denied, that, after the expedition had been off the coast in Italy, and was in Marmorice Bay, orders were sent to stop the expedition altogether. With respect to the negotiations for peace, their predecessors knew that the present ministers would have to deal with men who, it might be supposed, would be glad of an occasion to retort the insolence of Lord Grenville's letter. If the enemy had parodied their letter as their only answer to us, if they had said we will wait for experience and the evidence of facts, with respect to the new ministry; if they had said, restore that old whig constitution which the former ministers have so impaired, we might have thought such conduct trifling, and beneath them; but we could not have questioned its fairness. Sir, though His Majesty's ministers must have been prepared to expect humiliation, yet they made peace, I will venture to say, on terms comparatively more advantageous to the country than those that were offered at Lisle. Of these ministers, Sir, I know also that they have not renewed any of their predecessor's oppressive acts. But this, some gentlemen will contend, is a proof of their weakness and unfitness. Never, too, Sir, did the Treasury interfere so little in the general election. This again may be advanced by some as an instance of their incapacity. Nay, the North was left almost to a member of the late administration. When, therefore, gentlemen talk in future of Mr. Pitt's being the fittest person to save the country, they ought to add also the name of Mr. Dundas. But what did these gentlemen expect from the present Chancellor of the Exchequer? We treated him, when in the chair of this house, with the respect he merited. He has, I believe, Sir, over our present worthy Speaker, the advantage in attitude: but did they expect that when he was minister he was to stand up and call

Europe to order? Was he to send Mr. Colman, the Sergeant at Arms, to the Baltic, and order the Northern powers to the bar of the house? Was he to see the powers of Germany scrambling like members over the benches, and say, Gentlemen must take their places? Was he expected to cast his eye to the Tuscan gallery, and exclaim, that strangers must withdraw? Was he to stand across the Rhine, and say, the Germans to the right and the French to the left? If he could have done all these things, I for one should always vote, that the Speaker of the house should be appointed the minister of the country. But the right honourable gentleman has done all that a reasonable man could expect him to do. Sir, I confess, I wish to know what Mr. Pitt himself thinks. I should be glad to hear what his sentiments are of the call made for him, and loudly made too, in another place by a vigorous statesman. I well remember, Sir, and so do we all, the character he gave of the present administration. The justice of his character of the First Lord of the Admiralty, no man can question. Of the accuracy of his judgment, with respect to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, it does not become us to entertain a doubt. The noble Secretary of State was better qualified for the situation than any man in the country, with an exception made, I believe, in favour of my honourable friend (Mr. Fox) near me. Does Mr. Pitt mean to retract that character? I cannot suppose he does. I must believe that he left, in his judgment, the best administration that could be left. I have heard some gentlemen attach to the present ministry the appellation of a mawkish mixture: but if I were to compare them to any thing, I should say, that Mr. Pitt, and the Ex-Secretary of War, acted as men fond of wine (which I certainly do not mean to impute to them as a fault) and drinking a bottle of Tokay. Though you may take what appears to be the best, and leave only what seems to be the lees, yet if you only pour a bottle of good white wine upon them, you have as good a bottle of Tokay as ever. Sir, I think the mixture as good and as wholesome to the constitution as it could have been. I am sure I hear with joy that it is not on account of ill health that the right honourable gentleman to whom I have alluded is absent. I repeat, Sir, when I see so many persons anxious about that gentleman, I am glad to hear

that his health is re-established. But how, I would ask, can we, with any consistency, turn out the man who made the peace, to bring in the person who avowed his approbation of it? Sir, it is since that peace was made that gentlemen have voted a statue to Mr. Pitt; but whenever they erect that statue, let them cover it with laurels so as not to show its nose; yet still a piece of the olive must go with it, for he approved and supported the peace. Sir, I cannot persuade myself to think he is playing a double game, or that he has retracted the opinion he delivered in this house; but every thing should stand plain, every thing should be explicit. I have heard of one person playing two different games at chess, for two different persons at the same time; but I never heard of a person playing one of his hands against the other. I suspect, therefore, there has been some mistake in the telegraphic communication; that the political Philidor's game has been misunderstood; that his friends have displaced a knight and a castle, when they should only have taken two pawns; that they have made an attempt to checkmate the King, when they had no instructions for doing it. Sir, I cannot forget the period when the august personage of the Sovereign was held up as the only man who was against extending privileges to the Catholics in Ireland; and I cannot, therefore, brook the idea of calling that right honourable gentleman back to power, and forcing him upon the crown. I expected when I came into this house to hear much said against Buonaparte, but I had not the slightest expectation of hearing any thing against the prerogative of the crown. Mr. Pitt the only man to save the country! No single man can save the country. If a nation depends only upon one man, it cannot, and, I will add, it does not deserve to be saved; it can only be done by the parliament and the people. Sir, I say, therefore, I cannot believe that there is a back and a fore door to this Egerian grotto. We have all heard, I dare say, of a classical exhibition in this town, *The Invisible Girl*. Here, however, I hope we shall have no whisperings backwards and forwards, no speaking through tubes, no invisible agency. I hope, too, that we shall have it declared, as it ought to be, that these opinions, which have been rumoured about, are unfounded. I shall now address a few words to those gentlemen

who would hurry us into war; and here, Sir, I must say, that of all persons living, the Ex-Secretary of War is the last man who can consistently call out for war. He despised the warning voice of my honourable friend; he turned a deaf ear to his predictions, that we should only consolidate and strengthen the power of France. His answers always were as if he should despise the power of France, could he but see jacobinism destroyed. Is it not destroyed?

“Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear;
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcanian tiger —
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble —”

The right honourable gentleman's wishes are gratified; jacobinism is killed and gone, and by whom? By him who can no longer be called the child and champion of jacobinism — by Buonaparte. I remember to have heard jacobinism compared to Antæus, who gained strength at every throw: but Buonaparte proceeded like Hercules; he gave it a true fraternal hug, and strangled it. Did the French annex Piedmont, did they enter Switzerland with the Rights of Man? Did they talk of those rights when Buonaparte told the people of Italy they were a set of dolts and drivellers, and were unfit to govern themselves? But now the right honorable gentleman seems in a greater fright than ever. He seems as if he had rather have the old ghost back again. Most whimsically he wants to unite all parties against France —

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,

all are welcome to him. The moderate jacobins he takes to his bosom; they were only misled by their feelings. The violent jacobins he appeals to as men of proud spirits. He wishes to sing *Ça Ira* to them, and to head them all. Oh! had I, he sighs, but plenty of jacobins here! But on what principle would they carry on the war? If they were able to curtail the power of Buonaparte, would not their views increase, and would they ever stop without making an example of the regicide republic? If they will speak out fairly, will they not confess this? Will the country, then, for such a purpose consent to turn out the present ministers? Sir,

upon the spirit of the country I wish to say a few words. I have heard from one noble Lord, with regret, what I hope was but a slip, that the spirit of the country is worn out. I think that noble Lord must retract that idea. Sir, I certainly looked to the rejoicings at the peace as an unmanly and irrational exultation. Do I rebuke the people for rejoicing at the blessings of peace? No, Sir, but for rejoicing without asking about the terms. Did they rejoice that we had gained Trinidad and Ceylon? Would two farthing candles have been burnt less had we not obtained them? No, Sir, if they had believed that they had been fighting for civilized order, morality, and religion; and if, believing this, they exulted in such a peace, then it proves, that their spirit was worn out. But I allude to this, in order that the enemy may not be led into a mistake upon the subject. Sir, one of the disadvantages attending the present administration is, that they will not turn when they are attacked by the last administration. They are hampered by the votes they gave for the war. But from the period of the allegations that it was a war for the Scheldt, I assert that it continued to be a war upon false pretences. The people were told that it was a war for religion and good order, and they found that peace was ready to be made at Lisle, without any reference to those causes. The right honourable gentleman says, what baseness, while religion was in their mouths, to consent to steal a sugar island. It is true, Sir, though it comes a little extraordinarily from that man who was one of the cabinet ministers at the time of the negociation at Lisle. It should appear as if there had indeed been great discord in the cabinet; there never was greater, says the honourable gentleman. They acted not merely like men in a boat, rowing different ways, but like men in the boat of a balloon. Up the Ex-Secretary of War was ascending to the clouds, whilst Mr. Dundas was opening the valve and letting out the gas to descend; while one was throwing out ballast to mount to the most chivalrous heights, the other was attempting to let drop an anchor upon a West India island. Each of these ministers was suffered to have his favourite plan. The Ex-Secretary at War was allowed to nibble at the coast of France, the War Secretary of State to make a descent upon a sugar island; and thus they went on till the letter from Lord Grenville,

that letter never to be forgotten; and, I will add, never to be forgiven, made its appearance, and the people took a deep and settled disgust. Why did this not appear? And this, Sir, ought to be a lesson to us. The mouths of the people were shut and gagged, and the government were acting without knowing any thing of their circumstances. Sir, in such circumstances, the integrity of their minds was disgusted, and they were glad to get rid of the war at any rate. Upon this subject I have dwelt the more particularly, because I wish Buonaparte not to mistake the cause of the joy of the people. He should know, that if he commits any act of aggression against them, they are ready to enter singly into the contest, rather than suffer any attack upon their honour and their independence. I shall proceed no further. I perfectly agree with my honourable friend, that war ought to be avoided, though he does not agree with me on the means best calculated to produce that effect. From any opinion he may express, I never differ but with the greatest reluctance. For him my affection, my esteem, and my attachment, are unbounded, and they will end only with my life. But I think an important lesson is to be learnt from the arrogance of Buonaparte. He says he is an instrument in the hands of Providence, an Envoy of God. He says he is an instrument in the hands of Providence to restore Switzerland to happiness, and to elevate Italy to splendour and importance. Sir, I think he is an instrument in the hands of Providence to make the English love their constitution the better; to cling to it with more fondness; to hang round it with truer tenderness. Every man feels when he returns from France that he is coming from a dungeon to enjoy the light and life of British independence. Sir, whatever abuses exist, we shall still look with pride and pleasure upon the substantial blessings we still enjoy. I believe too, Sir, that he is an instrument in the hands of Providence, to make us more liberal in our political differences, and to render us determined, with one hand and heart, to oppose any aggressions that may be made upon us. If that aggression be made, my honourable friend will, I am sure, agree with me, that we ought to meet it with a spirit worthy of these islands; that we ought to meet it with a conviction of the truth of this assertion, that the country which has achieved such

greatness, has no retreat in littleness; that if we could be content to abandon every thing, we should find no safety in poverty, no security in abject submission. Finally, Sir, that we ought to meet it with a fixed determination to perish in the same grave with the honour and independence of the country.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

From Canning's Speech on Parliamentary Reform in 1822.

PASSING over the reign of James I and his unfortunate successor, — and not dwelling upon the cavalier treatment which Cromwell bestowed upon his own purified and reformed House of Commons, I come to the reign of Charles II., where I find, not amid scarce manuscripts and treasures of ancient lore, but published in a hundred popular books, in sketches of biography, and lessons for youth, the famous letter of that most famous woman, Anne, Countess of Pembroke; who, amongst her other great titles and possessions, was undoubted patroness of the then, I presume, free and independent borough of Appleby. This great lady writes thus to Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles II., in answer to his suggestion of a member for the borough of Appleby —

“I have been bullied by an Usurper; I have been ill treated by a Court; but I won't be dictated to by a Subject; your Man sha'n't stand.

“Anne,

Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, &c.”

Now, Sir, I should be curious to know *which* generation of our ancestors it is that the exercise of political influence in the elections of the present day, so lamentably disquiets in their graves. Is it the contemporaries of the Duchess of Norfolk, and of the worthy electors of Maldon, who were to be careful to choose members so properly “towards” my Lady? — or those who tasted the sweets of uninfluenced election under Queen Elizabeth? — or those who contemplated with equal admiration the Countess of Pembroke's defence of her castles against the forces of the usurper,

and of her good borough of Appleby against Secretary Williamson's nominee? Pity it is that the noble lord (Lord Falkstone), the convert to reform, did not live in the days of one or other of these heroines! Their example could hardly have failed to reconvert him to his original native sentiments upon the subject of influence in elections, and the fit constitution of a House of Commons.

But I have not yet done with my list of patronesses. Nor has interference in elections, and female interference too, been coupled with no great name in the unquestioned good times of the Constitution. The noble lord who made this motion will pardon me for referring him to the published letters of his great ancestress, the Lady Russell; in which he will find the Lord Steward (the Duke of Shrewsbury), and Lord Keeper Somers, tendering to her, for her son Lord Tavistock, then a minor, the representation of the county of Middlesex, upon the single condition that Lord Tavistock would consent but to show himself to the electors for one day under the name of Lord Russell. The offer was not accepted, on account, so far as appears, of Lord Tavistock's minority; though instances are adduced by the makers of the proposition to convince her ladyship that *that* need not be an objection. But what would be said now-a-days, and what would be the agitation of our buried ancestors, if a lord chancellor and a lord steward were to concur in offering a seat in Parliament for a county to some young nobleman yet under age?

Now here let me guard myself against misrepresentation. It must not be imputed to me that I am saying that all this was *right*: I am only saying that all this was *so*. I have been dealing (be it observed) with the second of my two questions; not with the question, whether the House of Commons should be reconstructed? — but with the question whether it should be recalled to some state in which it formerly stood? I have been endeavouring to dispel the idle superstition that there once existed in this country a House of Commons, in the construction of which the faults that are attributed to the present House of Commons, and attributed to it as a motive of inflicting upon itself its own destruction, did not equally exist: and not only exist equally; but exist in wider extent and more undisguised enormity. I have been

showing that if the present House of Commons is to be destroyed for these faults, it has earned that fate not by degeneracy, but by imitation; that it would in such case expiate the misdeeds of its predecessors, instead of suffering for any that are peculiarly its own. I have been endeavouring to prove, that of the two options, — “do you mean to restore? — or to construct anew?” — no reformer who has carefully examined the subject, can in sincerity answer otherwise than “to construct anew:” for that to *restore* the times of purity of election, that is, of election free from the influence, and a preponderating influence too, of property, rank, station, and power, natural or acquired, would be, to restore a state of things of which we can find no prototype, and to revert to times which in truth have never been.

That the proposition “to construct anew” is the much more formidable proposition of the two, is tacitly admitted by the very unwillingness which is shown on all occasions to acknowledge it as the object of any motion for reform. Yet to *that* must the reformers come. To that, I venture to tell the noble lord, he, with all his caution, and all his desire to avoid extravagance and exaggeration, must come, if he consents to reform *on principle*. By reforming “on principle,” I mean, reforming with a view not simply to the redress of any partial, practical grievance, but generally to theoretical improvement. I may add that even “on principle” his endeavours to reform will be utterly vain, if he insists upon the exclusion of influence, as an indispensable quality of his reformed constitution. Not in this country only, but in every country in which a popular elective assembly has formed part of the Government, to exclude such influence from the elections, has been a task either not attempted, or attempted to no purpose. While we dam up one source of influence, a dozen others will open; in proportion as the progress of civilization, the extension of commerce, and a hundred other circumstances, better understood than defined, contribute to shift and change, in their relative proportions, the prevailing interests of society. Whether the House of Commons, in its present shape, does not practically though silently accommodate itself to such changes, with a pliancy almost as faithful as the nicest artifice could contrive, is, in my opinion,

I confess, a much more important consideration, than whether the component parts of the House might be arranged with neater symmetry, or distributed in more scientific proportions.

But am I therefore hostile to the reformation of any proved cases of abuse, or to the punishment of malpractices by which the existing rights of election are occasionally violated? No such thing. When any such cases are pointed out and proved, far be it from me to wish that they should be passed over with impunity. When the noble lord (Lord John Russell) himself brought forward, two years ago, a bill for transferring to other constituents, the right of election of a borough in which gross corruption had been practised, he began, as I thought and think, in the right course. When he proposed the disfranchisement of Grampound, I gave him my support; and if other cases of the same description occurred, I should be ready to do so again. That, Sir, is the true way of reforming the House of Commons: by adding strength to the representation, where we can do so certainly and definitely, and without incurring a risk of evils greater than those we cure. In the principle of that proposition of the noble lord I concurred: and if I concurred with those who suggested the substitution of the county of York for the town of Leeds, as the recipient of the franchise to be detached from Grampound, I did so, not because I was apprehensive that Leeds would abuse the privilege; but because, for the last forty years, the want of a greater number of members for the county of York had been the standing grievance complained of in every petition for reform. "Shall the great county of York have no more members than the little county of Rutland?" — is the language of the petition of 1793. "Shall so great, and populous, and manufacturing a county, be no more numerously represented in the House of Commons than the borough of Shoreham, or Cricklade, or Midhurst, or finally than Old Sarum?" — are the apostrophes which have added zest to every debate, and a sting to every petition, from the year 1780 to the present day. Well? Here was an opportunity of meeting this master-argument, and quieting for ever the perturbed solicitude for Yorkshire representation. I thought, therefore, that it would be a pity to lose such an opportunity; the House fortunately was

of the same opinion; and lo! the grievance of grievances, the subject of forty years' clamour, is redressed. But, to be quite ingenuous, I will own that I was not without expectation that when the reformers had gained this point, they would find out that they had not gotten *exactly* what they wanted. So indeed it has happened. Since the bill passed, I have heard of no congratulations on the event; but I have heard of much regret, and of many fears lest great inconvenience should result from the measure to the county of York itself. This to be sure would be exceedingly to be deplored: and to remedy so unlucky a result of the first effort at reform, I understand that it is now in contemplation to bring in a bill for the purpose of dividing the county into two parts; assigning to one the old and to the other the new representation. We shall see how this expedient will be relished. For my own part, I apprehend that every true Yorkshireman will object to it as a sort of converse of the judgment of Solomon; and that the two old members especially, will rush forward and implore that their ancient parent may be permitted to survive whole and unmutilated. In that case, I shall unquestionably join them in the vote for keeping Yorkshire in undivided magnitude, with its augmented representation; affording, as it will do in that state, a conclusive reply to near half a century of remonstrances and lamentations.

I do not recollect in the speech of the noble mover any other topic on which I feel it necessary to remark; having already, I think, touched upon all the main principles, if not upon all the details and illustrations of his motion; and having, I am well aware, trespassed largely upon the indulgence of the House. A few words more upon the more general topics, which belong to this debate, and I have done. It is asked over and over again whether the House of Commons ought not to sympathize with the people? I answer, undoubtedly yes; and so the House of Commons at present does, finally and in the result. But I also maintain that this House does not betray its trust, if on points of gravity and difficulty, of deep and of lasting importance, it exercises a wary and independent discretion; — even though a momentary misunderstanding between the people and the House, should be created by such difference in opinion with the people. I do not

believe that the change proposed by the noble lord would infuse into the House of Commons a more wholesome spirit. I do not believe that to increase the power of the people, or rather to bring that power into more direct, immediate, and incessant operation upon the House — (whether such effect should be produced by rendering elections more popular, or by shortening the duration of Parliaments, or by both) — I do not believe, I say, that this change would enable the House to discharge its functions more usefully than it discharges them at present. With respect to the plan universal suffrage and annual Parliaments, it seems to be pretty generally agreed, that it would deprive the government of all consistence and stability. Most of the advocates for reform disclaim these doctrines, and resent the imputation of them. I am glad of it. But I confess myself at a loss to understand how *any* extension of suffrage on *principle*, how any shortening of Parliaments on *principle*, can be adopted without opening the whole scope of that plan: and I confess myself not provided with any argument satisfactory to my own mind, by which, after conceding these alterations in *principle*, I could hope to control them in *degree*. I am still more at a loss to conceive in what way such partial concession could tend either to reconcile to the frame of the House of Commons those who are discontented with it as it at present stands, or to enable Parliament to watch more effectually over the freedom, the happiness, and the political importance of the country.

Dreading therefore the danger of total, and seeing the difficulties as well as the unprofitableness of partial alteration, I object to this first step towards a change in the constitution of the House of Commons. There are wild theories abroad. I am not disposed to impute an ill motive to any man who entertains them. I will believe such a man to be as sincere in his conviction of the possibility of realizing his notions of change without risking the tranquillity of the country, as I am sincere in my belief of their impracticability, and of the tremendous danger of attempting to carry them into effect; but for the sake of the world as well as for our own safety, let us be cautious and firm. Other nations, excited by the example of the liberty which this country has long possessed,

have attempted to copy our constitution; and some of them have shot beyond it in the fierceness of their pursuit. I grudge not to other nations, that share of liberty which they may acquire: in the name of God, let them enjoy it! But let us warn them that they lose not the object of their desire by the very eagerness with which they attempt to grasp it. Inheritors and conservators of rational freedom, let us, while others are seeking it in restlessness and trouble, be a steady and shining light to guide their course, not a wandering meteor to bewilder and mislead them.

Let it not be thought that this is an unfriendly or disheartening counsel to those who are either struggling under the pressure of harsh government, or exulting in the novelty of sudden emancipation. It is addressed much rather to those who, though cradled and educated amidst the sober blessings of the British Constitution, pant for other schemes of liberty than those which that Constitution sanctions — other than are compatible with a just equality of civil rights, or with the necessary restraints of social obligation; of some of whom it may be said, in the language which Dryden puts into the mouth of one of the most extravagant of his heroes, that,

“They would be free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.”

Noble and swelling sentiments! — but such as cannot be reduced into practice. Grand ideas! — but which must be qualified and adjusted by a compromise between the aspirings of individuals, and a due concern for the general tranquillity; — must be subdued and chastened by reason and experience, before they can be directed to any useful end! A search after abstract perfection in government, may produce, in generous minds, an enterprise and enthusiasm to be recorded by the historian and to be celebrated by the poet: but such perfection is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not one of possible attainment: and never yet did a passionate struggle after an absolutely unattainable object fail to be productive of misery to an individual, of madness and confusion to a people. As the inhabitants of those burning climates, which lie beneath a tropical sun, sigh for the coolness of the

mountain and the grove; so (all history instructs us) do nations which have basked for a time in the torrid blaze of an unmitigated liberty, too often call upon the shades of despotism, to cover them —

“— O quis me gelidis in vallibus Haemi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!”

even of military despotism, — a protection which blights while it shelters; which dwarfs the intellect, and stunts the energies of man, but to which a wearied nation willingly resorts from intolerable heats, and from perpetual danger of convulsion.

Our lot is happily cast in the temperate zone of freedom: the clime best suited to the development of the moral qualities of the human race; to the cultivation of their faculties, and to the security as well as the improvement of their virtues: — a clime not exempt indeed from variations of the elements, but variations which purify while they agitate the atmosphere that we breathe. Let us be sensible of the advantages which it is our happiness to enjoy. Let us guard with pious gratitude the flame of genuine liberty, that fire from heaven, of which our Constitution is the holy depository; and let us not, for the chance of rendering it more intense and more radiant, impair its purity or hazard its extinction!

The noble lord is entitled to the acknowledgments of the House, for the candid, able, and ingenuous manner in which he has brought forward his motion. If in the remarks which I have made upon it, there has been any thing which has borne the appearance of disrespect to him, I hope he will acquit me of having so intended it. That the noble lord will carry his motion this evening, I have no fear; but with the talents which he has shown himself to possess, and with (I sincerely hope) a long and brilliant career of parliamentary distinction before him, he will, no doubt, renew his efforts hereafter. Although I presume not to expect that he will give any weight to observations or warnings of mine, yet on this, probably the last, opportunity which I shall have, of raising my voice on the question of Parliamentary Reform, while I conjure the House to pause before it consents to adopt the proposition of the noble lord, I cannot help conjuring the noble lord himself, to

pause before he again presses it upon the country. If, however he shall persevere, and if his perseverance shall be successful and if the results of that success shall be such as I cannot help apprehending — his be the triumph to have precipitated those results — be mine the consolation that to the utmost, and the latest of my power, I have opposed them.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Conclusion of Lord Brougham's Speech on Parliamentary Reform in 1831.

BUT it is said, and this is a still more favourite argument, the system works well. How does it work well? Has it any pretensions to the character of working well? What say you to a town of 5 or 6000 inhabitants, not one of whom has any more to do with the choice of its representatives than any of your Lordships sitting round that table — indeed, a great deal less — for I see my Noble Friend is there? (*The Duke of Devonshire.*) It works well, does it? How works well? It would work well for the Noble Duke, if he chose to carry his votes to market! Higher rank, indeed, he could not purchase, than he has; but he has many connexions, and he might gain a title for every one that bears his name. But he has always acted in a manner far more worthy of his own high character, and of the illustrious race of patriots from whom he descends, the founders of our liberties, and of the throne which our Sovereign's exalted house fills; and his family have deemed that name a more precious inheritance than any title for which it could be exchanged. But let us see how the system works for the borough itself, and its thousands of honest, industrious inhabitants. My Lords, I once had the fortune to represent it for a few weeks; at the time when I received the highest honour of my life, the pride and exultation of which can never be eradicated from my mind but by death, nor in the least degree allayed by any lapse of time — the most splendid distinction which any subjects can confer upon a fellow citizen — to be freely elected for Yorkshire, upon public grounds, and being unconnected with the county. From having

been at the borough the day of the election, I can give your Lordships some idea how well the system works there. You may be returned for the place, but it is at your peril that you show yourself among the inhabitants. There is a sort of polling; that is, five or six of my Noble Friend's tenants ride over from another part of the country — receive their burgage qualifications — vote, as the enemies of the Bill call it, "in right of property," that is of the Duke's property — render up their title deeds — dine, and return home before night. Being detained in court at York longer than I had expected on the day of this elective proceeding, I arrived too late for the chairing, and therefore did not assist at that awful solemnity. Seeing a gentleman with a black patch, somewhere about the size of a Sergeant's coif, I expressed my regret at his apparent ailment; he said, "It is for a blow I had the honour to receive in representing you at the ceremony." Certainly no constituent ever owed more to his representative than I to mine; but the blow was severe, and might well have proved fatal. I understand this is the common lot of the Members, as my Noble Friend (*Lord Tankerville*), who once sat for the place, I believe, knows; though there is some variety, as he is aware, in the mode of proceeding, the convenient neighbourhood of a river with a rocky channel sometimes suggesting operations of another kind. I am very far, of course, from approving such marks of public indignation; but I am equally far from wondering that it should seek a vent; for I confess, that if the thousands of persons whom the well working of the present system insults with the farce of the Knaresborough election (and whom the Bill restores to their rights) were to bear so cruel a mockery with patience, I should deem them degraded indeed.

It works well, does it? For whom? For the Constitution? No such thing. For borough proprietors it works well, who can sell seats, or traffic in influence, and pocket the gains. Upon the constitution it is the foulest stain, and eats into its very core.

It works well? For the people of England? For the people, of whom the many excluded electors are parcel, and for whom alone the few actual electors ought to exercise their franchise as a trust? No such thing. As long as a Member of Parliament really repre-

sents any body of his countrymen, be they freeholders, or copyholders, or leaseholders — as long as he represents the householders in any considerable town — and is in either way deputed to watch over the interests of a portion of the community, and is always answerable to those who delegate him — so long has he a participation in the interests of the whole state, whereof his constituents form a portion; so long may he justly act as representing the whole community, having, with his particular electors, only a general coincidence of views upon national questions, and a rigorous coincidence where their special interests are concerned. But if he is delegated by a single man, and not by a county or a town, he does not represent the people of England; he is a jobber, sent to Parliament, to do his own or his patron's work. But then we are told, and with singular exultation, how many great men have found their way into the House of Commons by this channel. My Lords, are we, because the only road to a place is unclean, not to travel it? If I cannot get into Parliament, where I may render the State good service, by any other means, I will go that way, defiling myself as little as I can, either by the filth of the passage, or the indifferent company I may travel with. I won't bribe; I won't job, to get in; but if it be the only path open, I will use it for the public good. But those who indulge in this argument about great men securing seats, do not, I remark, take any account of the far greater numbers of very little men who thus find their way into Parliament, to do all manner of public mischief. A few are, no doubt, independent; but many are as docile, as disciplined in the evolutions of debate, as any troops the Noble Duke had at Waterloo. One borough proprietor is well remembered, who would display his forces, command them in person, carry them over from one flank to the other, or draw them off altogether, and send them to take the field against the larks at Dunstable, that he might testify his displeasure. When conflicting bodies are pretty nearly matched, the evolutions of such a corps decide the fate of the day. The Noble Duke (*Wellington*) remembers how doubtful even the event of Waterloo might have been, had Grouchy come up in time. Accordingly, the fortunate leader of that parliamentary force raised himself to an Earldom and two Lord Lieutenancies,

and obtained titles and blue ribbons for others of his family, who now fill most respectable stations in this House.

The system, we are told, works well — because, notwithstanding the manner of its election, the House of Commons sometimes concurs immediately in opinion with the people; and, in the long run, is seldom found to counteract it. Yet sometimes, and on several of the most momentous questions, the run has, indeed, been a very long one. The Slave Trade continued to be the signal disgrace of the country, the unutterable opprobrium of the English name, for many years after it had been denounced in Parliament, and condemned by the people all in one voice. Think you this foul stain could have so long survived, in a Reformed Parliament, the prodigious eloquence of my venerable friend, Mr. Wilberforce, and the unanimous reprobation of the country? The American war might have been commenced, and even for a year or two persevered in, for though most unnatural, it was, at first, not unpopular. But could it have lasted beyond 1778, had the voice of the people been heard in their own House? The French war, which in those days I used to think a far more natural contest, having, in my youth, leant to the alarmist party, might possibly have continued some years. But if the representation of the country had been reformed, there can be no reason to doubt that the sound views of the Noble Earl (*Lord Grey*), and the immortal eloquence of my Right Hon. Friend (*Mr. Fox*), whose great spirit, now freed from the coil of this world, may be permitted to look down complacent upon the near accomplishment of his patriotic desires, would have been very differently listened to in a Parliament unbiassed by selfish interests; and of one thing I am as certain as that I stand here — that ruinous warfare never could have lasted a day beyond the arrival of Buonaparte's letter in 1800.

But still it is said public opinion finds its way more speedily into Parliament upon great and interesting emergencies. How does it so? By a mode contrary to the whole principles of representative Government, — by sudden, direct, and dangerous impulses. The fundamental principle of our constitution, the great political discovery of modern times — that, indeed which enables a state to combine extent with liberty, — the system of representation, con-

sists altogether in the perfect delegation by the people, of their rights and the care of their interests, to those who are to deliberate and to act for them. — It is not a delegation which shall make the representative a mere organ of the passing will, or momentary opinion, of his constituents. — I am aware, my Lords, that in pursuing this important topic, I may lay myself open to uncandid inference, touching the present state of the country; but I feel sure no such unfair advantage will be taken, for my whole argument upon the national enthusiasm for Reform rests upon the known fact that it is the growth of half a century, and not of a few months; and, according to the soundest views of representative legislation, there ought to be a *general* coincidence between the conduct of the delegate and the sentiments of the electors. Now, when the public voice, for want of a regular and legitimate organ, makes itself, from time to time, heard within the walls of Parliament, it is by a direct interposition of the people, not in the way of a delegated trust, to make the laws — and every such occasion presents, in truth, an instance, where the defects of our elective system introduce a recurrence to the old and barbarous schemes of Government, known in the tribes and centuries of Rome, or the assemblies of Attica. It is a poor compensation for the faults of a system which suffers a cruel grievance to exist, or a ruinous war to last twenty or thirty years after the public opinion has condemned it, that some occasions arise when the excess of the abuse brings about a violent remedy, or some revolutionary shock, threatening the destruction of the whole.

But it works well! Then why does the table groan with the Petitions against it, of all that people, for whose interests there is any use in it working at all? Why did the country, at the last election, without exception, wherever they had the franchise, return members commissioned to complain of it, and amend it? Why were its own produce, the men chosen under it, found voting against it by unexampled majorities? Of eighty-two English county members, seventy-six have pronounced sentence upon it, and they are joined by all the representatives of cities and of great towns.

It works well! Whence, then, the phenomenon of Political Unions, — of the people everywhere forming themselves into As-

sociations to put down a system which you say well serves their interests? Whence the congregating of 150,000 men in one place, the whole adult male population of two or three counties, to speak the language of discontent, and refuse the payment of taxes? I am one who never have either used the language of intimidation, or will ever suffer it to be used towards me; but I also am one who regard those indications with unspeakable anxiety. With all respect for those assemblages, and for the honesty of the opinions they entertain, I feel myself bound to declare, as an honest man, as a Minister of the Crown, as a Magistrate, nay, as standing, by virtue of my office, at the head of the magistracy, that a resolution not to pay the King's taxes is unlawful. When I contemplate the fact, I am assured that not above a few thousands of those nearest the chairman could know for what it was they held up their hands. At the same time there is too much reason to think that the rest would have acted as they did, had they heard all that passed. My hope and trust is, that these men and their leaders will maturely re-consider the subject. There are no bounds to the application of such a power; the difficulty of counteracting it is extreme; and as it may be exerted on whatever question has the leading interest, and every question in succession is felt as of exclusive importance, the use of the power I am alluding to, really threatens to resolve all Government, and even society itself, into its elements. I know the risk I run of giving offence by what I am saying. To me, accused of worshipping the democracy, here is indeed a tempting occasion, if in that charge there were the shadow of truth. Before the great idol, the Juggernaut, with his 150,000 priests, I might prostrate myself advantageously. But I am bound to do my duty, and speak the truth; of such an assembly I cannot approve; even its numbers obstruct discussion, and tend to put the peace in danger, — coupled with such a combination against payment of taxes, it is illegal; it is intolerable under any form of Government; and as a sincere well-wisher to the people themselves, and devoted to the cause which brought them together, I feel solicitous, on every account, to bring such proceedings to an end.

But, my Lords, it is for us to ponder these things well; they are material facts in our present inquiry. Under a system of real

representation, in a country where the people possessed the only safe and legitimate channel for making known their wishes and their complaints, a Parliament of their own choosing, such combinations would be useless. Indeed, they must always be mere *brutum fulmen*, unless where they are very general; and where they are general, they both indicate the universality of the grievance and the determination to have redress. Where no safety-valve is provided for popular discontent, to prevent an explosion that may shiver the machine in pieces — where the people — and by the people, I repeat, I mean the middle classes, the wealth and intelligence of the country, the glory of the British name — where this most important order of the community are without a regular and systematic communication with the legislature — where they are denied the constitution which is their birthright, and refused a voice in naming those who are to make the laws they must obey — impose the taxes they must pay, — and control, without appeal, their persons as well as properties — where they feel the load of such grievances, and feel too the power they possess, moral, intellectual, and, let me add, without the imputation of a threat, physical — then, and only then, are their combinations formidable; when they are armed by their wrongs, far more formidable than any physical force — then, and only then, they become invincible.

Do you ask, what, in these circumstances, we ought to do? I answer, simply our duty. If there were no such combinations in existence — no symptom of popular excitement — if not a man had lifted up his voice against the existing system, we should be bound to seek and to seize any means of furthering the best interests of the people, with kindness, with consideration, with the firmness, certainly, but with the prudence also, of statesmen. How much more are we bound to conciliate a great nation, anxiously panting for their rights — to hear respectfully their prayers — to entertain the measure of their choice with an honest inclination to do it justice! and if, while we approve its principle, we yet dislike some of its details, and deem them susceptible of modification, surely we ought, at any rate, not to reject their prayers for it with insult. God forbid we should so treat the people's desire; but I do fear that a determination is taken not

to entertain it with calmness and impartiality. (*Cries of No! No! from the Opposition.*) I am glad to have been in error; I am rejoiced to hear this disclaimer, for I infer from it that the people's prayers are to be granted. You will listen, I trust, to the advice of my Noble and Learned Friend (*Lord Plunkett*), who, with his wonted sagacity, recommended you to do as you would be done by. This wise and christian maxim will not, I do hope, be forgotten. Apply it, my Lords, to the case before you. Suppose, for a moment, that your Lordships, in your wisdom, should think it expedient to entertain some Bill regulating matters in which this House alone has any concern — as the hereditary privileges of the Peerage, or the right of voting by proxy, or matters relative to the election of Peers representing the aristocracy of Ireland and Scotland, or providing against the recurrence of such an extraordinary and indeed unaccountable event as that which decided on the Huntingdon Peerage without a committee; — suppose, after great exertions of those most interested, as the Scotch and Irish Peers, or this House at large, your Lordships had passed it through all its stages by immense majorities, by fifty or a hundred to one, as the Commons did the Reform. (*Cries of No.*) I say an overwhelming majority of all who represented any body — all the Members for counties and towns; but to avoid cavilling, suppose it passed by a large majority of those concerned, and sent down to the Commons, whom it only remotely affected. Well — it has reached that House; and suppose the Members were to refuse giving your measure any examination at all in detail, and to reject it at once. What should you say? How should you feel, think you, when the Commons arrogantly turned round from your request, and said — “Let us fling out this silly Bill without more ado; — true, it regulates matters belonging exclusively to the Lords, and in which we cannot at all interfere without violating the law of the land; but still, out with it for an aristocratic, oligarchical, revolutionary Bill, a Bill to be abominated by all who have a spark of the true democratic spirit in their composition.” What should you think if the measure were on such grounds got rid of, without the usual courtesy of a pretended postponement, by a vote, that this Lords' Bill be rejected? And should you feel much soothed by hearing

that some opposition Chesterfield had taken alarm at the want of politeness among his brethren, and at two o'clock in the morning altered the words, retaining their offensive sense — I ask, would such proceedings in the Commons be deemed by your Lordships a fair, just, candid opposition to a measure affecting your own seats and dignities only? Would you tolerate their saying, “We don’t mind the provisions of this Lords’ Bill; we won’t stop to discuss them; we won’t parley with such a thing; we plainly see it hurts our interest, and checks our own patronage; for it is an aristocratic Bill, and an oligarchical Bill, and withal a revolutionary Bill?” Such treatment would, I doubt not, ruffle the placid tempers of your Lordships; you would say somewhat of your order, its rights and its privileges, and buckle on the armour of a well-founded and natural indignation. But your wonder would doubtless increase, if you learnt that your Bill had been thus contemptuously rejected in its first stage, by a House in which only two Members could be found who disapproved of its fundamental principles. Yes — all avow themselves friendly to the principle; — it is a matter of much complaint, if you charge one with not being a Reformer; but they cannot join in a vote which only asserts that principle, and recognises the expediency of some Reform. Yes — the Commons all allow your Peerage Law to be an abomination — your privileges a nuisance — all cry out for some change as necessary — as imperative — but they, nevertheless, will not even listen to the proposition for effecting a change, which you, the most interested party, have devised and sent down to them. Where, I demand, is the difference between this uncourteous and absurd treatment of your supposed Bill by the Commons, and that which you now talk of giving to their’s? You approve of the principle of the measure sent up by the other House, for the sole purpose of amending its own constitution; but you won’t sanction that principle by your vote, nor afford its friends an opportunity of shaping its features, so as if possible to meet your wishes. Is this fair? Is it candid? Is it consistent? Is it wise? Is it — I ask you is it at this time very prudent? Did the Commons act so by you in Sir Robert Walpole’s time, when the Bill for restraining the creation of Peers went down from hence to that House? No such thing; though it afterwards

turned out that there was a majority of 112 against it, they did not even divide upon the second reading. Will you not extend an equal courtesy to the Bill of the Commons and of the people?

I am asked what great practical benefits are to be expected from this measure? And is it no benefit to have the Government strike its roots into the hearts of the people? Is it no benefit to have a calm and deliberative, but a real organ of the public opinion, by which its course may be known, and its influence exerted upon State affairs regularly and temperately, instead of acting convulsively, and as it were by starts and shocks? I will only appeal to one advantage, which is as certain to result from this salutary improvement of our system, as it is certain that I am addressing your Lordships. A Noble Earl (*Lord Winchelsea*) inveighed strongly against the licentiousness of the Press; complained of its insolence; and asserted that there was no tyranny more intolerable than that which its conductors now exercised. It is most true, that the Press has great influence, but equally true, that it derives this influence from expressing, more or less correctly, the opinion of the country. Let it run counter to the prevailing course and its power is at an end. But I will also admit that, going in the same general direction with public opinion, the Press is oftentimes armed with too much power in particular instances; and such power is always liable to be abused. But I will tell the Noble Earl upon what foundation this overgrown power is built. The Press is now the only organ of public opinion. This title it assumes; but it is not by usurpation; it is rendered legitimate by the defects of your Parliamentary constitution; it is erected upon the ruins of real representation. The periodical Press is the rival of the House of Commons; and it is, and it will be, the successful rival, as long as that House does not represent the people — but not one day longer. If ever I felt confident in any prediction, it is in this, that the restoration of Parliament to its legitimate office of representing truly the public opinion will overthrow the tyranny of which Noble Lords are so ready to complain, who, by keeping out the lawful sovereign, in truth, support the usurper. It is you who have placed this unlawful authority on a rock: pass the Bill, it is built on a quicksand. Let but the country have a full and free

representation, and to that will men look for the expression of public opinion, and the Press will no more be able to dictate, as now, when none else can speak the sense of the people. Will its influence wholly cease? God forbid! Its just influence will continue, but confined within safe and proper bounds. It will continue — long may it continue — to watch the conduct of public men — to watch the proceedings even of a reformed legislature — to watch the people themselves — a safe, an innoxious, a useful instrument, to enlighten and improve mankind! But its overgrown power — its assumption to speak in the name of the nation — its pretension to dictate and to command, will cease with the abuse upon which alone it is founded, and will be swept away, together with the other creatures of the same abuse, which now “fright our Isle from its propriety.”

Those portentous appearances, the growth of later times, those figures that stalk abroad, of unknown stature, and strange form — unions, and leagues, and musterings of men in myriads, and conspiracies against the Exchequer — whence do they spring, and how come they to haunt our shores? What power engendered those uncouth shapes — what multiplied the monstrous births, till they people the land? Trust me, the same power which called into frightful existence, and armed with resistless force, the Irish volunteers of 1782 — the same power which rent in twain your empire, and raised up thirteen republics — the same power which created the Catholic Association, and gave it Ireland for a portion. What power is that? Justice denied — rights withheld — wrongs perpetrated — the force which common injuries lend to millions — the wickedness of using the sacred trust of Government as a means of indulging private caprice — the idiocy of treating Englishmen like the children of the South Sea Islands — the phrenzy of believing, or making believe, that the adults of the nineteenth century can be led like children, or driven like barbarians! This it is that has conjured up the strange sights at which we now stand aghast! And shall we persist in the fatal error of combating the giant progeny, instead of extirpating the execrable parent? Good God! Will men never learn wisdom, even from their own experience? Will they never believe, till it be too late, that the surest way to

prevent immoderate desires being formed, aye, and unjust demands enforced, is to grant in due season the moderate requests of justice? You stand, my Lords, on the brink of a great event — you are in the crisis of a whole nation's hopes and fears. An awful importance hangs over your decision. Pause, ere you plunge! There may not be any retreat! It behoves you to shape your conduct by the mighty occasion. They tell you not to be afraid of personal consequences in discharging your duty. I too would ask you to banish all fears; but, above all, that most mischievous, most despicable fear, — the fear of being thought afraid. If you won't take counsel from me, take example from the statesmanlike conduct of the Noble Duke (*Wellington*), while you also look back, as you may, with satisfaction upon your own. He was told, and you were told, that the impatience of Ireland for equality of civil rights was partial, the clamour transient, likely to pass away with its temporary occasion, and that yielding to it would be conceding to intimidation. I recollect hearing this topic urged within this Hall in July 1828; less regularly I heard it than I have now done, for I belonged not to your number — but I heard it urged in the self-same terms. The burthen of the cry was — It is no time for concession; the people are turbulent, and the Association; dangerous. That summer passed, and the ferment subsided not. Autumn came, but brought not the precious fruit of peace, — on the contrary, all Ireland was convulsed with the unprecedented conflict which returned the great chief of the Catholics to sit in a Protestant Parliament. Winter bound the earth in chains; but it controlled not the popular fury, whose surge, more deafening than the tempest, lashed the frail bulwarks of law founded upon injustice. Spring came — but no ethereal mildness was its harbinger, or followed in its train, — the Catholics became stronger by every month's delay, displayed a deadlier resolution, and proclaimed their wrongs in a tone of louder defiance than before. And what course did you, at this moment of greatest excitement, and peril, and menace, deem it most fitting to pursue? Eight months before you had been told how unworthy it would be to yield when men clamoured and threatened. No change had happened in the interval, save that the clamours were become far more deafening, and

the threats, beyond comparison, more overbearing. What, nevertheless, did your Lordships do? Your duty — for you despised the cuckoo-note of the season, “be not intimidated.” You granted all that the Irish demanded, and you saved your country. Was there in April a single argument advanced, which had not held good in July? None, absolutely none, except the new height to which the dangers of longer delay had risen, and the increased vehemence with which justice was demanded — and yet the appeal to your pride which had prevailed in July, was in vain made in April, and you wisely and patriotically granted what was asked, and ran the risk of being supposed to yield through fear.

But the history of the Catholic Claims conveys another important lesson. Though in right and policy and justice, the measure of relief could not be too ample, half as much as was received with little gratitude when so late wrung from you, would have been hailed twenty years before with delight; and even the July preceding, the measure would have been received as a boon freely given, which, I fear, was taken with but sullen satisfaction in April, as a right long withheld. Yet, blessed be God, the debt of justice, though tardily, was at length paid, and the Noble Duke won by it civic honours which rival his warlike achievements in lasting brightness — than which there can be no higher praise. What, if he had still listened to the topics of intimidation and inconsistency which had scared his predecessors? He might have proved his obstinacy, and Ireland would have been the sacrifice.

Apply now this lesson of recent history, — I may say of our own experience, to the measure before us. We stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the Bill, through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever; their affections are estranged; we and our order and its privileges are the objects of the people’s hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the Aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said, that the Bill is rejected by all the Aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow

it has among the people; the Ministers, too, are for it; but the Aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this silly, thoughtless assertion. What! My Lords, the Aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people — they who sprang from the people — are inseparably connected with the people — are supported by the people — are the natural chiefs of the people? *They* set themselves against the people, for whom Peers are ennobled — Bishops consecrated — Kings anointed — the people, to serve whom Parliament itself has an existence, and the Monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? The assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured — as a Member of this House, I deny it with indignation. I repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet are there those who even within these walls speak of the Bill, augmenting so much the strength of the democracy, as to endanger the other orders of the State; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my Lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are Members of the present Cabinet, who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that, in becoming a Member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the State. I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the State for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated station of Representative for Yorkshire, and a leading Member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man's ambition; and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat — temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy, success is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present Ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you, without Reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a Bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes — the precious volumes — of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give; you refuse her terms — her moderate terms, — she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back; — again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, — in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands — it is Parliaments by the Year — it is Vote by the Ballot — it is Suffrage by the Million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred, enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; — nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry, of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You

are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are. Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my Sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore, I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, — by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, — I warn you, — I implore you, — yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you — Reject not this Bill!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Conclusion of Sir Robert Peel's Speech on Reform in 1831.

FINDING no precedents for this Bill before the reign of Henry VI., and none in the reigns of either the Tudors or the Stuarts — the noble Lord, with not very becoming exultation, relies on the authority of Cromwell. Cromwell effected a Reform in the House of Commons, which received, says the noble Lord, the sanction of Lord Clarendon. But does the noble Lord recollect, that before Cromwell reformed the Commons, he had abolished the Lords? and does it follow, that the democratic assembly constituted by Cromwell after the extinction of Monarchy, and after the abolition of the House of Lords, is a happy model for a House of Commons which is to co-exist with a limited Monarchy, and with a House of Lords possessing co-ordinate authority? Perhaps, if Cromwell had so to constitute his reformed House of Commons

that it should not usurp the functions of the other branches of the Legislature, he might have been a more prudent and moderate Reformer than the noble Lord. There is, at least, among the panegyrics lavished on him by his admirers, one by Waller, which praises him for the caution with which he effected great improvements in the State, through the means of gradual and almost insensible change.

“Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Feels no disorder when 't is changed by you:
Changed like the world's great scene, when without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.”

But, said the noble Lord, we have the authority of Lord Clarendon in favour of that Reform, forgetting that Lord Clarendon was not then speaking his own opinion, but merely referring to a prevailing sentiment as to the changes made by Cromwell. I advise new Members to distrust nothing more than quotations. When I hear Bacon or Burke, or any other great authority cited, I know that sometimes in the next page, and more frequently in the same, a passage might be found, which, if taken separately, might be relied upon as an authority for opposite doctrines. See, in this case, what is the real value of Lord Clarendon's sanction of Cromwell's Reform. When Lord Clarendon comes to speak his own sentiments, we shall find he was not quite so complimentary. There were two Parliaments summoned by the Protector, founded on his new basis: the first sat for a few months, and, as will be the case with many Reformed Parliaments hereafter, I fear, did nothing. Lord Clarendon remarks of it, that “it spent its time in long debates and wrangling discourses.” Cromwell dissolved it in seven months, and called another Parliament on the same principle, which lasted only three months; and when Lord Clarendon, who, according to the noble Lord, is the greatest panegyrist of that Reform, comes to speak of it in his own person, he uses these expressions: — “The Parliament did not re-assemble with the same temper and resignation with which it parted. It quickly appeared how insecure new institutions are; and when the contrivers of them have provided, as they think, against all mischievous contingencies, they find they have unwarily left a gap

open to let their destruction in upon them." Such is the opinion of the philosophic historian, when speaking his own sentiments upon Cromwell's notable Reform. I have then, at least, as much right to claim Lord Clarendon as an authority against Reform, as this noble Lord can have to rely upon him as an authority in its favour. I think I have said enough on the first branch of the argument, and have, with the aid of the noble Lord, proved, that the projected Reform is not a restoration of the Constitution; and that the House of Commons, as it now exists, is not a novelty and an usurpation. I approach now the second argument, which is in substance this — that whether the House of Commons, as it at present exists, be or be not a novelty or an usurpation, still, that time has effected such changes in the fabric of society, that there must be corresponding changes in the form and mode of Government; that nomination boroughs are odious to the people, that their existence is absurd in theory and pernicious in practice, and that you must widen the basis on which Representation is hereafter to be founded, to the full extent proposed by this Bill. Now I ask two questions connected with this point: first, where is the form of Government ever existing, which has provided such security for the possession of property, and the enjoyment of rational freedom, as that which you are about to disturb in one of its essential elements, *viz.* the constitution of the House of Commons; and secondly, what proof have you in the history of any country, that a popular assembly, formed on the principle of that uniform right of voting which you are about to establish, has practically co-existed with a Monarchy and with an aristocratical body, with powers and functions like the House of Peers. It is only now, since the Revolution of July, that France is about to make a similar experiment. At no former period since the downfall of her absolute Monarchy, has there been a Chamber of Deputies directly returned by an individual right of voting. Up to this time, as was truly said by the noble Lord, the Member for Wootton Bassett, (Lord Porchester) in the ablest first speech which I ever heard delivered, there have been breakwaters against the vehemence of popular opinion. When the National Assembly was constituted, it was not returned on any such principle as that of uniform and equal right of voting. A

complicated system of election was devised, founded on three bases — geographical, arithmetical and financial, the basis of territory, the basis of population, and the basis of contribution. The assumption of such bases may have been an absurd one; but two out of the three bases were nevertheless assumed, for the express purpose of controlling popular opinion, and of preventing intelligence and property from being overwhelmed by numbers. How can you hope permanently to preserve the free action of two such authorities in the State, as a limited Monarchy and an hereditary Peerage, if you make the popular assembly the immediate uncontrolled organ of the public will; if you devise no means by which property can exercise a proportionate influence in the election of that popular assembly, but give an equal-right to the poorest class of electors, with that you give to the most wealthy? What is the result of this first experiment made by France, of that principle on which we are about to act? France has very recently adopted it — what is the consequence? Why, that the men who headed the Revolution of last July are already become unpopular; their doctrines are too moderate for those of the present constituent body; and in almost every election, they struggle with difficulty against men avowing more democratic and republican opinions. And yet, with this example before us, we are pressed at this moment to adopt the same system as that adopted by France — the same in respect to its uniformity, but much more popular and extensive in respect to the numbers by which the right of voting is to be exercised. It is triumphantly asked, will you not trust the people of England? Do you charge them with disaffection to the Monarchy and to the Constitution under which they live? I answer, that without imputing disaffection to the people, or a deliberate intention on their part to undermine the Monarchy, or destroy the Peerage, my belief is, that neither the Monarchy nor the Peerage can resist with effect the decrees of a House of Commons that is immediately obedient to every popular impulse, and that professes to speak the popular will; and that all the tendencies of such an assembly are towards the increase of its own power, and the intolerance of any extrinsic control. Among the great majority to whom I find myself reluctantly opposed, I cannot help thinking that there are many who,

as the excitement is subsiding, are casting a longing, lingering look behind, at the ancient institutions of their country, and doubting whether or no there is any such paramount necessity to justify us in incurring the danger of this immense change. I heard, the other night, a quotation from Cicero, made use of by a right hon. Member whom I do not now see in his place (Sir James Mackintosh). That hon. Member, in the course of a very long and very animated speech, did me the honour, in quoting the opinion of Cicero, in favour of making accessions to the popular power, to suppose that I might have been familiar with it. I did think, notwithstanding that my classical recollections are impaired somewhat by political occupations and public duties — I did think that there were, in the admirable treatise from which that quotation was extracted, some other expressions of a totally different character — some splendid lessons with respect to the principle of changes in established governments, from which, even now, after the lapse of so many centuries, we may derive benefit. I was pleased to see the hon. Member drawing political knowledge from a mine so richly stored — I was pleased to see him shedding a light upon our discussions, which he drew from so bright a fount. I repeat with respect to himself, that generous wish which he expressed with regard to Mr. Burke: — “Long may those studies be the solace of virtuous and venerable age.” The right hon. Member will excuse me if I refer to that very treatise, aye, and to some expressions immediately preceding the very passage he quoted, and attempt to extract from the writings of Cicero a salutary caution. They contain a tempered and very dignified reproof of the haste in which changes in forms of Government are sometimes determined on. Cicero condemns the injustice of looking only to one side of the question, and observes to Quintus: — “*Vitia quidem tribunatûs, praeclare Quinte, perspicis. Sed est iniqua in omni re accusanda, praetermissis bonis, malorum enumeratio, vitiorumque selectio.*” Now, Sir, let me comment upon that text. Cicero, it seems, was not for condemning institutions rashly, nor was he an advocate for an enumeration of the faults, *praetermissis bonis*, of any form of Government. “*Nam isto quidem modo,*” he continues, “*vel consulatus vituperabilis est,*

si consulum, quos enumerare nolo, peccata collegeris." Yes, says Cicero, if you adopt this course, no institution will be safe. So I say in the present instance, with respect to the small boroughs and the influence of the Peerage: who can doubt that if the Government will join with the Press in condemning them, unlearned minds — minds unacquainted with the real fact — should madly adopt the censure; nay more, if the absurdity of hereditary legislation should be asserted; if it should be denied, that this prerogative is justly exercised by men who inherit the right from their fathers, without any necessity of personal qualification on their part, a ready assent will be given to such doctrines. More just is the calm observation of Cicero: — "*Ego enim fateor in ista ipsa potestate inesse quiddam mali. Sed bonum quod est quaesitum in ea sine isto malo non haberemus.*" I cannot defend the sale of boroughs — I am not ignorant of the exercise of absolute nomination, yet I am not certain that it will be possible to eradicate these defects, without depriving the country of good that more than counterbalances the evil. Let us act, Sir, upon these maxims of caution; and not, in our too great eagerness to eradicate defects, upset the Constitution, which has ensured to the country more happiness and more liberty than any other has ever enjoyed. The learned Member opposite (Mr. Macaulay) has contended that the House of Commons is unfit for the purposes for which it is intended. He asserts, that we have consulted the interest of the tax-consumer before that of the tax-payer — that we are in arrear of the intelligence of the age — and, being undeserving of the Representative character, that we must submit to extensive reformation. But, Sir, I deny the fact — I deny that the House of Commons, as at present constituted, neglects its duty, or has become incompetent to perform the functions of a Legislative Assembly — I deny, that it is in arrear of the intelligence of the age; and if I do not prove, to the perfect satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind, that the specific charges brought by the learned Member against the conduct of the House, are utterly unfounded, I will consent to abandon the whole of the case at once, and go to the Second Reading of the Bill. The first charge is, that we have not laid taxes upon property, but have imposed them upon articles of con-

sumption which press upon the poor. But what were the circumstances under which the Property Tax was removed at the close of the last war? The Government was desirous of maintaining that tax — they did, in fact, all in their power to maintain it; but in spite of every effort, it was removed by this House, in consequence of the petitions of the people, demanding its repeal, and charging the House with gross neglect of its duty if that tax was suffered to exist. No less than 400 petitions were presented to the House, to induce it to take off that tax, and, in consequence of those petitions, it was removed. What was the motive for the repeal of the Beer Duty? Did that repeal show indifference to the comfort of the poor? The complaint is, that we acted too precipitately in the repeal of the duty; and that, in our eagerness to promote the present comfort and enjoyment of the poor, we have overlooked the cheeks on intemperance and immorality. What pretence is there for saying, that the House is in arrear of the intelligence of the age? Is that charge supported by the conduct of this House on the question of the Currency? Or was this House in arrear of the intelligence of the age, when it passed those laws of commercial intercourse introduced by Mr. Huskisson? If the House of Commons had been a Reformed House, elected as now proposed, is there any one who believes that those laws could have been enacted? The Catholic Question, again, showed that the House of Commons, in consenting to remove the Catholic disabilities, was not in arrear of the intelligence of the age; and I ask again, if the new House of Commons had existed at the time of the passing of that Bill, whether there is a chance that it would have been carried? In that pamphlet which has been so often quoted — *Friendly Advice to the Lords* — is admitted, that the Catholic disabilities were removed against the opinions and wishes of the great majority of the people, of the majority of that very class of voters which you are now about to create. Again, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed against the wishes of the people. [*No, no.*] Well, I will not rely upon that fact; but at least the Catholic disabilities were. That measure is admitted on all hands to have been passed contrary to the opinions and feelings of a great majority of the people. And if this be the fact, it is rather hard at one

time to charge the House of Commons with exceeding the liberality of the people, and acting in contradiction to their feelings and opinions, and at another to represent it as less enlightened and less liberal than the people, and to urge such contradictory statements as grounds for a Reform; and the learned Gentleman says, that the country has been governed so well, that we must have a House of Commons capable of governing it better. This sentiment has met with the applause of the other side of the House, and on it they would build such great and dangerous innovations. It amounts to this, that without Parliamentary Reform, for the space of 400 years, there has been so elastic a principle of improvement in the Government, such a power of accommodating itself to the spirit of the age, and to the circumstances of the people, that this country has been governed better than any other country on earth has ever been governed. Having effected all this, it becomes necessary to do — what? I should have thought, to adhere to a system which had produced such immense benefits; but no — the inference is the very reverse, in these days of illumination, the just conclusion is, that you ought to upset and destroy that system altogether. The member for Calne says, that looking through the whole habitable world, contemplating society as it now exists in every quarter of the globe, nay, that ever since civil institutions have been formed by man, he cannot find any society so perfect as that of England, so far as concerns the development of intellect, the improvement of science, the cultivation of the land, the enjoyment of liberty, or the protection of property. But, adds the hon. Gentleman, although all this be true, there are certain defects, which are of such a nature and extent as completely to justify a total change in the Representative system. And what are these great defects which require the hazarding of every blessing, for the chance of correcting them? Why, first, there is the state of the penal code; next, the bottomless pit of Chancery; and thirdly, in this flourishing and happy country, a new system of Representation is necessary, because there is a cumbrous legal process of fines and recoveries. Oh, Sir, I am sick of the miserable pedantry which urges, that in consequence of such petty defects the great advantages of our state of

society are to be forfeited; the more miserable, since all these defects the House is not only competent, but has repeatedly manifested its anxiety to remove. If the hon. Gentleman can show, that this is not the case — if he can show that the House of Commons, as it is now constituted, is unable to apply adequate remedies to evils of such a nature, then I will confess, that the House stands in need of Reform. But how absurd it is to say, here is a Constitution which has given the people every blessing of civil government, but yet cannot remove a few evils which may exist in subordinate institutions. But do I rest here? No. I will prove that these evils being admitted in their fullest extent, you have a better prospect of their remedy by the present House of Commons than you have by a Reformed one. What can your new constituency — the 10£. householders, know of Reforms in the Court of Chancery — or of your defective system of fines and recoveries? I am sure that if I were to ask a given number of them what fines and recoveries meant, the majority would answer, that a fine was a pecuniary penalty, and recovery a state of convalescence. What was the mode by which the great advocates for reforming all such abuses found their way into this House? Did not Sir Samuel Romilly sit in Parliament for a close borough? Does not the learned Gentleman himself find his way into this House by a similar avenue? And did not Lord Chancellor Brougham sit for a close borough? In fact, the close boroughs may be said to have generated the Reformers. But what pretence is there for charging the House of Commons collectively with indifference to the reform of these specific abuses? By whom was the bill of Lord Lyndhurst rejected? By the House of Commons. On what ground? Because the House was determined to have a more searching and extensive Reform of the Court of Chancery. By whom was the first blow struck against fines and recoveries? By the House of Commons — and at this moment we have bills before us, originating in an address from this House to the Throne, for the absolute destruction of those very fines and recoveries. Then with respect to the penal code; this House has shown a disposition to mitigate its severity. With respect to forgery, I introduced a bill remitting the punishment of death in certain cases. The House was not sa-

tified, but remitted that punishment much more extensively; and though the bill did not ultimately pass in that shape, it was not this House, but the House of Lords, which restored the punishment. The House of Commons rejected the advice of his Majesty's Ministers. It resisted their influence, and insisted upon repealing the punishment of death for the crime of forgery. Why, then, if the arguments of the learned Gentleman have any weight, they prove that the Reform should take place in the House of Lords. It is they who have defeated the benevolent intentions of the House of Commons, and yet we are proposing to Reform not the House of Lords, but the House of Commons, which, in all the instances to which I have referred, has shown that it is neither behind the intelligence of the age, nor neglectful of the complaints of the people. I say, then, Sir, that the alleged reason for change in this House is utterly destroyed. I will now say a few words with respect to the Bill itself. It may be said to contain two great principles; the first is the principle of disfranchisement; the second is that of constituting a new Representation. Four times have there been essential alterations made in the Bill; and although we see held out the phantom of the 10 £. right of voting, yet four times has that very matter been subjected to changes, and to changes so important, that my confidence must not be asked for those who have felt it necessary to make them. At first the right of voting was given to resident 10 £. householders, and residence was insisted on as a necessary qualification for the franchise. Now mark the alteration which has been made. What is the effect in Manchester? It altered the constituency of that place so much, that instead of giving the right of voting to resident 10 £. householders, by a little alteration, the great principle of residence is thrown overboard — it is overpowered by non-resident occupiers of warehouses and counting-houses, and thus the original ground of residence is cut away, as forming the condition of qualification. And then, Sir, what is the effect of the change that has last been made? When Gentlemen are asked to support this Bill, it is in vain to attempt to conceal the fact from men equally informed and intelligent with ourselves, whose interests and feelings are so deeply affected, that these changes are making alterations by tens of thousands in

the numbers of the constituency of the country. I know this may be called mere inadvertency of his Majesty's Government, these changes can be made in a Bill, affecting not less than 100,000 people, let me say, the time is not yet come when we can maturely deliberate upon so grave a matter; we are not yet in a condition to legislate at all upon it, and least of all will this House stand excused in hastily passing a law which is brought before us under such circumstances. The projectors of this Bill, after having established the 10 £. franchise, come forward with subsequent alterations which totally alter the character of the constituency. As the Bill now stands, every 10 £ householder is disqualified who pays his rent more frequently than half-yearly. The Bill originally gave the right to the weekly and the quarterly tenant. By confining it to the tenant paying half-yearly, you disfranchise many thousand voters in places that I could name. In Birmingham there is a very numerous class of persons who pay rents of 3s. 10d. or 4s. per week, which amount, of course, to 10 £. a-year. By the simple insertion of the words quarterly payments or half-yearly payments, I care not which, there is no use in concealing the fact, the number of such voters would be reduced by many thousands. Why raise expectations so inconsiderately, and defeat them with equal precipitation. What avails it to say that you have acted inadvertently. That you have been administering prussic acid — and that you forgot to look at the prescription. You have made another, and a most important change. You have by this new Bill admitted land into the value of the 10 £. holding. It seems a simple and easy matter to insert "land," but will any man deny, that this is a most important change? Without saying whether these changes are good or bad, I do say that these facts destroy my confidence in the ability of his Majesty's Government to conduct such a question to a salutary and happy conclusion. I hope, that hon. Gentlemen will consider the effect of the alteration made by the insertion of the word "land" upon our rural economy. If one thing more than another would tend to improve the condition of the peasantry, it is the attaching of small gardens to the tenements they occupy. Now, by making the possession of land with a house a qualification, we encourage landlords to take away those

small gardens where they are now enjoyed, and to withhold the possession of them when otherwise the possession might be conferred. It may be said, that landlords will not be influenced by this consideration, and I know that they ought not, but I contend, that the policy and the principle of that law must be bad which tends to sacrifice the improvement of the condition of the peasantry to electioneering interests. These are the main grounds on which I oppose the second reading of this Bill. The hon. Member who spoke last, expressed his hope that I was prepared to bring forward some scheme of Reform, and has taunted me with being at length a Reformer. But what did I say in the last Session respecting Reform? I said, that having left one Government in consequence of its resistance to Reform, and another Government having been formed pledged to Reform, I would, rather than risk a change of Government — seeing the impossibility of constituting an Administration opposed to Reform — support a measure of Reform introduced by my opponents, provided that measure was perfectly consistent with the safety of the institutions of the country. I said, I might be wrong or I might be right, but that is the extent of the declaration I made, and which I am prepared to make again. I have been uniformly opposed to Reform upon principle, because I was unwilling to open a door which I saw no prospect of being able to close; it was not because I thought that the transfer of the franchise from East Retford to Manchester might be in itself injurious, but because I was of opinion that a Government which should unsettle the minds of the people upon this subject, would be responsible for the consequences that must result. I certainly was one of those who opposed the giving Representatives to Manchester, and to other large towns; because I thought the advantage of such a measure not sufficient to counterbalance the evil of altering the constitution of Parliament, and agitating the public mind on the question of Reform. And if it be truly said, that the demand for Reform has been a steadily increasing demand, if it be the fact that nothing short of this Bill will give the least satisfaction, surely I was justified in doubting whether the grant of Members to three or four large towns would stay the public appetite for Reform, and whether it would not prove the commencement, rather than

the close, of the discussion. I do not admit, however, that the settled opinion of this country is fixed, and permanently decided, in favour of this Bill. I would advise those who assert it, not to rely too confidently on the duration of the present excitement; to bear in mind the causes which have combined to foment it — and to consider whether they are of lasting operation. Our sober judgment has been disturbed by the recent events in France, by sympathy in the triumph of liberal opinions, and by a natural indignation at the illegal exercise of authority. While those feelings are at their height — a Government is formed pledged to Reform, and they redeem that pledge by a more extensive measure of Reform than was expected by the most sanguine Reformer. They dissolve the Parliament in order to take the opinion of an already excited people, on a question of all others the most requiring sober and dispassionate inquiry, and they superadd to every other cause of agitation, an appeal to the personal wishes and opinions of the King. With regard to the dissolution of the Parliament, it might be right or it might be wrong, but nothing could be more unwise than to countenance the popular belief, that the King was personally interested in the question of Reform. I do not for a moment call in question the undoubted prerogative of the Crown to dissolve the late Parliament, but I do call in question the prudence with which that prerogative was exercised, the time and mode of its exercise, and above all, the lavish use of his Majesty's name and authority, with the view of influencing election contests. I regret, most deeply, that through their organs of the Press, the Government condescended to the humiliation of propagating tales which could only be addressed and suited to the lowest and most vulgar class of minds. I regret most deeply that they should, for any purpose whatever, have resorted to the dangerous expedient of teaching the people to associate loyalty to their King with hostility to the constitution of Parliament. I do not think it a happy circumstance that the feelings of the people have been thus excited; I doubt the existence of an unanimous feeling as connected with this measure on their part; and I deeply regret that the sober and temperate judgment of the people has been disturbed by a variety of causes. But, Sir, if this feeling be such as we have heard it

represented, and if it shall permanently endure, I am then ready to admit, that no Government can go on without enacting such measures as shall alleviate and remove that intense feeling. But all I ask is, time for deliberation upon a question of such vital importance; I say, do not rely upon this temporary excitement — do not allow that to be your only guide — do not force this Reform Bill upon the country, upon the assumption that the unanimous voice of the people demands it. I doubt the existence of any such ground; and if you do find hereafter that you have been mistaken — if you find that the people have only been acting under an excitement produced by temporary causes — if they are already sobering down from their enthusiasm for the days of July, let the House remember, that when the steady good sense and reason of the people of England shall return, they will be the first to reproach us with the baseness of having sacrificed the Constitution in the vain hope of conciliating the favour of a temporary burst of popular feeling; they will be the first to blame us for deferring this question to popular opinion, instead of acting upon our own judgment. For my own part, not seeing the necessity for this Reform, doubting much whether the demand for Reform is so urgent, and doubting still more whether, if carried, this measure can be a permanent one, I give my conscientious opposition to this Bill. In doing this, I feel the more confident; because the Bill does not fulfil the conditions recommended from the Throne — because it is not founded on the acknowledged principles of the Constitution — because it does not give security to the prerogatives of the Crown — because it does not guarantee the legitimate rights, influences, and privileges of both Houses of Parliament — because it is not calculated to render secure and permanent the happiness and prosperity of the people — and above all, because it subverts a system of Government which has combined security to personal liberty, and protection to property, with vigour in the executive power of the State, in a more perfect degree than ever existed in any age, or in any other country of the world.

P O E T R Y.

1. THE AGED SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old;
 His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seem'd to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he
 Who sung of Border chivalry.
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he neglected and oppress'd,
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carol'd, light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caress'd,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
 A wand'ring Harper, scorn'd and poor,
 He begg'd his bread from door to door;
 And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tow'r
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bow'r:
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
 No humbler resting place was nigh.
 With hesitating step at last,
 Th' embattled portal-arch he pass'd,
 Whose pond'rous grate and massy bar
 Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
 But never clos'd the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess * mark'd his weary pace,
 His timid mien and rev'rend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well. —

When kindness had his wants supplied,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride.
 And would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought e'en yet, the truth to speak,
 That if she loved the harp to hear
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
 The aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
 But, when he reach'd the room of state,
 Where she with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease
 Which marks security to please;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wild'ring o'er his aged brain. —
 Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
 And an uncertain warbling made,
 And oft he shook his hoary head.

* Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.

But when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face and smiled
 And lighten'd up his faded eye
 With all a poet's ecstasy!
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along:
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
 In the full tide of song were lost.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

2. THE MINSTREL'S HOME.

Hush'd is the harp — the Minstrel gone.
 And did he wander forth alone?
 Alone in indigence and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage?
 No: — close beneath proud Newark's tow'r
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bow'r;
 A simple hut; but there was seen
 The little garden, hedged with green,
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
 There shelter'd wand'ers, by the blaze,
 Oft heard the tale of other days;
 For much he loved to ope his door,
 And give the aid he begg'd before.
 So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,
 Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
 And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
 The aged Harper's soul awoke!
 Then would he sing achievements high,
 And circumstance of chivalry,
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,
 Forgetful of the closing day;

And noble youths the strain to hear,
 Forsook the hunting of the deer;
 And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
 Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

3. ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie this filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think, what is now, and what hath been
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettricke break,
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

4. NELSON, PITT AND FOX.

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings;
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory re-appears.
 But oh! my country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise;
 The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand, that grasp'd the victor steel?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 Even on the meanest flower that blows;
 But vainly, vainly, may he shine,
 Where Glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine;
 And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
 That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallow'd tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
 O never let those names depart!
 Say to your sons — Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave;
 To him, as to the burning leven,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given;
 Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd — and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth,
 And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
 On Egypt, and on Trafalgar;
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britain's weal was early wise;
 Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
 For Britain's sins, an early grave;
 His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And served his Albion for herself;
 Who, when the frantic crowd amain
 Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
 O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
 The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
 Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
 And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the freeman's laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne:
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his Rival slumbers nigh;
 Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
 'lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.

Nor talents mourn, untimely lost,
 When best employ'd, and wanted most;

Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow, —
 They sleep with him who sleeps below:
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
 And sacred be the last long rest.
 Here, where the end of earthly things
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
 Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
 Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
 Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
 The distant notes of holy song,
 As if some angel spoke agen,
 All peace on earth, good-will to men;
 If ever from an English heart,
 O here let prejudice depart,
 And, partial feeling cast aside,
 Record, that Fox a Briton died!
 When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
 The sullied olive-branch return'd,
 Stood for his country's glory fast,
 And nailed her colours to the mast.
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
 A portion in this honour'd grave;
 And ne'er held marble in its trust
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
 How high they soar'd above the crowd!
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place;

Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar;
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Look'd up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky.
 These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
 The wine of life is on the lees.
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
 Where, — taming thought to human pride!
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'T will trickle to his rival's bier;
 O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry, —
 "Here let their discord with them die;
 "Speak not for those a separate doom,
 "Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
 "But search the land of living men,
 "Where wilt thou find their like agen?

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise;
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse:
 Then, O how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain!
 Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung:
 The bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has sung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

5. SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke,
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 Oh, liberty! let not thy spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west;
 Give the light of your looks to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain.
 To men of Iberia! our cause is the same —
 And oh! may his tomb want a tear and name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Breathe a hope that the magical flame which you light,
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright:
 And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long slighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause! — Oh! it cannot but thrive
 While the pulse of the patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain;
 Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

MOORE.

6. BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife;
 And by that sun, whose light is bringing,
 Chains or freedom, death or life —
 Oh! remember, life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free.
 Sinks the hero to his grave,
 Like the day-star in the wave;
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
 Bless'd is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years.
 But, oh! how grand they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes in vict'ry's breast.
 O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 While his heart that field remembers,
 Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
 Never let him bind again
 A chain like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls —
 Oh! before the evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round,
 Many a heart that now beats high
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken ev'n at victory's sound: —
 But, oh! how blest the hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

MOORE.

7. AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
 And lightning show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still!

The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost!
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die!
There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this!

MOORE.

8. THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
'Land of song! said the warrior bard,
Though all the world betrays thee
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.'

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!'

MOORE.

9. OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating!
 That song whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating!
 Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.
 Yes, 't is not helm or feather —
 For ask yon despot, whether —
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together,
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em —
 Adorn but Man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves,
 That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'T is heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever!
 Oh, that sight entrancing
 When the morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing!

10. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce — for the night cloud had lower'd
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
 And the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
 'T was Autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

11. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars in the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broken in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

12. A NIGHT SCENE AT THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

'T is midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down,
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining,
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;

And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillowed on the waves,
 The banners drooped along their staves.
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
 'T was musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seem'd to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck even the besiegers' ear
 With something ominous and drear;
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;
 Such as a sudden passing-bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

LORD BYRON.

13. OCEAN.

OH! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her!

Ye Elements! — in whose enobling stir
 I feel myself exalted — can ye not
 Accord me such a being? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

14. TO THE EVENING-STAR.

ARISE, arise, thou queen of love!
Thy bed is chill'd with evening dew;
Thy robe the virgin fays have wove,
And rear'd thy canopy of blue.

O let me see thy golden breast,
Thy amber halo o'er the hill;
And all the chambers of the west
Thy coronal with glory fill!

O come! the evening colours fade;
Soft silence broods o'er lawn and lea;
And Beauty, in the greenwood shade,
Uplifts a longing eye for thee!

Thy temple be this sylvan bower;
Where wounded lovers kneel confest
Thy altar-cloth the daisy-flower;
Thy tabernacle, Beauty's breast:

Be this thy dearest, holiest shrine,
Thy breviary two beaming eyes! —
And aye I'll pant to see thee shine;
Beloved star, arise, arise!

O let thy spirit seek the glade,
To hear thy holy vespers sung!
But tell not where my cheek was laid,
Nor where my careless arm was flung.

As slowly steals, on angel wing,
Thy light pavilion down the sky,
Before thee let young seraphs sing
The softest love-sick melody.

And here, on thy beloved shrine,
Where fragrant flames of incense glow,
Pure as that heavenly breast of thine,
And fairer than the virgin snow; —

Here will I worship with delight,
 And pay the vows I made to thee;
 Until thy mild and modest light
 Is cradled on the heaving sea.

JAMES HOGG.

15. THE ALPS, AT DAY-BREAK.

THE sun-beams streak the azure skies,
 And line with light the mountain's brow:
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
 And chase the roe-buck through the snow.

From rock to rock with giant bound,
 High on their iron poles they pass;
 Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
 Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
 Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
 Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
 From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
 And as the echoing cliffs reply,
 The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
 Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

ROGERS.

16. MORNING SOUNDS.

WHAT tongue the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and hark!
 Down the rough slope the pond'rous waggon rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bow'r,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

BEATTIE.

17. THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.
 I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
 — But it is not for me in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!
 I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the rein deer bounds through the pastures free,
 And the pine has a tinge of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my foot has been.
 I have sent through the wood-path a glowing sigh,
 And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky;
 From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
 Where the violets lie, may now be your home,
 Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
 With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS. HEMANS.

18. A BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAY.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 The azure heav'n; the blessed sun, alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
 How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky,
 The billows heave! on glowing green expanse,
 Save where along the bending line of shore
 Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
 Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
 The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
 With long protruded neck the cormorants
 Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.

It was a day that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling, e'en the insect swarms
 From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
 For one day of existence more, and joy;
 The solitary primrose, on the bank,
 Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
 Its bleak, autumnal birth; the rocks, and shores,
 And everlasting mountains, had put on
 The smile of that glad sunshine, — they partook
 The universal blessing.

SOUTHEY.

19. AN EVENING IN THE EAST.

EVENING comes on: arising from the stream,
 Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;
 And where he sails athwart the setting beam,
 His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.
 The watchman, at the wish'd approach of night,
 Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,
 To scare the winged plunderers from their prey,
 With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,
 Hath borne the sultry ray.
 Hark! at the golden palaces
 The Brahmin strikes the hour.
 For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound
 Rolls through the stillness of departing day,
 Like thunder far away.

SOUTHEY.

20. THE VILLAGE MANSION.

MARK yon old mansion, frowning through the trees
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze,
 That casement arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
 The mould'ring gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;

When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
 See through the fractured pediment reveal'd,
 Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
 The martin's old hereditary nest:
 Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!
 As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
 That hall, where once in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.
 Now stain'd with dew, with cobwebs darkly hung
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung,
 When round yon ample board in due degree,
 We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,
 And all was sunshine in each little breast;
 'T was here we chased the slipper by the sound,
 And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round;
 'T was here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
 And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
 As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend,
 The storied arras, source of fond delight,
 With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
 And still with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
 On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
 The screen unfolds its many colour'd chart,
 The clock still points its moral to the heart.
 That faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear!
 When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near:
 And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
 Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time!
 That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
 Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
 Those muskets cased with venerable rust;
 Those once loved forms still breathing through their dust,

Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life — all whisper of the past!
 As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
 How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
 We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest:
 Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
 How oft inscribed with friendship's votive rhyme,
 The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
 Soar'd in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
 Through sister elms that waved their summer-shade;
 Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
 To lure the red-breast from his lone retreat!

ROGERS.

21. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please;
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paused on ev'ry charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill;
 The decent church, that topt the neighbouring hill;
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting, lent its turn to play;
 And all the village train from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending, as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round:
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy grassy brook reflects the day,
 But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'er-tops the mould'ring wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,

And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
 Trace ev'ry scene, and wonder at the change,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

GOLDSMITH.

22. A CITY IN THE CLOUDS.

A STEP,

A single step, that freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, open'd to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense, as by the dreaming soul!
 The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty city — boldly say
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
 Far sinking into splendour, without end.
 Fabric it seem'd of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace high
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
 In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
 With battlements, that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars — illumination of all gems!
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified; on them and on the coves,
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapours had receded, taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky.

WORDSWORTH.

23. A NATURAL TEMPLE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HAS not the soul, the being of your life,
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,
 In some calm season, when these lofty rocks,
 At night's approach, bring down th' unclouded sky
 To rest upon their circumambient walls;
 A temple framing of dimensions vast,
 And yet not too enormous for the sound
 Of human anthems — choral song or burst
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,
 To glorify th' Eternal! what if these
 Did never break the stillness that prevails
 Here, if the solemn nightingale be mute,
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant
 Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide
 Impulse and utterance. The whisp'ring air
 Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights
 And blind recesses of the cavern'd rocks;
 The little rills and waters numberless,
 Inaudible by day-light, blend their notes
 With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
 When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
 Within the circuit of this fabric huge
 One voice — the solitary raven, flying
 Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,
 Unseen, perchance above the power of sight —
 An iron knell! with echoes from afar,
 Faint, and still fainter.

WORDSWORTH.

24. THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man: — and who was he!
 — Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown;
 His name hath perish'd from the earth,
 This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
 Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
 His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear!
 — Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o'er;
 Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled;
 Had friends, — his friends are now no more;
 And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
 Oh, she was fair! — but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
 He was — whatever thou hast been,
 He is — what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of HIM afford no other trace
 Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

25. THE FARM-YARD.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
 In early spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive, there, well pleased,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
 The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his ozier-isles,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh
 Loud threat'ning reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His ev'ry-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along.

THOMSON.

26. SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,

With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude: 't is but to hold
 Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

LORD BYRON.

27. THE WAGGONER.

FAST falls a fleecy show'r: the downy flakes,
 Descending, and with never ceasing lapse,
 Softly alighting upon all below,
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thick'ning mantle; and the green
 And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world; so thorny, and where none
 Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side;
 It seems the part of wisdom and no sin
 Against the law of love, to measure lots
 With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
 We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
 And sympathize with others, suff'ring more.
 Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
 In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
 The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
 By congregated loads adhering close

To the clogg'd wheels, and in its sluggish pace,
 Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow.
 The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
 While every breath by respiration strong
 Forced downward, is consolidated soon
 Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
 The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
 With half shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
 Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
 One hand secures his hat, save when with both
 He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
 Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
 Oh happy; and, in my account, denied
 That sensibility of pain with which
 Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
 Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
 The learned finger never need explore
 Thy vig'rous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
 That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
 Thy day rolls on, exempt from household care;
 Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
 That drag the dull companion to and fro,
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
 Ah! treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st
 Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
 With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
 Humane as they would seem, not always show.

COWPER.

28. ODE TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!

Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind,
 Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know:
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse and with them go
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

GRAY.

29. THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

The SPEECH of TITUS, standing on the Mount of Olives, to his Soldiers.

It must be —

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
 The counsels of my firm philosophy,
 That ruin's merciless ploughs here must pass o'er
 And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
 As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
 Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
 Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
 As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
 How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
 Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
 Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
 Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
 To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
 With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
 Here towers of war that frown in mossy strength,
 While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
 As conscious of its being her last farewell
 Of light and glory to that fated city.
 And, as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke
 Are melted into air, behold the temple,
 In undisturb'd and lone serenity,
 Finding itself a solemn sanctuary

In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
 A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles.
 The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
 Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
 And down the long and branching porticoes,
 On every flowery-sculptured capital
 Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
 The beauteous sight might almost win
 The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

MILMAN.

30. MARY THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes
 Seem a heart overcharged to express?
 She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:
 She never complains, but her silence implies
 The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms does she seek;
 Nor for raiment nor food doth she care:
 Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
 On that wither'd breast, and her weatherworn cheek
 Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
 Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;
 The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way
 No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
 As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight
 As she welcomed them in with a smile;
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
 And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
 When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
 And she hoped to be happy for life:
 But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say
 That she was too good for his wife.

'T was in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
 And fast were the windows and door.
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
 And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight
 They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

'T is pleasant, cried one, seated by the fire-side
 To hear the wind whistle without.
 What a night for the Abbey! his comrade replied,
 Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
 Who should wander the ruins about.

I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
 The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
 And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
 Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit appear,
 For this wind might awaken the dead!

I'll wager a dinner, the other one cried,
 That Mary would venture there now.
 Then wager and lose! with a sneer he replied,
 I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
 And faint if she saw a white cow.

Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?
 His companion exclaim'd with a smile;
 I shall win, — for I know she will venture there now,
 And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
 From the elder that grows in the aisle.

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
 And her way to the Abbey she bent;
 The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
 And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
 She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid
 Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
 Through the gate-way she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
 Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
 Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
 Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
 Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly past,
 And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
 Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well-pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
 And hastily gather'd the bough;
 When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
 She paused, and she listen'd all eager to hear,
 And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
 She listen'd — nought else could she hear;
 The wind fell, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
 For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
 She crept to conceal herself there:
 That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
 And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
 And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
 Again the rough wind hurried by, —
 It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd, —
 She felt, and expected to die.

Curse the hat! he exclaims; nay come on, till we hide
 The dead body, his comrade replies.
 She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
 And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
 She gazed horribly eager around,
 Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
 And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view; —
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
 For — what a cold horror then thrill'd through her heart
 When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen;
 His irons you still from the road may espy,
 The traveller beholds them and thinks with a sigh
 Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

SOUTHEY.

31. ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire!
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 "Brushing with hasty step the dew away,
 "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 "That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 "His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 "And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 "Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 "Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 "Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn, I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 "Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
 "Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 "Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 "Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
 "Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 "Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 't was all he wish'd, a friend.
 No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

32. WINTER IN THE NORTHERN REGIONS.

To Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
 To furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;
 And hov'ring o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
 Where undissolving from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky,
 And icy mountains high on mountains piled,
 Seem to the shiv'ring sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, and atmosphere of clouds.

Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of ev'ry life, that from the dreary months,
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gath'ring ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible.

THOMSON.

33. FAUST.

ALL that philosophy can teach,
 All that theology can preach,
 The lore of lawyer and of leech,
 Is mine — and now my curse on each!
 For here I stand, when all is o'er,
 No whit wiser than before,
 A fool whose life has flow'd amiss;
 Though one thing, to be sure, my lore
 Has done for me, and it is this,
 I'm class'd with 'masters' and such scum,
 And yea, with 'doctors,' by my soul!
 And like them I have become
 A plodding pedant of the schools,
 Into every musty hole,
 And up and down through mazes vile,
 Leading flocks of docile fools,

And seeing plainly, all the while,
 That wisdom will not thus be caught,
 That, in his present plight, a man
 May strive, but as for knowing aught,
That he neither does nor can.

'T is true I 'm of another stamp
 Than those who make the schools **their camp**;
 Doubts and scruples never cramp
 My soul that soars from weakness free,
 And hell is terrorless to me,
 But, for this very cause, my lamp
 Of joy is sunk as in the sea.

I feel the simplest matter lies
 Beyond my understanding's reach;
 I have no hope that man will rise
 To virtue, or become more wise
 By any lesson I can teach.

Then I have neither pelf nor place,
 Nor station's claims nor glory's race,
 What dog, with any spark of grace,
 Would deign to live in such a case?
 Therefore to magic I have flung

My being in despairing hours,
 To try if truth may not be wrung
 From the lips of spirit-powers,
 And myself spared the labour vain,
 The forehead wet

With bitter sweat,
 When teaching what I can't explain:
 That I may view the secret rings
 Whose grasp the universe engirds,
 May know the force that works in things,
 Not the mere sound that breathes in words.

Oh! would, fair moon! that thou wert shining —
 The last time shining on my woes.

How oft I've waited here, repining
 Till thy face of beauty rose;
 And when my papers and my books
 From thoughts of thee perchance had won me,
 Then would thy pure and peaceful looks
 Be lifted suddenly upon me.

While sorrow seem'd to thee to lend
 The expression of a tender friend,
 Whose aspect doubts if all be right.
 Oh' would that I, o'er mountain height,
 Might wander in thy blessed light,
 Float across, on spirit-sails,
 The luminous and gulfy vales,
 Weave my being in thy beams,
 Which, with dark and lustrous gleams,
 Kiss the placid meadow-streams,
 And, bathing in thy dewy springs,
 Wash out the curse which knowledge brings.

I had forgotten where I stood,
 But thy walls, thou dungeon-hole,
 Awake me to a sob'rer mood,
 And I curse thee from my soul!
 Here, day and night, I sit begirt
 By heaps of literary dirt
 Which worms begnaw and smoke bestains,
 And waste away my baffled brains —
 Here where God's very light comes hurt
 And sadden'd through the painted panes —
 Boxes stuff'd with stones and grasses,
 Bottles fill'd with chemic juices,
 Foul abortions cramm'd in glasses,
 Instruments for which no use is,
 Ancestral lumber rare and fine,
 Litter'd round in brave neglect —
 These form the world which I call "mine,"
 And does it not command respect!

But does my serious heart confess
 The sense that something is amiss,
 The weight of an obscure distress
 That checks her health: — my answer 's this,
 That man by God is ever told
 To lead the life that nature owns;
 But here art thou 'mid smoke and mould,
 Beasts' skeletons, and dead men's bones.
 Up, into wider spheres, my soul,
 And cast these dismal wrecks aside,
 And there unrol this mystic scroll
 Of Nostradamus for a guide:
 It shall spread out thine eyes afar
 Through all the boundlessness of space
 And make thee see how star on star
 In millions weave their order'd race.
 And when thou once hast got the sign
 Which only nature's lips can teach,
 Which barren sense in vain would reach,
 The spirit-power shall then be thine,
 And thine shall be the spirit-speech.
 Ye guardians of the mystic token,
 Make answer when the spell is spoken.

*[He throws the book open, and gazes on the sign of
 the Macrocosm.]*

Ha! how my bosom drinks the flood
 Of rapture circling there,
 My blood grows calm as infant's blood,
 My breath as infant's prayer,
 I feel such promises as bud
 When spring is in the air.
 Was it a god who framed the spell
 That bids my troubles cease,
 And turns my heart into a well
 Of happiness and peace?
 Am I a god? I 'm fill'd with grace,
 I 've got within the inner shrine,

The veil is up from nature's face,
 And all her mysteries are mine.
 I fathom now, and read aright
 The necromancer's words of might: —
 "A spirit-world encircles thee,
 The Genii have not fled,
 Thine is the eye that will not see,
 And thine the heart that 's dead.
 Would'st thou be taught to disabuse
 The heart that 's dead, the eye that 's dim,
 Then rise when first the sun renews
 His course above the ocean's brim,
 And bathe thy breast in ruddy dew
 That drip from off his mighty rim."

[He continues gazing intently on the sign.]

Oh! how the spell before my sight
 Brings nature's hidden ways to light:
 See all things with each other blending —
 Each to all its being lending,
 All on each in turn depending —
 Heavenly ministers descending,
 And again to heaven uptending —
 Floating, mingling, interweaving,
 Rising, sinking, and receiving
 Each from each, while each is giving
 On to each, and each relieving
 Each, the pails of gold, the living
 Current through the air is heaving:
 Breathing blessings see them bending
 Balanced worlds from change defending,
 While every where diffused is harmony unending.

GOETHE.

34. ON VIRTUE.

KNOW thou this truth, enough for man to know,
 "Virtue alone is Happiness below :"
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good from each object, from each place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd :
 Never dejected while another's bless'd :
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God :
 Pursues that chain, which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end in love of God, and love of Man.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;

Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees why Nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find.)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

POPE.

35. THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of Nature fair Imagination culls,
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures, or imperial state:
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles, and the sculptured gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unreprieved. Nor then partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive Mind,
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft

In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair inspired delight: her temper'd powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On Nature's form, where negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal Majesty that weighed
 The world's foundations; if to these the Mind
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous powers?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
 The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine: He tells the heart,
 He meant, He made us to behold and love
 What He beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being; to be great like Him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men,
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
 With His conceptions; act upon His plan;
 And form to His the relish of their souls.

AKENSIDE.

36. THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state;
 From brutes what men; from men what spirits know,
 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall:
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
 Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never is, but always TO BE BLEST:
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To BE, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' eternal Cause.

POPE.

37. NATIONAL EDUCATION.

CHANGE wide and deep and silently perform'd,
This land shall witness; and, as days roll on,
Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect
E'en till the smallest habitable rock,
Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
Of humanized society; and bloom
With civil arts, and send their fragrance forth,
A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
From culture, universally bestow'd
On Britain's noble race in freedom born;
From education, from that humble source
Expect these mighty issues; from the pains

And quiet care of unambitious schools
 Instructing simple childhood's ready ear :
 Thence look for these magnificent results.

WORDSWORTH.

38. THE EMPTINESS OF THE WORLD.

THIS world is all a fleeting show ,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of Joy , the tears of Woe ,
 Deceitful shine , deceitful flow ,
 There 's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume ,
 As fading hues of Even ;
 And Love and Hope , and Beauty's bloom ,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb , —
 There 's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day ,
 From wave to wave we're driven ,
 And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way , —
 There 's nothing calm but Heaven !

T. MOORE.

39. GO, LET ME WEEP.

Go , let me weep ! there 's bliss in tears ,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years ,
 Effac'd by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth and never rise ;
 While tears that from repentance flow ,
 In bright exhalament reach the skies.
 Go , let me weep ! there 's bliss in tears ,
 When he who sheds them inly feels

Some lingering stain of early years,
 Effac'd by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew,
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind, —
 The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves,
 Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
 That heart, where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure lov'd too well!
 Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
 More idly than the summer's wind,
 And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
 But left no trace of sweets behind.

MOORE.

40. SYMPATHY.

WHERE is the breast of iron mould,
 Stern, inaccessible and cold,
 Which melts not when its proud distress
 Is balm'd by pity's gentleness?
 It pierces through the warrior's steel,
 His cares to soothe, his wounds to heal,
 It creeps into the rankling heart,
 And if it cures not, lulls the smart;
 All is not lost, if by our side
 One faithful lingerer fondly stays;
 But life's dark waste, so wild and wide,
 Seems lessen'd on our gaze!
 'T is sweet on some familiar face
 The mild reflected tear to trace,
 And sympathy's responding sigh
 Is music to the frozen ear of misery.

MISS HOLFORD.

41. THE DEATH OF A GOOD MAN AN INCENTIVE TO VIRTUE.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileged beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
 Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
 Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
 That threw in this Bethesda your disease:
 If unrestored by this, despair your cure.
 For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
 Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
 Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
 Here real and apparent are the same.
 You see the man: you see his hold on heav'n,
 If sound his virtue, as Philander's sound.
 Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends
 On this side death; and points them out to men;
 A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r!
 To vice, confusion, and to virtue, peace.
 Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
 Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

YOUNG.

42. FOUND IN A CASE CONTAINING A HUMAN SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull,
 Once of ethereal spirit full!
 This narrow cell was Life's retreat:
 This space was Thought's mysterious seat!
 What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot!
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
 Nor Love, nor Joy, nor Hope, nor Fear,
 Has left one trace or record here!

Beneath this mouldering canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye —
 But start not at the dismal void! —
 If social love that eye employ'd;
 If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
 But through the dew of kindness beam'd;
 That eye shall be for ever bright,
 When stars and suns have lost their light!

Here in this silent cavern, hung
 The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
 If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
 And where it could not praise, was chain'd;
 If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle Concord never broke;
 That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
 When Death unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
 Or with its envied rubies shine?
 To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
 Can nothing now avail to them:
 But if the page of Truth they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer meed shall claim
 Than all that waits on Wealth or Fame!

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the path of duty trod.
 If from the bowers of joy they fled,
 To soothe Affliction's humble bed;
 If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
 And home to Virtue's lap return'd;
 These feet with Angel wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky!

ANONYMOUS.

43. THE DIVER.

“BEHOLD! into this boiling grave

A golden cup I cast!

What, ho! brave hearts! is there knight or knave

Dares plunge him now in the whirlpool vast?

Down the black throat the goblet's gone —

Whoso shall save it — it is his own.”

Spoke the king, and from where he stood,

The goblet he swift did throw,

From the tow'ring crag that o'erhung the flood

Into the howling gulf below.

“What heart so daring? I ask again, —

What heart so great among all my men?”

They heard the king — the knights, the knaves,

Heard, but with arms a-fold

Mutely they glared at the rampant waves

And coveted not the drowning gold;

And again the king: — “This prize to win —

Is there none,” he cried, “that adventures in?”

And still there was silence on every side;

When a youth from the ranks among

Of the cowering vassals stept in pride,

And his mantle away and his girdle flung:

And knights and ladies with looks amazed,

On that youth of a noble aspect gazed.

And as from the edge of the frowning cape

His eyes o'er the deep he threw,

Charybdis strong, from her horrid lap,

Flung back the waters' foaming new:

With a noise like thunder they rushing are;

With a noise like thunder that's heard afar.

And they bubble and boil, and they hiss and roar,

As when water with fire hath met;

And flood over flood they plash and pour,

Till the broad face of heaven with foam is wet.

And still of that tempest no end can be —
For still of a sea is born a sea.

Yet calmer awhile is the sea around! —

'Mid the milk of those billows spent,
Opens a gulf, night-black, profound,

As though to the roots of hell it went.
And a thousand billows have left the morn,
Down that dark, foaming crater borne.

Now, quick, ere the waters shall back be driven,

The youth he hath mutter'd a prayer:

Oh! a cry of amazement goes up to heaven! —

The whirlpool is seizing — hath seiz'd him! — there,
In its terrible jaws hath it toss'd him o'er;
And now the brave swimmer can none see more.

And the ocean slept to the hollow sound

Of Charybdis' whirling bell;

And from mouth to mouth the word went round, —

“High-hearted youth — alas, farewell!”

And hollower still, and deeper fell

The sound of Charybdis' whirling bell.

And were it thy crown thou threwest in,

And saidst thou, — “Who bringeth the crown,
He with my crown shall my kingdom win,” —

Unequal the prize yet to tempt me down,

Oh! never a soul returned to tell

That which the dark gulf hideth well.

Many the brave ship gone to wrack,

Drawn in that fatal tide,

Keel and mast flew shiver'd back,

And nothing escap'd a grave beside.

But, hark! wheeling nearer and nearer still,

Like the voice of the coming storm, whistling shrill;

It bubbles and boils, and it hisses and roars,

As when water with fire hath met;

And flood over flood it splashes and pours,
 Till the broad face of heaven with foam is wet.
 Like the sound of thunder its rushings are;
 Like the sound of thunder that 's heard afar.

And see! in the dark tide labouring,
 What raises itself swan-white?
 An arm and a neck, fair glistening, —
 And seas fall back before human might,
 'T is he! 't is he! — and his hand is up,
 And he waveth aloft the golden cup!

And he breathed long, and he breathed deep,
 And he hailed the blessed sky:
 All hearts for him with rejoicing leap,
 All voices are greeting him with outcry;
 Saying, "He lives! — he hath conquered death! —
 He hath scaped from the brawling hell beneath!"

He comes; glad numbers his way prepare;
 At the feet of the king he falls;
 Kneeling, presenteth the goblet there,
 And the king to his lovely daughter calls,
 Who chargeth the cup to its golden mouth.
 Then thus to the king that noble youth: —

"Long life to the king — rejoice who dwell
 In the rosy light above!
 But, oh! beneath — it is terrible;
 And the gods have secrets man must not prove.
 What they graciously screen with terror and night —
 Oh! never of that desire a sight.

"Like a flash from heaven was my downward course,
 Till met by the counter-tide,
 Rushing enormous from its vast source,
 Far in a cleft rock's aching side.
 There, as a top, all helplessly,
 I spun in the folds of a double sea.

"To God in my highest need I cried;
 And straight was seen where hung
 In the 'mid ocean reaching wide
 A coral reef; — thereto I clung.
 And embedded there, lo! the goblet lay,
 That else had plung'd, and plung'd, for aye.

"For below — all round — the mountainous deep,
 Lay stretch'd in purple night;
 To the ear no sound — eternal sleep —
 But to the shock'd eye many a sight: —
 Salamanders and serpents, and dragons fell,
 Bestirr'd themselves in the jaws of hell.

"Darkly did crawl, and obscenely twine
 Each fish without a grace;
 Armed roach, and the haberdine,
 And foul Zygoena's horrid face.
 And that grim sea-wolf, the prowling shark —
 Prowl'd with his bar'd tusks through the dark.

"And my thoughts were of human things as I hung
 In the depths of the ocean drear,
 The only warm-feeling breast among
 Spectres and monsters, and shapes of fear.
 I thought of the light and the air above,
 And of human voices, and human love.

"Just then, lo! I turned, and I saw a beast
 Urging a hundred joints:
 Instant, with frantic dread opprest,
 Have I quitted my hold on the coral points!
 Instant am borne by the torrent away!
 But, oh! 't is to life and the warm, warm day."

The king he heard, and much wondered he,
 And, "the goblet is thine," he said;
 And now, behold, I bequeath to thee,
 With costliest jewels fair bespread,

This ring, if again thou 'lt the ocean range,
And bring me report yet of sights more strange."

But the daughter wept, for her heart was sore,
And thus she her pain declared:

"Oh, father! this terrible sport give o'er,
The youth he hath done what none other dared;
And if in your breast such a passion raves,
'T were but fair that the knights now shame the knaves."

There seized he the goblet — that king severe —
And into the gulf flung straight;

"Place me once more but the goblet here,
And in all my court shall be none so great;

And thou shalt embrace for thy wife, I vow,
Her that would plead for thee even now."

Then a heavenly strength seized all the soul

Of that youth, and his eyes made dart
Heroical fire; a glance he stole —

Saw the dear love of that tender heart,
Her pallid cheek, and her failing breath, —
Saw it — and plung'd for life or death.

Still heard is the torrent, still pours the black tide,
And its coming in thunder is told;

And the eye of sweet love looketh far and wide,

And the waters are rushing a hundred fold,

And over and over they splash and pour;

But the youth — he returneth never more.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER BY E. WEBER.

44. THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years!
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house erected on a rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
 For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, craving for a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial forced me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of ev'ry grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes: why should we repine?
 'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
 But ah! Oppression forced me from my cot,
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lured by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,

Fell, ling'ring fell! a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Moss.

45. THE MOTHER IN DISTRESS.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy —
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past —
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree;
At eve, sweet mourner! wilt thou come to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?”

CAMPBELL.

46. VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport
 Convey to this desolate shore,
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.
 How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.
 But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in ev'ry place;
 And mercy — encouraging thought —
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

47. THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
 'T was thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rang symphonious, a hermit began;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

“ Ah! why all abandon d to darkness and woe;
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
 Oh! soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away:
 Full quickly they pass — but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew;
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!”

“ 'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
 I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
 Nor, yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn:
 Oh! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

“ 'T was thus by the glare of false science betray'd,
 That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 Oh! pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
 From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

BEATTIE.

48. THE POET.

THERE was a poet, whose untimely tomb
 No human hands with pious reverence reared,
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness;
 A lovely youth, — no mourning maiden decked
 With weeping flowers, or white cypress-wreath,
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep: —
 Gentle, and brave, and generous — no lorn bard
 Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
 He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
 And virgins, as unknown he past, have pined
 And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
 The fire of those orbs has ceased to burn,
 And silence, too enamoured of that voice,
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.
 By solemn vision and bright silver dream
 His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
 And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,
 Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
 The fountains of divine philosophy
 Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
 Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
 In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
 And knew. When early youth had past, he left
 His cold fireside and alienated home
 To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands,
 Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness

Has lured his fearful steps : and he has bought
With his sweet voice and eyes , from savage men ,
His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps
He like her shadows has pursued , where'er
The red volcano over-canopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke or where bitumen-lakes
On black bare pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge , or where the secret caves ,
Rugged and dark , winding among the springs
Of fire and poison , inaccessible
To avarice or pride , their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls ,
Frequent with crystal column , and clear shrines
Of pearl , and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems or gold , the varying of heaven
And the green earth lost in his heart its claims
To love and wonder ; he would linger long
In lonesome vales , making the wild his home ,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food ,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks ;
And the wild antelope , that starts whene'er
The dry leaf rustles in the brake , suspends
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form
More graceful than her own. His wandering step
Obedient to high thoughts , has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old :
Athens , and Tyre , and Balbec , and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem , the fallen towers
Of Babylon , the eternal pyramids ,
Memphis and Thebes , and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk ,
Or jasper tomb , or mutilated sphinx ,
Dark Aethiopia in her desert hills

Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
 Stupendous columns and wild images
 Of more than man, where marble daemons watch
 The zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
 Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
 He linger'd, poring in memorials
 Of the world's youth; through the long burning day
 Gazed on those speechless shapes; nor when the moon
 Filled the mysterious halls with floating shapes
 Suspended he that task; but ever gazed
 And gazed till meaning on his vacant mind
 Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
 The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

SHELLEY.

49. THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its Immortality!
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulph of Time!
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime!
 The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
 Some had expired in fight, — the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands;
 In plague and famine some!
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm pass'd by,
 Saying We are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'T is Mercy bids thee go.
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill,
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will; —
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day:
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Heal'd not a passion or a pang
 Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
 Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary, in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sunless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, —
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recall'd to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robb'd the grave of Victory, —
 And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste —
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

CAMPBELL.

50. TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll
 The flaming heav'ns together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heav'n and earth shall pass away.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

51. THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
 I snapp'd it — it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile,
 And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
 May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

COWPER.

52. YARROW VISITED.

September 1814.

AND is this — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherish'd,
 So faithfully, a waking dream?
 An image that hath perish'd!
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
 To utter notes of gladness,
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
 With uncontrolled meanderings;
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted;
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow-vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused,
 A tender, hazy brightness;
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
 All profitless dejection;
 Though not unwilling here to admit
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
 Of Yarrow-vale lay bleeding?
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
 On which the herd is feeding:
 And haply from this crystal pool,
 Now peaceful as the morning,
 The Water-wraith ascended thrice —
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
 The haunts of happy Lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove,
 The leafy grove that covers:
 And Pity sanctifies the verse
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love;
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation:
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
 A softness still and holy;
 The grace of forest-charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy.

That Region left, the Vale unfolds
 Rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature;
 And, rising from those lofty groves,
 Behold a Ruin hoary!
 The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
 Renowned in Border-story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in;
 For manhood to enjoy his strength,
 And age to wear away in!
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss;
 It promises protection
 To studious ease, and generous cares,
 And every chaste affection!

How sweet, on this autumnal day
 The wild wood's fruits to gather,
 And on my True-love's forehead plant
 A crest of blooming heather!

And what if I enwreathed my own!
 'T were no offence to reason;
 The sober Hills thus deck their brows
 To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
 Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
 A ray of Fancy still survives —
 Her sunshine plays upon thee!
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure;
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
 They melt, — and soon must vanish;
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —
 Sad thought, which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow,
 Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WORDSWORTH.

53. THE PERFECT WOMAN.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!

Her household-motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath;
 A Traveller betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
 A perfect Woman; nobly plann'd,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel-light.

WORDSWORTH.

54. GOD THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF HIS CREATION.

THOU art, Oh God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven;
 Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes; —
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

T. MOORE.

55. TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud Philosophy
 To teach me what thou art —

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given
 For happy spirits to alight
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
 Thy form to please me so,
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,
 What lovely visions yield their place
 To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
 But words of the Most High,
 Have told why first thy robe of beams
 Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

56. THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

57. GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh! how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When, in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou,
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And, after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise,
 For oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

ADDISON.

58. THE MILLENNIUM.

BUT who shall see the glorious day,
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which blinds the nations now?
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of His rebuke shall lie;
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain,
 Thy days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again.

The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace by all who come,
 And every wind that blows, shall waft
 Some long lost exile home.

T. MOORE.

59. WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Wol. FAREWEL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: To day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes; To-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.
 Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
 At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
 I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
 Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace; and, from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
 O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
 Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden —
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
 What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
 Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
 Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was viewed in open as his Queen,
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down: O Cromwell;
 The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.
 No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
 (That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
 What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
 Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman —
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me;
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 (Tho' th' image of his Maker) hope to win by 't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that wait thee!
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
 Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King —

And pr'ythee lead me in —
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 't is the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

SHAKESPEARE.

60. LEAR.

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
 Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
 That make ungrateful man!

Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
 I tax not you, you elements; with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure. — Here I stand your brave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this Oh! oh! 't is foul.

Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
 That art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces,
 That, under cover of convivial seeming,
 Has practis'd on man's life — Close-pent up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and ask
 Those dreadful summoners grace! — I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

SHAKESPEARE.

61. MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee. —
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw. —
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest — I see thee still;
 And on the blade of th' dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such thing. —
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murther,
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost. — Thou sound and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. — Whilst I threat, he lives —
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

62. SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams;
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride, and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
 Ah wherefore? he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less, than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice: lifted up so high
 I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged; what burden then?

O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what t' accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises, and other vaunts,
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell:
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery: such joy ambition finds,
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon

Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
 For never can true reconcilment grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;
 Which would but lead us to a worse relapse,
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher: therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewel remorse; all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good: by thee at least
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
 By thee and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

MILTON.

63. JUBA AND SYPHAX.

Jub. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me;
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
 And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'T is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
 Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart:
 I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
 Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
 Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
 And own the force of their superior virtue?

Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these,
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, just Heav'ns! — Excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.

While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat:
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
 But better practises these boasted virtues.
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
 And if the following day he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
 What virtues grow from ignorance, and choice,
 Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
 But grant that others could with equal glory
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
 Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
 Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
 I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
 Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
 He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain

On Afric sands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you 'd profit by your father's ills!

Jub. What would'st thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there 's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.
The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son! — His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, the story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety!

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper;
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'T is easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'T is not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense:
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!

ADDISON.

64. CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

IT must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well —
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this sacred dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'T is the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'T is Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Thro' all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.
 But when? or where? — This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADELSON.

65. AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loved lute's romantic sound;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROGERS.

66. HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT 's he that wishes for more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour:
 God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my Lord, wish not a man from England:
 God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour,

Selections.

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more.
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian;
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 The feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son:
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he e'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

SHAKESPEARE.

67. ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
 A curse shall light upon the line of men;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With *Até* by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

SHAKESPEARE.

68. ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown:
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I spake not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause.
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason — Bear with me. —
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle; I remember,
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
 'T was on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii —
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through; —
 See what a rent the envious Casca made. —
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd:
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors. —

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
 And will, no doubt; with reason answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That give me public leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKESPEARE.

69. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

ON that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! oh fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two: —
 So excellent a king, that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
 Must I remember? — why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet, within a month, —
 Let me not think — Frailty, thy name is Woman!
 A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears — Why, she, ev'n she —
 (O Heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer —) married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month! —
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She married — Oh, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

SHAKESPEARE

70. HAMLET AND GHOST.

Ham. ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy advent wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane; oh! answer me;
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in earth,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost. Mark me. —

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fire;
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
 If thou did'st ever thy dear father love —

Ham. O Heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wing as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love,
 May fly to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
 And duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
 Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
 'T is given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
 Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
 But soft! methinks I scent the morning air —
 Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ear did pour
 The leperous distilment. —
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin;
 No reck'ning made! but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head!

Ham. Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu: remember me.

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell? oh fie! hold my heart!
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe; remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressure past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter.

SHAKESPEARE.

71. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be? — that is the question. —
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? — To die, — to sleep —
 No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
 The heart ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to; — 'T is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die — to sleep —
 To sleep? perchance to dream; — ay, there 's the rub:
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. — There 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of th' time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

72. SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

OH! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't;
 A brother's murder — Pray I cannot:
 Though inclination be as sharp as 't will,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what 's in prayer, but this twofold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? — Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. — But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder! —
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the laws. But 't is not so above.
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!

Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

SHAKESPEARE.

73. THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that spake this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! —

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for Justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself —
Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible? —

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way — you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted me.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What? Durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold which you deny'd me;

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not — he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother :
 Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast — within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
 If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
 Strike as thou did'st at Cæsar; for I know,
 When thou did'st hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
 Which much inforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE.

74. THE STORY OF GRISELDA.

PERCIVAL.

If, sovereign Lady, you desire to hear
The tale, I blush not truly to relate it.
A blush would cast a doubt upon my freedom!

GINEVRA.

Begin, Sir Percival!

PERCIVAL.

My noble Lady,

'T is now some three years gone, since all my vassals
With urgent pray'r entreated me to marry,
And thus continue in the line direct
My father's honours and inheritance.
But I had here — e'en in this kingly court —
Full many a fold of woman's heart explored,
I found her knavish, false and hypocritical,
Impatient of control, replete with malice
And vanity, yet weak and unconfiding,
Abusing recklessly her husband's trust,
To give unbridled license to her passions.
And, deeming none deserving of my choice,
I lost all relish and desire to marry.
Nor do I now repent me that it was so.

ELLINOR (*aside.*)

His speech is ruder than his leather jerkin!

ORIANA.

The insolent!

GINEVRA.

He shall atone for this!

(*To Lancelot, who steps indignantly forward.*)

No further, Lancelot! — Proceed, I pray,
Sir Knight!

PERCIVAL.

'T was on a summer's eve, the chase
Had led me far amid the forest glades;
In gloomy mood; at variance with myself —

The sullen breast by stormy thoughts disturbed —

I sauntered forward, unobserved of all,

Until I found my loit'ring, errant steps

Arrested by the waters of a brook,

Whose silver wave the forest here refreshed. —

I looked around, and lo, my Sovereign!

A maid I saw of more than earthly beauty,

Yet one who seemed unconscious of her charms,

A maid — on whose fair brow there stood impressed

In golden characters of star-like brightness,

That, when from God's creative hand she came,

He smiled benignant, and pronouced her — perfect! —

This maiden, Madam — now my wedded wife —

Stood, gaily musing, on the streamlet's brink.

GINEVRA (*aside to her Courtiers.*)

Think ye, she was about to take a bath

To cleanse the stains her father's trade had left?

ORIANA.

Not so, my Sovereign! Lest the limpid wave

Her brow's inscription might obliterate —

The seal her Maker set to her perfections.

She dare not venture it.

PERCIVAL (*to Tristram.*)

Why sneer they so,

And look askant at us with scornful eye?

St. David! Tristram, do they dare to mock me?

TRISTRAM.

How quick you are to form the worst conclusion!

Let them enjoy their stale insipid humour,

They touch not you!

PERCIVAL.

A plague o' woman's tongue!

GINEVRA (*aside.*)

Restrain your satire and compose your mien,

Lest, haply, you curtail our pleasant pastime.

Sir Percival, proceed!

PERCIVAL.

What would I say? —

Aye! by the brink she stood; — around her neck
In wavy ringlets flowed her jetty locks,
And a tame dove, with folded wings, was perched
In sweet security upon her shoulder.
Now stooped the maid, and dipped her tiny feet
In the bright waters of the crystal brook,
Carefully hiding with her garment's border,
Whate'er the limpid stream left unconcealed.
Screened by the shady foliage this I marked,
And well could prize her native modesty.
And, as she sat and gazed into the water,
Which played in murmurs round her feet of snow,
She followed not the practice of her sex —
Who smile, then grow enamoured of their shadow
And use the brook's reflection as a mirror
To braid the hair or deck the gay attire —
But evermore with child-like mimicry
Amused herself, exulting loud, whene'er
The stream reflected her distorted charms.
Then spake in me a voice: "The maiden too
Is free from vanity!"

KENNETH.

The tender child!

ELLINOR.

Why heed the collier's brat? By Heaven! Sir
If I but thought that she were known to you!

PERCIVAL.

And now some distant spire, embosomed deep
In mountains, chimed the Vesper-hour of pray'r. —
Earnest and still she grew, shook hastily
Her thickly clustered tresses from her face,
And, as she thoughtful turned her angel look
Upon the deep empurpled clouds of evening,
Her lips in gentle murmurs seemed to move,

Like rose leaves flutt'ring in the breath of Heav'n.
 "Oh, she is pious!" spoke my inmost soul, —
 She meanwhile crossed her brow, and raised her face
 Tinged with eve's blush and bright devotion's glows
 While holy fervour veiled her moistened eyes. —
 And now her dove she to her bosom took,
 Caressed it fondly, kissed its snowy plumage,
 Smiling, when eagerly with rosy bill
 'T would test the tempting freshness of her lips, —
 "How dearly would she cherish it," I thought,
 "Were it a babe, the offspring of her love!" —
 A voice now loud resounded through the forest,
 "Griselda!" said it, "come, Griselda, come!" —
 Soon as the distant accents met her ear,
 She rose, scarce wiped the moisture from her feet,
 And, by her dove attended, swift she sped
 Like light'ning, o'er the dewy turf, and soon
 Her robe's last flutter vanished in the thicket.
 "She is obedient too!" I said; and, lost
 In diverse musings, bent my steps tow'rds home.

GINEVRA.

By Heaven! you narrate so wondrous well,
 So warm, so true to life, that we behold
 The airy sounds embodied into form.
 Methinks I have the darling child before me,
 As by the brook she mimic faces made,
 Such pretty faces too, despite her soot!
 Were they not, Percival?

ORIANA (*aside to the Queen.*)

I pr'ythee look!
 My Sov'reign, see, how swells his ev'ry vein!
 How glows the fiery scarlet on his cheek!

GINEVRA (*to Oriana.*)

No matter! He shall rue his leather jerkin!

PERCIVAL (*to Tristram.*)

Would with a glance that I could poison them!
My gall is bursting, and my hate consumes me.

TRISTRAM.

Be calm, heed not their tongues, Sir Percival,
Nor counsel take from overheated blood.

GINEVRA.

And now, good Percival, pray let us hear
The sequel of your tale, and how at last
You led the tender maiden home as bride.

PERCIVAL (*aside.*)

I bide my time, and come it must and shall! —

(*To the Queen.*)

I summoned on the morrow to my castle
My numerous retainers, and, arrayed
In festive garb and mounted on my charger,
I sallied forth to greet, with waving banners
And with loud trumpet clang, the shady grove —
The verdant cradle of Griseldá's charms.
My vassals halted at her cottage door,
And I alone the humble threshold crossed. —
There sat she by her aged parent's side,
With open brow and clear untroubled eye;
Her poor blind father fondly stroked her cheek,
Her aged mother with her ringlets played;
Full well I saw their daughter was their all. —
And now with quick resolve I stood before her,
“Griselda,” said I to her, “canst thou love me?”
She cast on me a close and searching glance,
And, deeply blushing, gently bowed her head.
Again I asked her: “Wilt thou, fair Griselda,
Thy parents leave and mine alone become?”
She murmured soft assent; while I resumed:
“Wilt thou obedience to me yield and truth
As to thine only Lord?” She answered: “yes!” —
A kiss I then imprinted on her lips;

The aged couple blessed their darling child,
 And forth I bore her in my stalwart arms
 To where my vassals tarried my return.
 "Behold, my friends," I cried, "my chosen bride!" —
 Anon, the trumpets sounded, and the voice
 Of joy was heard throughout — I led her home,
 Where priestly blessing bound the holy tie. —
 In this wise, Queen Ginevra, was I married! —

GINEVRA.

Accept our greetings! May your marriage torch
 With *live-coal* brightness never cease to burn!

ELLINOR.

If I may dare to ask, Sir Percival,
 How many *ton of coal* did your dear wife
 As marriage portion bring?

ORIANA.

She brought him nothing,
 Except the dowry of a tender heart,
 And this her glowing love had burnt to *cinders*.

ELLINOR.

Take my advice, my good Sir Percival,
 Emblazon, in remembrance of your choice,
 A *poker proper* in your shield's escutcheon.

GINEVRA.

And tell me further, does your worthy dame
 Amuse you ever with her old grimaces? —
 It must become her well! — A truce to jesting!
 Sir Percival, farewell! I pray you, give
 The collier's daughter Queen Ginevra's greeting!

(*She is about to retire.*)

PERCIVAL (*losing all command of himself.*)

The dagger, poison, leprosy and plague
 Were sweeter greeting than thy hateful name!

TRISTRAM.

You are beside yourself, Sir Percival.

LANCELOT.

This calls for blood!

PERCIVAL.

And blood shall soon be shed! (*Both draw.*)

GINEVRA.

I faint! (*She leans on Oriana for support, Tristram and other Knights step between Percival and Lancelot.*)

TRISTRAM.

Part them!

GAVIN.

Hold! Hold! Put up your weapons!

PERCIVAL.

Back!

75. ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;

The breathing instruments inspire,

Wake into voice each silent string,

And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

'Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,

Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

'Till, by degress, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away

In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:

Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts;

Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.
 By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer:
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell;
 A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
 Tho' fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 't is no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,

All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries —

Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:

Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please,
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

POPE.

76. ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The god-like hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove;
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love!

**A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,**

**When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world. —**

**The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:**

**With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.**

**The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:**

**The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.**

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!

**Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.**

**Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain. —**

**The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:**

He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood:
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'T was but a kindred sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures:
 War he sung is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O, think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the goods the gods provide thee. —

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet, a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of the hostile gods! —
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

THE END.

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